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14.	Soft Dew is Sleeping.....Barker.	61.	Whisper "Yes," or "No," Love "Adele.
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21.	The Mother's Dream.....Sullivan.	64.	Love Not.....Blockley
23.	My Spirit Star.....Young.	65.	She Wore a Wreath of Roses. Knight
25.	Little Maggie May.....Blamphin.	70.	Pretty Little Dark Eyes....Parker
26.	The Vagabond.....Molloy.	72.	When we went a Gleaning. Ganz
31.	My Heart is O'er the Sea...Claribel.	74.	Mary of Argyle.....Nelson
32.	Maggie's Welcome.....Claribel.	75.	What Did Little Birdie Say? Balfe.
35.	Dreaming of Nellie.....Hogett.	76.	Sing, Birdie, Sing.....Ganz.
37.	Five O'Clock in the Morning, Claribel.	78.	Spring-Time of Life.....Jackson.
39.	She Came and Vanished Like a Dream.....Boucher.	79.	Nightingale's Trill.....Ganz.
41.	Meet Me in the Lane.....Blamphin.		
43.	Tapping at the Garden Gate.		
45.	Sleeping on Guard.....Wrighton.		
47.	Summer Dew.....Barker.		
49.	Oh, My Lost Love.....Plumpton.		

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PLAY TO BE OMITTED IN REPRESENTATION VERY CARE-
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NEW YORK:
ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,
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1875

CHARACTERS.

- PHILIP (King of Naples and Sicily, afterwards King of Spain.)
 REGINALD POLE (Cousin to Queen Mary, a Cardinal, and the Pope's Legate to England.)
 SIMON RENARD (Ambassador from Spain.)
 LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES (Ambassador from France.)
 THOMAS CRAMMER (Archbishop of Canterbury.)
 STEPHEN GARDINER (Bishop of Winchester and Lord High Chancellor of England.)
 SIR NICHOLAS HEATH (Archbishop of York and afterwards Lord High Chancellor, in succession to Gardiner.)
 EDWARD COURTENAY (Earl of Devon.)
 LORD WILLIAM HOWARD (afterwards Lord Howard and Lord High Admiral of the English fleet.)
 SIR THOMAS WYATT }
 SIR THOMAS STAFFORD } (Insurrectionary Leaders.)
 SIR RALPH BAGENHALL (a staunch Protestant Gentleman and Member of Parliament.)
 SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL (an English Gentleman.)
 SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD (a blunt, honest Gentleman, having the custody, for a time, of the Princess Elizabeth, and *favorable* to her cause.)
 TWO OF WYATT'S MEN.
 A PRISONER.
 *EDMUND BONNER (Bishop of London.)
 *THOMAS THIRLBY (Bishop of Ely.)
 SIR WILLIAM CECIL (an Adherent to the cause of Elizabeth.)
 SIR THOMAS WHITE (Lord Mayor of London)
 CAPTAIN BRETT }
 ANTHONY KNYVETT } (Insurrectionists and Adherents of Wyatt.)
 THE COUNT DE FERIA (in attendance upon King Philip.)
 PETER MARTYR.
 FATHER BOURNE (a Catholic Priest.)
 LORD WILLIAMS, of Thame.
 LORD PAGET }
 LORD PETRE } (English Noblemen.)
 PETERS (a Gentleman in attendance upon Lord Howard.)
 ROGER (Servant to the French Ambassador.)
 WILLIAM (Servant to Sir Thomas Wyatt.)
 *FATHER COLE }
 *VILLA GARCIA } (Supporters of the Pope.)
 *SOTO }
 STEWARD of the Household of Princess Elizabeth.
 OLD NOKES and NOKES (two Citizens.)
 FIRST, SECOND THIRD, FOURTH and FIFTH CITIZENS.
 FIRST, SECOND and THIRD GENTLEMEN
 *THE DUKE OF ALVA (in attendance on Philip.)
 MARY (Daughter of King Henry the Eighth by his wife Katharine of Aragon, and Queen of England.)
 THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH (her Half-Sister—Daughter of King Henry the Eighth by his wife Anne Boleyn.)
 MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (Mother of Courtenay, Earl of Devon.)
 LADY CLARENCE }
 LADY MAGDALEN DACRES } (Ladies in Waiting to the Queen.)
 ALICE (One of the Queen's Attendants.)
 MAID OF HONOR to the Princess Elizabeth.
 JOAN and TIB (two country Women.)

Lords and Attendants, Members of Parliament, Gentlemen, Citizens, male and female, Pages, Halberdiers, Trumpeters, Guards, Javelinmen, Banner Bearers, Ushers, Messengers, Archers, Aldermen, Councillors, etc., etc., etc. Ladies of the Court, etc.

Those character marked thus * do not appear in the acting portion.

PERIOD—1553 TO 1558.

The Scene is laid in London and the vicinity, the County of Kent, the City of Oxford, and Woodstock, in the County of Oxford.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—ABOUT THREE HOURS AND A HALF.

SCENERY.

ACT I.—Scene 1.—Aldgate, richly decorated. The flats set in the last grooves represent the old-fashioned style of houses—stores on the ground level and each floor above projecting beyond the underneath one; small latticed windows. The wings represent similar kind of houses; the windows are all open and persons looking out, and from the windows and tops of the houses are flags and banners of all kinds, and garlands of flowers crossing the street. A massive old-fashioned archway or gateway is placed across, in a slanting direction, from the left side of the flat L. U. E., with heavy wooden gates, bound with iron, swung open. The upper part of the archway is decorated profusely with flags, etc. Murmurs and the ringing of bells should be heard just before the curtain rises.

Scene 2.—A Room in Lambeth Palace. A plain oaken wainscotted apartment, set in the 2d grooves.

Scene 3.—St. Paul's Cross. The flats set in the 4th grooves represent a partially open space with the outlines of a few ancient houses in the distance. In the centre at the back is a stone cross of ten or twelve feet height, mounted on a pedestal of three steps; near it, opposite R. 3 E., a low antique oaken pulpit and reading desk—approached by a winding staircase on the side facing the audience.

Scene 4.—London. A Room in the Palace. Richly gilt panelling set in the 2d grooves. Doorway in the centre, hung with curtains fringed with gold.

Scene 5.—A Room in the Palace. The flats set in the 4th grooves represent a richly decorated apartment with gilt panelings, painting, etc. Richly gilded tables near R. and L. 3 E.; chairs and footstools, covered with crimson velvet, and gilded, on either side of the table. Doorway in the centre opening on to a handsomely ornamented gallery. Heavy velvet curtains to the doorway, festooned up with gold cords and tassels, and fringed with gold.

ACT II.—Scene 1.—Allington Castle. The flats set in the 2d grooves represent the interior of a richly carved oak chamber, with gilded panels and portraits of armed men. A portion of an antique bookcase shown L.; antique oaken table and chair, R. 2 E., with writing materials and papers upon it. A large latticed window in the centre, opening on to a low balcony.

Scene 2.—Guildhall, in the city of London. A massive stone chamber with groined roof. The flats set in the 4th grooves represent one side of the hall, with long, latticed windows between the springing of each rib or groin of the roof. Oaken doors with massive brass hinges, and ornaments in the centre. A raised platform, covered with scarlet cloth, approached by two steps, near R. 3 E. (this can be pushed on as the scene opens). Upon the platform is a heavy built chair of state, with velvet and gold trappings, and over it a velvet canopy fringed with gold—the royal arms are fixed on the hanging drapery behind the chair.

Scene 3—London Bridge. The flats in the 2d grooves represent an old-fashioned wooden house with low roof, etc., intended to denote the gate house of the bridge, beyond which appears the river Thames and the battlements of the Tower upon the opposite bank.

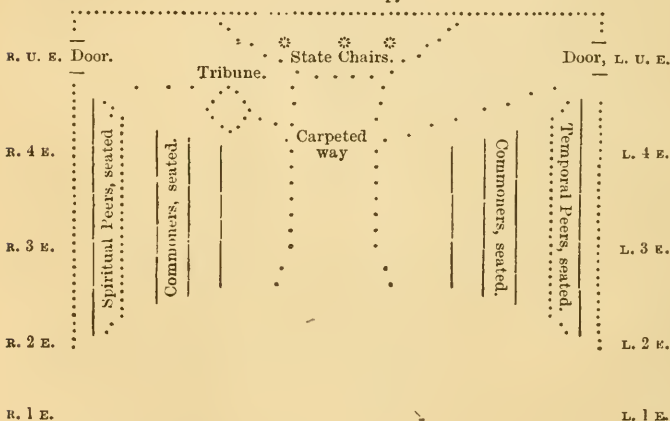
Scene 4.—Room in the Gatehouse of Westminster Palace. An antique chamber—oak panelling, richly carved and gilded—Gothic window in the centre, opening on to a balcony beyond. Antique chairs with crimson velvet r. and l. of window.

ACT III.—Scene 1.—A Street in the City of London. The flats set in the 4th grooves represent houses and shops of a similar description to those shown in the first scene of Act I. L. 1 E., the entrance to the house, appears to be supported by rude pillars.*

Scene 2.—Room in Whitehall Palace. The flats represent the side of a richly decorated chamber. Folding doors, c. d.; paintings on walls.

Scene 3.—The Great Hall in Whitehall. The flats in the back, set in the upper grooves, represent a richly gilded panelled oak chamber, hung with tapestry. In the centre a dais or raised platform, carpeted richly, with three state chairs upon it, richly gilded, two under one canopy, for PHILIP and MARY, another a little distance off, for CARDINAL POLE. The royal arms on the tapestry behind the chairs. A tribune or reading desk, slightly raised, near it. Seats r. and l., for the Spiritual and Temporal Lords, and cross seats for the Members of the House of Commons. A line of approach, kept clear, in the centre, carpeted. Doors r. and l. u. e. The sides of the scene are closed in, so as to represent two other sides of the chamber corresponding with that shown on the flats.

Dais and Canopy.



Scene 4.—The Porch of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, and Street adjoining. Set in 2d grooves; the wings, r., represent projecting stone pillars with the base jutting out, so as to allow a person to sit upon it.

* This scene in the original work, as will be observed by the text, is described as the Conduit in Grace Church, with a painting of the Nine Worthies, a religious subject, which strongly excites the wrath of GAARDNER; but, as this portion of the scene is omitted in representation it is sufficient for stage purposes to place it as one of the old streets of the city.

Scene 5.—Woodstock. The Apartment of the PRINCESS ELIZABETH. The flats are circular, with open windows on to the gardens, beautifully laid out, and fountains, vases, statuary, etc., represented in the distance. Richly gilded tables and chairs R. and L. 3 E., and a couch R., near table. The windows R. and L. are closed, the one in the centre is a larger one and open. Rich green silk and lace curtains, etc. This scene may, with good taste on the part of the scenic artist, be rendered one of the prettiest and most attractive in the play. It may, if desired, terminate the Act, and the next scene be omitted.

Scene 6.—Room in the Palace. The same as Scene 5, Act I.; set in the 2d grooves, with gallery beyond.

ACT IV.—Scene 1.—London. Hall in the Palace. Oaken wainscotting with gilded panels; portraits, etc.; set in 2d grooves. Archways L. and R. 2 E.

Scene 2.—A Room in the Palace. Set in the 4th grooves. Large latticed window in recess, C.; a richly gilded table, C., chairs R. and L., and footstools; a couch R. and L., upon the one, R., lays a rich Indian shawl.

Scene 3.—Apartment in a House near London. A plain oak panelled apartment, set in 2d grooves, behind which the next scene can be placed in readiness.

Scene 4.—Before the Palace. The flats set in the 2d grooves represent one of the stone wings of the building, with gothic windows; blinds down, lights seen through them.

Scene 5.—A Room in the Palace. Set in the last grooves. Large windows, through which the moonlight falls—every now and then varying, as though clouds were passing over it. Table, C., and heavy cover with gold fringe; massive candelabra and lights, writing materials and chairs R. and L. A portrait of KING PHILIP in armor, is suspended R. 3 E. A gallery runs across from L. U. E. to R. U. E. The roof is supported by pillars.

COSTUMES.

PHILIP.—*1st Dress:* A rich velvet doublet of royal purple color, trimmed with gold; a mantle of a similar color lined with satin; dark trunk hose, hat, and feather; sword, and various orders. Act III., Scene 3: A rich suit of black velvet, with glittering insignia and the orders of the Golden Fleece and of the Garter. After this the other dress is resumed.

REGINALD POLE.—*1st Dress:* Dark velvet doublet; trunk hose; shoes; short mantle, lined with crimson satin; collar; hat and feather. *2d Dress:* A scarlet cassock; crimson hat with tassels; red stockings, and richly embroidered shoes.

SIMON RENARD.—A tight-fitting suit of black velvet, with black low-crowned hat, and feather; shoes; deep white collar; gold chain round the neck, and the badge of the order of the Toison d'Or suspended on his breast; short velvet cloak; sword; dark complexion, beard, and pointed mustaches. (Always cool, stern, and impassive, with a searching glance.)

LE SIEUR DE NOAILLES.—Doublet of dark-blue satin, and similar colored trunk hose; shoes; sword; hat and feather; short cloak lined with yellow silk.

CRAMMER.—A scarlet simar (or gown) and surplice, with fine white lawn sleeves, and a low black hat, and shoes.

GARDINER.—A rich simar, with surplice, and fine lawn sleeves; black hat; shoes, etc. *2d Dress, as Chancellor:* A scarlet robe, opened before, and purpled with minever, and decorated with gold embroidery.

SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.—*1st Dress:* A plain colored simar (or gown), with surplice; fine white lawn sleeves; black hat; shoes, etc. *2a Dress, as Chancellor:* Same as GARDINER'S.

COURTENAY.—Blue velvet doublet embroidered with gold; trunk hose; shoes with rosettes; low circular hat, and feather; sword; short mantle lined with white satin; lace ruffles and collars. *2d Dress:* A plain suit of puffed or ribbed armor, with head-piece and plume, removing it on entering the QUEEN'S presence.

- LORD HOWARD.**—A rich doublet of dark blue velvet, lined with amber silk, and embroidered with gold; blue trunk hose; high shoes; rosettes; sword, and low hat with feather.
- SIR THOMAS WYATT.**—*1st Dress*: Doublet of dark-colored cloth; trunk hose; shoes; mantle. *2d Dress*: Breast-plate; thigh-pieces, and armlets of polished steel; a low-crowned hat, and feather; gauntlets; sword, and dagger.
- ANTHONY KNYVETT.**—Plain leathern doublet and trunks, with back and breast-plates of steel; armlets; hat, feather, and sword.
- CAPTAIN BRETT.**—A similar dress.
- SIR RALPH BAGENHALL.**—Plain chocolate-colored cloth doublet; trunk hose, with short cloak, ruffles, hat and feather, shoes, and sword.
- SIR THOMAS STAFFORD.**—A plain black dress of the same style.
- SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL.**—A similar dress.
- SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD.**—Doublet, jacket, and trunk hose of black velvet, with short trunk of same material; hat and feather, sword, and heavy boots. (He is described by the chroniclers as a grave-looking, dignified person, somewhat stricken in years.)
- SIR WILLIAM CECIL.**—Dark crimson velvet doublet and mantle lined with white satin and embroidered with gold; trunk hose; hat and feather; shoes; sword.
- SIR THOMAS WHITE.**—Gown of crimson velvet, with gold chain of office and insignia and the collar of S. S. (see Planché's *British Costume*, 1847); white silk hose, and shoes.
- COUNT DE FERIA.**—A similar dress to PHILIP's, but of a plainer and more sober kind.
- PETER MARTYR.**—A plain priest's dress, with sandals and low black hat.
- FATHER BOURNE.**—Plain priest's dress of black serge, fastened with a cord round the waist; cowl thrown back; shaved crown; rosary and cross; sandals.
- LORDS WILLIAMS, PAGET, and PETRE.**—Similar dresses to COURTENAY's, but varied in quality and color.
- QUEEN MARY.**—*1st Dress*: Robe of violet-colored velvet furred with powdered ermine, and as a headdress a caul of cloth of tinsel of gold set with pearls, and above that a circlet of gold and precious stones. *2d Dress*: A rich velvet dress, embroidered, with tight-fitting sleeves to the elbow, and lace beyond. A tight-fitting cap over the head, and lace collar. The headdress is occasionally varied by a Mary Queen of Scots' bonnet. *3d Dress*: Rich white satin dress, with green velvet mantle trimmed with ermine and gold, and a Mary Queen of Scots' bonnet studded with precious stones. Act III., Scene 3: A rich black velvet dress and train trimmed with ermine; bonnet burdened with jewels; order of the Garter and various other decorations. Act IV.: A plain black velvet dress, with rosary, etc.; plain Mary Stuart cap, with pearls, and, in the last Scene, the hair slightly dishevelled and the countenance pale, haggard, and careworn.
- PRINCESS ELIZABETH.**—*1st Dress*: A similar dress to the QUEEN's, but not of so rich a description. *2d Dress*: Rich damask silk dress, cut square at the neck, with long hanging sleeves; a Mary Stuart headdress, with necklace, etc. The dress may be varied at will afterwards, and, in Act IV., accompanied by a furred green mantle.
- LADY CLARENCE and LADY MAGDALEN DACRES.**—Rich satin dresses, embroidered; loose sleeves; lace under sleeves, with open dresses to the waist, and habit shirts; Mary Stuart caps.
- MAID OF HONOR TO PRINCESS ELIZABETH.**—A similar dress, but a mixture of green and white, the Tudor colors.
- MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.**—A similar dress, but of a dark, sober-colored velvet; Queen of Scots' bonnet, and furred mantle.
- ALICE.**—A light colored satin dress, with open bodice, and partlett or undershirt; hanging sleeves, and lace undersleeves; hair curled, and, in Act IV., a richly-gilded dagger knife in her girdle.

It is considered necessary to give only the costumes of the leading characters in detail. It would be needlessly lengthening the work so to give those of all the re-

maining personages. They can very easily be formed from the following condensed extracts from various standard works upon the subject, and by such means constructed as near to the truthful representation of the several characters as the resources of each particular theatre will admit. Where an elaborate representation is attempted every requisite particular will be found in the works of Hall, Holbein, Lodge, Harding, Charles Knight, Strutt, and J. R. Planché.

In many respects there was not much difference in costume in Mary's reign to that in the two previous reigns of Edward the Sixth and Henry the Eighth; in some instances, however, alterations arose. The headdresses assumed a different character, having long lappets or ear-pieces hanging down below the shoulders studded with pearls, jewels, and gold. Three-cornered caps of minever were also worn, and the close-fitting cap reaching to the ears and known as "Mary Queen of Scots' cap." The dress of the middle ranks was very varied; plain russet coats and white kersey sloppes or breeches, with stockings of the same piece, were the ordinary suit; and the apprentices in London wore blue cloaks in summer and gowns of a like material in winter.

The women wore sheep, russet, or long woollen gowns, worsted kirtles, afterwards called petticoats, and white caps and aprons, with white underlinen. The principal novelty of Mary's reign was the flat round bonnet or cap, of plain velvet or cloth, worn on one side of the head and decorated with a jewel and single ostrich feather. The gowns of the wealthier classes were furred with sables in front and round the broad sleeves.

PHILIP, on his marriage with MARY, brought into England a richer style of dress for the men; particularly the close ruff and the doublet which fitted exactly under the chin, and the short Spanish cloak, all of which remained for a considerable time in fashion. The large stocks, or trunk hose, continued to be worn, but broad-toed shoes were discarded. The entire female dress was worn very close, so as to conceal the person as much as possible. The gown was frequently cut square at the bosom, but instead of the neck being bare it was covered almost to the throat by the partlett, a sort of habit shirt, embroidered with gold and silver and silk. The sleeves were frequently of a different material and generally of richer stuff. Sometimes the gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train.

As regards the armor of MARY'S reign, there was little alteration from that previously in existence. The morion came into use. Brigandine jackets were worn by the archers, with steel skull caps; the pikemen and javelinmen wore back and breast-plates, with tassels gorgets, gauntlets, and steel hats; black billmen, or halberdiers, who wore the armor called *Almain rivet*, and morions or *sallets*; an haquebutiers similarly appointed.

The raised armor was much worn, the ground being very frequently kept black and the pattern raised about the tenth of an inch and polished. Puffed and ribbed armor, in imitation of the slashed dresses of the day, was also occasionally used, the breast-plate rising to an edge down the centre, called the *tapul*, and later altered so as to present a salient angle in the centre, and a head-piece called a *coursing hat*, with a *mentonnière* or lower part that guarded the chin and throat, as well as the *vizor*, which turned upon the same screw. One or more feathers were also frequently attached to the head-piece.

Over the doublet of the nobles was worn the jacket, *somet mes* called the *jerkin*, the coat, or the gown; a doublet jacket and hose of blue velvet cut upon cloth of gold, embroidered, and a doublet hose and jacket of purple velvet, embroidered and cut upon cloth of gold and lined with black satin, being particularly mentioned.

The suite of the French Ambassador, DE NOAILLES, were gayly dressed in *pourpoints* of white damask, barred with gold; short mantles of crimson velvet, lined with violet taffeta and carnation-colored *haut-de-chausses*; hats, feathers, and swords. The suite of SIMON RENARD were all habited in tight-fitting suits of black velvet, entirely without ornament; hats, feathers, swords, mantles, and shoes, with black rosettes. Of the civic authorities the officer bearing the mace before him

with crossed arms wore a dark-blue gown and three-cornered eap, whilst another, wearing a similar gown, with a short upright fur cap, carried the heavy gilded sword of state; the sheriffs wearing scarlet cloaks and ornamental chains of office over their shoulders; the aldermen, plain scarlet cloaks.

The PAGES were dressed in silken doublets of various colors, short velvet cloaks, lined with silk or satin; silk or velvet trunk hose, and shoes with rosettes.

The TRUMPETERS and MARSHALMEN wore scarlet coats with broad cuffs, and more or less embroidered with silver and gold, according to their rank; and the USHERS were dressed in suits of various colors, but generally black, and carried white wands, whilst the MESSENGERS arriving with news of the revolt wore leathern doublets and trunks, with back and breast plates, gauntlets and steel hats.

The SPIRITUAL PEERS were dressed in the ordinary dresses of the priesthood; simars or gowns, with surplices, etc., and mitres, and the TEMPORAL PEERS in the varied colored costumes of noblemen. It may also be mentioned with regard to the HALBERDIERS, that on great occasions they were elegantly dressed in stripped hose of black and tawny color, velvet caps, decked at the side with roses, with doublets of murrey and blue cloth, embroidered at the front and back with gold.

J. M. K.

PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—*Scene 1:* Banners and flags of various colors and devices; garlands of flowers and various decorations; pikes, lances, staves, crossbows, halberds, etc., for the GUARDS. *Scene 3:* Slips of paper with writing on; swords for CITIZENS; a long-bladed knife; stones. *Scene 4:* Gilded tables, chairs and footstools; a jewelled miniature; a rich gold neck chain; large letter.

ACT II.—*Scene 1:* Antique oak table and chair, with writing materials and papers; rich-looking portfolio; written sheet of paper, for KNYVETT. *Scene 2:* Chair of state; canopy supports; pikes, etc., for GUARDS. *Scene 3:* Written paper, for WYATT'S man. *Scene 4:* Antique chairs with crimson velvet; pikes, for GUARDS.

ACT III.—*Scene 1:* Javelins; wands for OFFICERS, etc., and for GARDINER'S attendants. *Scene 3:* Three chairs of state; canopy; benches covered with crimson cloth, etc.; carpeting; large written parchment roll, for GARDINER. *Scene 5:* Gilded chairs, tables and couch; diamond ring, for ELIZABETH.

ACT IV.—*Scene 2:* Gilded tables and chairs; footstools and couch; rich Indian shawl; slips of paper, written upon. *Scene 5:* Rich table and heavy cover with gold fringe; massive candelabra and lights, writing materials; gilded chairs; portrait of PHILIP in armor, to suspend against the wall; belt knife or dagger.

It is not deemed necessary to give here more than the principal properties needed: no two theatres will mount the stage alike, and the minor details may be gathered from the text of the play and the general instructions as to costumes.

STORY OF THE PLAY AND REMARKS.

KING HENRY the Eighth of England, by his marriage with Katharine of Aragon, the widow of his brother Arthur, to whom she was married but a few months, had issue only one child, Mary, whose career as a sovereign forms the basis of the play. After a married life of eighteen years, Henry, growing tired of his wife's attractions, sought for new ones, and, having found them in the person of Anne Boleyn, the daughter of a gentleman of distinction and related to most of the nobility, the next step was to realize the possession of them. The beauty of Anne Boleyn is reported to have surpassed all that had hitherto appeared at court; her education, which had been conducted at Paris, tended to increase her personal charms; her features were regular, mild and attractive; her stature elegant, whilst her wit and vivacity exceeded even her other allurements. It is not surprising, therefore, that a man of such an amorous nature as Henry, was deeply smitten with these irresistible charms at the very first interview. The difficulty was, how to get rid of his wife and become the owner of so much beauty, for, in spite of his high position, he found Anne Boleyn was proof against any approaches except under the sanctity of marriage. There was no alternative, therefore, but to obtain a divorce, and for this purpose he put it publicly forth that his conscience rebuked him at last for having lived so many years with his brother's wife, and he deemed it only just and proper that their connection should be severed. For this purpose he sought to obtain from Pope Clement the Seventh a release from his marriage vows; but not obtaining this so speedily as he expected, on the contrary, receiving great opposition, he applied to his favorite and chief minister, Cardinal Wolsey, for support, but here again he was doomed to be disappointed. Wolsey was placed in an awkward position: if he should assert that the marriage was not illegal, but, on the contrary, held good, at the same time that he pleased the Pope, who so viewed it, he would displease the King, who would speedily revenge himself by depriving him of his enormous wealth, high rank and great power; and, upon the other hand, if he supported the King he would offend the Pope most grievously, and subject himself to severe punishment; he, therefore, resolved strenuously to keep neutral, and pretended the most extreme deference for the opinion of Campegio, the Pope's nuncio or ambassador, who was then in England in regard to the proposed divorce; thus endeavoring to shift all the responsibility from his own shoulders. But Henry saw through the artifice and silently and surely determined to overthrow it; accordingly he looked about for a man who could be moulded to his wishes, possessing equal abilities and less art than Wolsey, and accident threw in his way Thomas Cranmer. Matters were very soon arranged to meet the King's desires. Wolsey was deposed, his enormous and wealthy property and possessions confiscated, an indictment for high treason lodged against him, upon which he would undoubtedly have been found guilty and executed had not the proceedings been put an end to by his death at Leicester Abbey, upon his journey to London to take his trial. With his decease Henry severed his connection with the church of Rome. Katharine was divorced; Cranmer himself pronouncing the sentence, for which he was raised to the position of royal chaplain by the King, but excommunicated by the Pope. By this decree declaring the marriage null and void on account of its being within the prohibited degrees of relationship, the Princess Mary was pronounced a bastard. As soon as this was accomplished Henry married Anne Boleyn, but he very soon tired of her charms, languishing for the possession of the Lady Jane Seymour, one of her maids of honor, and he very easily found means and ready hands to assist in carrying out his designs. Accusations of infidelity were made against the Queen, which speedily resulted in her trial, conviction and execution, and the King's marriage with Jane Seymour the very next day after. There was only one child by his marriage with Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth, whom Henry caused to be bastardized the same as Mary, by ordering the Parliament to give him a decree of divorce between the passing of the sentence upon, and the execution of, the unfortunate Queen. Thus, then, we know the origin of the two leading ladies in the play and the meaning of the con-

versation between the citizens in the opening scene, as also the bitter hatred of Mary for Cranmer, which only terminated with his destruction at the stake.

Upon Henry's death he was succeeded by his only son, Edward, but nine years of age, who died after a brief reign of seven years. Previous to his death he was induced by the artifice and scheming of the Duke of Northumberland and other powerful noblemen, to nominate as his successor to the crown, the Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, a young lady of surpassing beauty, who was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, the fourth son of Northumberland. But her accession met with the most violent opposition from Mary and her partisans. Mary had led a life of great seclusion and restraint, and consequently became reserved and gloomy; even during the life of her father she maintained her sentiments with vigor and resolution, refusing to comply with the forms and requirements of his new mode of religion, after severing with the Pope. Her zeal grew with her years, and at times rendered her almost furious, so that she became not only blindly attached to her religious opinions, but even to the popish clergy who maintained them. On the other hand, the Lady Jane Grey was strongly and devotedly attached to the principles of the reformed religion, its followers and upholders, and it is stated upon undoubted authority that, though but sixteen, her judgment had attained such a degree of maturity as few have been found to possess; indeed, all historians agree that the solidity of her understanding, improved by constant application, caused her to be considered the wonder of the age. To a great extent she was ignorant, however, of all the transactions that were being conducted in her favor, and was struck with grief and surprise when she was made acquainted with them, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that her father and father-in-law induced her to yield to their plans for accession to the throne. Orders were promptly given to proclaim her throughout the kingdom, but they were very loosely obeyed, and it is recorded that, when the proclamation was made in the City of London, there were few signs of pleasure or applause.

It now became necessary for Mary and her supporters to act promptly and boldly. Upon the king's death she had retired to Kenning Hall, in the County of Norfolk, but the progress of Lady Jane Grey and her party called her from her retirement and roused her to action. She sent circular letters to all the great towns and nobility in the kingdom, reminding them of her right, and commanding them to proclaim her without delay. These circulars had the desired effect, and in a very short time she found herself able to reckon upon the support of between forty and fifty thousand men, while the small number who were following the Northumberland party became alarmed and irresolute, their leaders even fearing to lead them to an encounter. Finding, therefore, that the cause was lost, Lady Jane Grey, after a brief reign of ten days, resigned the crown and retired into seclusion. Northumberland, also finding affairs were getting desperate, and that it was impossible to stem the tide of popular opposition, attempted to quit the kingdom, but he was prevented doing so by a band of pensioner guards, who intimated him that he must stay to justify their conduct in being led out against their lawful sovereign. Being thus completely hemmed in on every side, he was compelled to run the risky chance of clemency, which he failed to receive; he delivered himself up to Mary and was soon afterwards executed in a very summary manner. Lady Jane Grey and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, were arrested, tried and found guilty, but Mary delayed, for the present, the execution of the sentence. She now entered London, and with very little effusion of blood, saw herself joyfully proclaimed and peaceably settled on the throne. At least, presumably so, although, as the dialogue of the opening and following scenes show, there was some degree of mistrust and a disturbed and uncertain feeling as to her positive right to the crown, with indications of the revolution about to take place in religious matters and observances. The drama opens with the state procession of the new queen through the city, accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, on a journey to the Tower of London, to release, with others, Courtenay, Earl of Devon, a young nobleman of good birth and handsome bearing, and whom it was much desired by the Council and people she should marry.

Immediately after reaching the throne, Mary determined to give back to the clergy their former power, and thus to involve the country in a repetition of the horrors from which it had only just emerged.

Amongst the eminent clergymen who had suffered for the Catholic cause during the reign of Henry, by fine or imprisonment, or confiscation of their estates, were Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Nicholas Heath, the Archbishop of York. These, with others, were taken from prison, reinstated in their high ecclesiastical positions, and the sentences passed upon them repealed; indeed, further patronage and power was bestowed upon them, Gardiner being raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. The next step was to get rid of some of those persons who were deemed rank heretics, and foremost among these was Cranmer, now Archbishop of Canterbury. It was not at all probable that Mary could fail to bear an ill feeling towards the man who had pronounced her mother's marriage null and void, and herself illegitimate, and one of her first acts is to cause his arrest, which occurs at Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the primate of the English church. Cranmer's humility, firmness and dignity when all the other bishops are flying from the country to avoid arrest, are very finely expressed in the second scene. In spite of the earnest entreaties of his faithful friend, Peter Martyr, who hurriedly seeks him to bid him fly and save his life before it is too late, he declines to do so. There are still some faithful clergymen left who nobly stand their ground, and with them he is determined to abide. Fervently and grandly he exclaims:

"Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying right and left,
Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me;
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls
I dare not leave my post."

Peter Martyr bids him a last farewell and escapes just as the guards arrive to arrest Cranmer and conduct him to the Tower, from which place he was ultimately taken and tried, and burnt at the stake, in the city of Oxford.

Mary's moroseness and bigotry gradually grow warmer and fiercer, and the feeling against popery is increased by a proposed alliance with Philip, Prince of Spain, a son of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who makes him king of Naples and Sicily in order that he may be of equal rank with Mary. To many of the nobility and people this strong popish alliance is extremely distasteful, and this feeling is much fostered and promoted by the French ambassador, the *Sieur de Noailles*, who sees that if he can only breed confusion among the people and lead to an outbreak and the dethronement of Mary, good must result to France, for which purpose he causes to be distributed about various papers suggesting the confinement, nay, even the execution of Elizabeth, and others proclaiming her and praising her as Queen of England. By this double action, so artfully arranged, he rouses, or hopes to rouse, the feelings of both parties, the Princess Elizabeth being a great favorite with the people. He even broaches the subject to the Earl of Devon, who consents to attend a meeting at his house, though not without some misgivings of safety in so doing. But Courtenay has another object in view, or rather double object; he is of opinion that he is a handsomer man than Philip, and even aspires to the Queen's hand; she has pardoned him once and raised him in rank, and being of good birth, believes she has a liking for him; rumor, however, has it that he made an offer and was rejected, consequently he turns his attention to the Princess Elizabeth, to whom he takes an opportunity of revealing his affection, and even pointing out a plan by which, with the assistance of the French king and many of the leading noblemen and gentlemen, some of whom are sojourning in France, she might be made queen. This point affords an opportunity for some very neat lines, and shows the Princess in true womanly instinct and longings, but guarding herself against any cunning or crafty policy which may lead her into danger and arouse Mary's suspicion and anger. Mary comes unexpectedly upon them and believes they are leaguering themselves together to prevent her marriage with Philip; she determines therefore to remove her sister

from the palace, and, summoning Gardiner to her council, arranges that the Princess shall be sent into the country under the pretence of pursuing her studies.

Elizabeth receives the order not without fear and misgiving that harm to her is intended; but her uncle, Lord William Howard, assures her that nothing of the kind dare be attempted so long as he holds the position as commander of the English fleet. The ensuing scene introduces us more fully to Mary, who, gazing with admiration upon a miniature of her future husband, seeks praises of him from all who approach her. In an interview with Gardiner she speaks vehemently of her determination to marry Philip, and some rather indiscreet remarks upon his part lead to his abrupt dismissal. Nor does De Noailles, the French Ambassador, fare much better upon his remonstrating against the proposed alliance with Spain, who is at war with France, and by which alliance the King fears that England will be brought into the conflict also. Mary reasons with him, and shows him the miniature, but, failing to praise it, he too is summarily dismissed, Mary angrily remarking,

“ You cannot
Learn a man's nature from his natural toe.”

She now grants an audience to the Spanish Ambassador, Simon Renard, who artfully and cunningly lavishes his soothing words of flattery upon her, and asserts that the miniature does not do justice to his master—that the original is very far superior to the copy. He then proceeds to sow suspicion in her mind with regard to her sister, and even suggests that she should be well watched, and if caught tripping be consigned to the block. But much as Mary is against her, there is danger in approaching such a step, observing,

“ I love her not, but all the people love her,
And would not have her even of the Tower.”

Terminating the interview, Mary is about to join the Council who are sitting in session, when Renard returns with a letter he has received, containing the formal offer of Prince Philip's hand. Snatching it with joy she hurries into the council-chamber—from which she soon returns with the tidings that the Council have approved the union, and, overcome by her feelings, sinks into a chair, exclaiming rapturously,

“ My Philip is all mine !”

Matters, however, without are not going on quite so smoothly; much disaffection has been gradually spreading amongst the people, and schemes, not at present very powerful, are being concocted for removing Mary and placing Elizabeth on the throne. Chief amongst the leaders of this movement is Sir Thomas Wyatt, a gentleman of wealth and learning, residing at Allington Castle, in the County of Kent, and associated with him is De Noailles and Courtenay. Receiving a dispatch from the latter, calling upon him if he moves at all to move at once, he prepares to do so, and this resolution is strengthened by the arrival of a large concourse of people to support him. After addressing them in a finely-written and powerful speech, he puts himself at their head, and they move on towards London, with the intention of entering the city and making an attack upon the Tower. In the meantime Mary, though alarmed, is not idle. Summoning to her side Gardiner and Lord William Howard, she hastens to the city, where, in the Guildhall or council-chamber, the Lord Mayor and aldermen, with a large number of citizens, are gathered to receive her. In a bold and passionate address, most admirably written, she urges that the objection to the Spanish marriage is only an idle pretext on the part of the rebels, and that their real object is to make her a prisoner, seize and confine her councillors, and administer the revenues of the country as they please. She vows that if she thought the marriage would bring loss or danger to the people or the state it should never take place; indeed, she would remain single all her life, and appeals to the citizens for help. She meets with a ready response of support, and prompt measures are taken for preventing Wyatt's entering the city whilst she hastens to Westminster Palace for safety. Upon reaching Loudon Bridge Wyatt, to his an-

noyance, finds that the drawbridge has been cut down and cast into the stream, so there are no means of crossing the river excepting by going round to the next bridge, a distance of ten or twelve miles; whither he proceeds accordingly, receiving, however, before starting, a copy of a paper offering a hundred pounds for his apprehension.

They are anxious moments with Mary. From time to time messengers arrive with the disheartening intelligence that Wyatt has broken through the guards and reached as far as Ludgate in the centre of the city; then that the Earl of Pembroke had turned traitor; then Courtenay hurries in with the intelligence that his men had been broken up by the rebels; all seems nearly lost, when a messenger arrives with the joyous news that the rebels have been overcome and Wyatt taken prisoner. In an instant Mary rises to her natural spirit and dignity, and with the rapidity of lightning flashes forth an order for the Tower. When it is said that Wyatt confessed that Courtenay was in the plot, "To the Tower with *him!*" exclaims the Queen. And the Princess Elizabeth. "To the Tower with *her!*" is the instant response. Now then is the time for the crafty Renard to act. Speaking smoothly and softly he says,

"I trust by this your Highness will allow
Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
When last we talked, that Philip would not come
Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk
And Lady Jane had left us."

"They shall die, replies," the Queen coldly. "And your so loving sister?" says Renard. Drawing herself erect Mary replies in firm and stern tones,

"She shall die.
My foes are at my feet, and Philip king."

Thus ends one of the finest and most spirited scenes in the play, and with it the Second Act.

Consequent upon the rebellion being crushed executions were abundant all over the country. Wyatt and a large number of his followers were soon disposed of, and hundreds were hanged in every direction, so virulent ran the blood in Mary's heart. In every London street were gibbets erected, and tradesmen executed in front of their own houses. But what excited the people most of all was the execution of Lady Jane Grey and her husband. Two days after Wyatt's apprehension they were ordered to prepare for death. On the day of her execution her husband desired permission to see her, but this request she refused, as she knew the parting would be too tender for her fortitude to withstand. The place at first designed for their execution was without the Tower, but it being feared that their youth, beauty and innocence might occasion a new insurrection, orders were given that they should be executed within the Tower. Lord Dudley was the first who suffered at the block, and as his wife was passing on her way to take her turn, she met the officers bearing along the headless body of her husband to be buried in the chapel. She paused and looked upon the corpse for some time without emotion; then, desiring them to proceed, moved onward to meet her fate.

There is a beautifully worded description of her death in the first scene of the third act, not included in the acting version because it is too long and out of place, and unnecessary on the stage.

At the head of those who drove these violent measures forward, Gardiner was most prominent, aided by Cardinal Pole, a cousin of Mary's, who had always most conscientiously adhered to the Catholic religion, and had incurred Henry's displeasure, not only by refusing to assent to his measures but also by writing strongly against him. For this he was most warmly liked and cherished by the Pope, and was now sent over to England as Legate from the Holy See.

Philip had, at last, reached England, and the marriage procession is recorded as having been grand in the extreme, and following close upon it, comes Cardinal Pole's interview with the Queen and King, to appoint a day for the meeting of Parliament, to receive from him the absolution which the Pope had sent, forgiving

them for having striven against, and passed measures injurious to, the Catholic cause, and offensive to the holy father. This is arranged to take place on St. Andrew's day, and accordingly both branches of Parliament are summoned for that day. With all due formality and solemnity comes the humiliating spectacle of the English Parliament bending low before the Pope's representative, and acknowledging with shame the sinfulness of their ways. The absolution is given amidst tears and rejoicings; the only member having firmness and courage to stand against the degradation of the scene being Sir Ralph Bagenhall, who is, in consequence, arrested for the offence, but afterwards released.

The persecution of clergymen now sets in stronger than ever. Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, and Rogers, Prebendary of St. Paul's, suffered martyrdom. Bonner, Bishop of London, bloated with rage and luxury, let loose his vengeance without restraint, and seemed to take a pleasure in the pains of the unhappy sufferers, whilst the Queen, by her letters, exhorted him to pursue the pious work, as she termed it, without pity or interruption. Ridley, a former Bishop of London, and Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, were condemned and suffered together, and soon after them came Cranmer. Upon the representation that his life would be spared he recanted Protestantism, and embraced the Romish faith; but Gardiner and Mary had resolved upon his death, and he was sentenced to be burnt alive. He was brought to St. Mary's Church, in the City of Oxford, where he was desired publicly to repeat his belief in popery; but this he steadily and firmly refused, and was led off to the stake. Upon the fire beginning to kindle around him his energy and courage returned in double force; he stretched forth his right hand and held it in the flames until it was consumed, while he frequently cried out, "That unworthy hand!"

In the Fourth Act a full account of all these proceedings will be found written in most beautiful and telling language; but certainly the scenes are not suitable to be put upon the stage even if time would allow its being done. The account, however, of the execution, delivered by one Peters, who witnessed it, is retained. It is most admirably written, and, well delivered, must prove one of the gems of the piece. By Mary's orders her sister was sent to Woodstock, in the County of Oxford, to remain there under the care of one Sir Henry Bedingsfield, a rough but honest gentleman, who is really favorable to her cause; but she is not allowed to remain there long, for Philip and Mary conceive a plan for uniting her with Prince Philibert, and a message is therefore dispatched requiring her presence in London, a command which Elizabeth obeys with much fear and sad misgivings as to the result.

Events now begin to assume a shape which bode no good for the peace, health, or happiness of Mary. The chance of any issue of her marriage is more remote than ever, and Philip day by day grows sterner and colder in his demeanor. Sir Nicholas Heath has replaced Gardiner as Chancellor, and the Queen looks to him to preserve Calais, in which Philip joins, the more so as he announces his intended departure for Spain to look after the affairs of his own country. This is indeed sad news to the already half broken-hearted Queen. She begins to be sensible of the dangerous position she occupies—of the growing hatred of her subjects—of the approaching hour of retribution for the murders she has committed under the name of justice and religion—and she trembles at the thoughts of being left alone. In vain she appeals to her husband to remain; a cold denial is the only answer, with an intimation that she must proclaim the Princess Elizabeth her heir; idolizing Philip, and submissive to his slightest wish, this she promises. So far, then, Philip's scheme looks well; since all hope of issue has fled he perceives how fast his wife is breaking, that death is rapidly approaching, and how strong his position would be if he could bring about a marriage between himself and Elizabeth; with this object he instructs his emissary, the Count de Feria, to obtain an audience of the Princess, and cautiously sound her upon the subject. Not only with the Queen, but with Cardinal Pole, are matters assuming a very serious aspect. Pope Julius the Third has been succeeded by Paul the Fourth, who views the Cardinal's conduct in a different light to that which his predecessor did, and therefore cites him to Rome upon a charge of heresy. Pole in his persecutions exceeded Gardiner, so much so that he

acquired the name of the scourge and butcher of the English Church, and now to be rewarded only by a trial before the Inquisition is a sore death-blow to his ambition, dignity, and pride, and it is in vain that the Queen, prostrated as she herself is, endeavors to console him. In the very depth of his bitter sufferings he draws an agonizing picture of himself and the Queen united in the bonds of misery.

“ Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labor in vain. * * * * *
Our altar is a mound of dead men’s clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond ;
And there is one Death stands behind the Groom,
And there is one Death stands behind the Bride.”

And it was not long before his wretched forebodings were literally realized.

The miserable position of both was greatly increased by scraps of paper being scattered about the palace with words of scornful and threatening meaning written upon them ; indeed, everything now tended to increase the illness of both and hasten on their approaching dissolution. But the most fearful blow as yet was the news of the loss of Calais and Guisnes, which had been retaken by the French. It is reported that this news filled the whole kingdom with murmurs and the Queen with despair, and she was heard to say that when dead the name of Calais would be found engraven upon her heart. A fever sets in, and in her last extremity she determines to send for her sister, entrusting the Count de Feria with the message. This mission admirably suits his purpose to do his master’s bidding, and he sounds Elizabeth, as he suggested. The subject, however, meets with but a cold reception, and is indeed entirely forgotten in the genuine anger which she evinces upon learning that he has kept the news of the Queen’s alarming illness to the last. Mary is now sinking fast ; her mind begins to give way, and the horrible atrocities which she has sanctioned rise up in fearful reality before her fevered imagination. In a moment of phrenzy her eyes rest upon a portrait of her husband ; a fine scene ensues in which she exclaims :

“ This Philip shall not
Stare in upon my haggardness ;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down,”

hacking the picture to pieces with a knife and exclaiming with triumph, “ Lie there ! ” But suddenly a reaction takes place, and with a burst of agonizing grief she exclaims, “ O God, I have killed my Philip ! ” and sinks down exhausted. This scene, indeed, the whole act, is the finest in the play. Mary’s end is at hand—she is led to her chamber just at the moment Elizabeth arrives, and almost immediately expires, upon which the Princess is immediately proclaimed Queen of England.

And thus ends the greatest dramatic poem that has been published for many years past.

Of the beauty and power of many portions it is impossible to speak too highly, but the dramatic construction is faulty ; there is not much interest excited in the progress of the events or in the characters so very numerous introduced. Mary is, of course, the sun of the drama, round which all the other characters revolve, like planets, large and small. It is a magnificently drawn character throughout, and about the most faithfully depicted one that I have read ; the delineation of it calls for the exhibition of great mental and physical qualifications on the part of the representative, more especially in the last Act, which is admirably constructed and written ; affording scope and opportunity for making it one of the most stirring and grandest pieces of acting ever seen upon the stage, and worthy of a Ristori or a Rachel.

Philip’s character—cold, unfeeling, grasping and repulsive—is well rendered, and affords good opportunities for a careful actor.

Simon Renard—cunning, tricky, keen and treacherous—is also well portrayed, and there is plenty of scope for some telling points and situations during the progress of the play, by calm and careful action.

The Princess Elizabeth is very nicely drawn, and the scene at Woodstock, if artis

and actor combine, may be made one of the most attractive in the drama, more especially by the employment of a thoroughly sweet and efficient vocalist to render the quaint old English song there introduced.

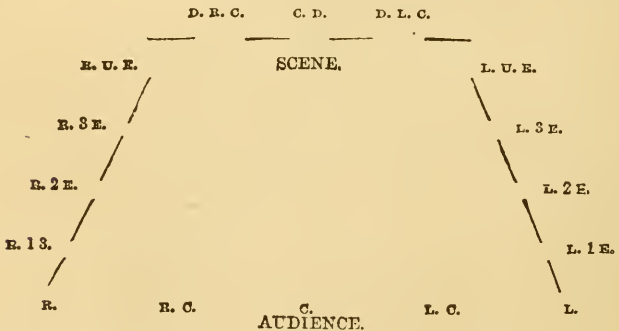
Many of the other characters, for instance, Pole, Gardiner, Howard, Cranmer, the Earl of Devon, the staunch Bagenhall, Wyatt, etc., can be made very effective by judicious handling, not forgetting Peters, in the fine speech descriptive of Cranmer's death.

It was with considerable diffidence and misgivings that I undertook to dramatize this work—the task was one beset with much difficulty. After many careful perusals and much study, I struck out my course. The last Act is not only a fine piece of literary composition, but is great in a dramatic sense, affording scope for magnificent acting. I determined, therefore, to make that my grand point and aim, gathering from the previous portions all the dramatic incidents I could, although not quite in unison as regards time and space, omitting much that is powerful, beautiful and impressive in perusal, but which would be uninteresting, tedious and tame upon the stage, and thus work up, step by step, to the last Act. Whether I have succeeded in producing a good acting drama or not, I must leave to the public to determine. I can only assure them that I have used my best endeavors, honestly and zealously, to do so. I am proud to say that I have always found favor at their hands, and, if I deserve it, I ask it now.

J. M. KINGDOM.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L.	Left.
L. C.	Left Centre.
L. 1 E.	Left First Entrance.
L. 2 E.	Left Second Entrance.
L. 3 E.	Left Third Entrance.
L. U. E.	Left Upper Entrance (wherever this Scene may be.)
D. L. C.	Door Left Centre.

C.	Centre.
R.	Right.
R. 1 E.	Right First Entrance.
R. 2 E.	Right Second Entrance.
R. 3 E.	Right Third Entrance.
R. U. E.	Right Upper Entrance.
D. R. C.	Door Right Centre.

BILL FOR PROGRAMMES.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—LONDON. ALDGATE, RICHLY DECORATED.

The Royal Procession—QUEEN MARY and the PRINCESS ELIZABETH—The Rumors of Marriage.

SCENE 2.—A ROOM IN LAMBETH PALACE.

Flight of the Clergymen and Bishops—MARTYR Urges CRANMER to Escape—His Noble Refusal—A Last Farewell—Arrest of CRANMER.

SCENE 3.—ST. PAUL'S CROSS, LONDON.

Catholic Preaching to the Mob—Riot and Tumult—The EARL OF DEVON Saves FATHER BOURNE'S Life—Attack upon the Spanish Servants—The Plot of the French Ambassador—The EARL OF DEVON Ensnared—The Treasonous Papers.

SCENE 4.—LONDON. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

The EARL OF DEVON in Love—ELIZABETH makes Mirth—QUEEN MARY a Listener—A Summons for the Princess—The Fear of Treachery and Death.

SCENE 5.—ANOTHER ROOM IN THE PALACE.

QUEEN MARY Admiring the Miniature of her Intended Husband—Story of LADY JANE GREY—GARDINER in Disgrace—Court Scandal—Artifice and Cunning of the French Ambassador—SIMON RENARD Plays his Cards Well—Arrival of PHILIP'S Offer of Marriage—Energetic Action of the Queen—The Council Sanctions it—Triumph of MARY—"My Philip is all mine!"

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—APARTMENT IN WYATT'S CASTLE, IN KENT.

The Story of a Gallant Father—Dispatch from the EARL OF DEVON—The Blow Must be Struck—Arrival of Bands of Rebels—Commencement of the Insurrection—Noble Speech of WYATT, and March for London.

SCENE 2.—THE GUILDHALL IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

Assembling of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Citizens—Arrival of QUEEN MARY—An Appeal for Help to Stop the Rebellion—Enthusiastic Reception and Promise of Thirty Thousand Men.

SCENE 3.—LONDON BRIDGE.

SIR THOMAS WYATT Checkmated—The Bridge Destroyed—Reward for his Apprehension—Cruelty of the Insurrectionist Leader—The March for Kingston.

SCENE 4.—ROOM IN THE GATEHOUSE OF WESTMINSTER PALACE.

MARY Waiting for the Verdict—Defeat of the Guards—Bravery of the Queen—The EARL OF DEVON'S Flight—News of the Victory—WYATT taken Prisoner—Order for the Arrest of the EARL OF DEVON and the PRINCESS ELIZABETH—The Sentence of Death!

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—A STREET IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

The Staunch Protestant BAGENHALL—Royal Procession of PHILIP and

MARY—*Tyrannical Conduct of GARDINER*—"Stake and Fire—Sharp Work and Short!"

SCENE 2.—ROOM IN WHITEHALL PALACE.

Arrival of the Pope's Legate, CARDINAL POLE—Absolution from Rome for the English Nation—Parliament Ordered to Assemble.

SCENE 3.—THE GREAT HALL IN WHITEHALL.

The Lords and Commoners Assembled—Arrival of the King, Queen and Cardinal—The Penitential Address read by GARDINER—CARDINAL POLE Gives Absolution—Exciting Scene—The Noble and Honest BAGENHALL Indignantly Refuses to Kneel—His Arrest.

SCENE 4.—THE PORCH OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

The Gossip of two old Country Women—People being Burned and Hung in all Directions—Account of the Burning of CRANMER.

SCENE 5.—APARTMENT OF THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AT WOODSTOCK.

A Royal Prisoner—"Much suspected, of me nothing proven can be, quoth ELIZABETH, Prisoner"—A Milkmaid Melody—"Robin came and kissed her whilst milking the cow"—A Rough but Kind and Honest Keeper—A Summons from the Queen—Fears and Doubts of ELIZABETH—Departure for London.

N. B.—The next Scene can be omitted, if desired, and the Act end here.

SCENE 6.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Refusal of the Princess to Marry—PHILIP'S Disappointment with MARY—SIMON RENARD'S Cards Played Well Again—Intended Departure of the King for Spain—A Crafty Courtier—A Wife's Troubles.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—LONDON. HALL IN THE PALACE.

Sorrow Falls Upon the Queen—Intended Departure of PHILIP—A Wife's Devotion—Proposals for War Refused—A New Rebellion Threatening—Scheming of PHILIP to Marry ELIZABETH—RENARD Again Plays his Cards Well.

SCENE 2.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

The Queen and the Cardinal—POLE Charged with Heresy—The Scourge and Butcher of the English Church—Remorse and Despair begin their Work—Threatening Warnings are Cast About—A Fearful Blow—PHILIP Gone and Calais Taken—The End of MARY Approaches—Death of the EARL OF DEVON—Message to ELIZABETH—The Fatal Fever Begins.

SCENE 3.—APARTMENT IN A HOUSE NEAR LONDON.

ELIZABETH and the King's Messenger—A Subtle Envoy Pleads his Master's Cause—The Hints of MARY'S Death and Another Marriage—Virtue and Caution—News of the Queen's Illness and Departure of the Princess for London.

SCENE 4.—LONDON. BEFORE THE PALACE.

Approaching Death of MARY—Illness of CARDINAL POLE—The End Draws Nigh.

SCENE 5.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

The Queen's Agony—"I am dying, Philip; come to me."—Only the Portrait Left—Feeling of Approaching Death—LADY CLARENCE'S Description of Love and Happiness—MARY'S Mind Begins to Wander—Visions of the Past, too Horrible to Bear—Phrenzy of the Queen and Destruction of PHILIP'S Portrait—Retreat of MARY to her Chamber—Arrival of ELIZABETH—The Last Hours of the Sister—Death of MARY and Proclamation of the PRINCESS ELIZABETH as Queen of England!

QUEEN MARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Aldgate* richly decorated. As the curtain rises all is bustle and confusion, and a hubbub of voices; the CITIZENS assembled, with women, and children are scattered over the stage, they talk and laugh, as do also those looking out of the windows. The MARSHALMEN move about very busily, R. and L. In the front, most conspicuous, are FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CITIZENS, R.; OLD NOKES, and NOKES, and FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD GENTLEMEN, L.*

MARSHALMAN (*bustling about*). Stand back, keep a clear lane. When will her Majesty pass, sayst thou? why, now, even now; wherefore draw back your heads and your horns before I break them, and make what noise you will with your tongues, so it be not treason. Long live Queen Mary, the lawful and legitimate daughter of Harry the Eighth! Shout, knaves!

CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary!

FIRST CITIZEN (R.). That's a hard word, legitimate; what does it mean?

SECOND CITIZEN (R.). It means a bastard.

THIRD CITIZEN (R. C.). Nay, it means true-born.

FIRST CIT. Why, didn't the Parliament make her a bastard?

SECOND CIT. No; it was the Lady Elizabeth.

THIRD CIT. That was after, man; that was after.

FIRST CIT. Then which is the bastard?

SECOND CIT. Troth, they be both bastards by Act of Parliament and Council.

THIRD CIT. Ay, the Parliament can make every true-born man of us a bastard. Old Nokes, can't it make thee a bastard? thou should'st know, for thou art as white as three Christmasses.

OLD NOKES (*dreamily, L. C.*). Who's a-passing? King Edward or King Richard?

THIRD CIT. No, Old Nokes.

OLD NOKES. It's Harry!

THIRD CIT. It's Queen Mary.

OLD NOKES. The blessed Mary's a-passing! (*falls on his knees.*)

NOKES. Let father alone, my masters! he's past your questioning.

THIRD CIT. Answer thou for him, then! thou art no such cockerel thyself, for thou was born i' the tail end of old Harry the Seventh.

NOKES. Eh! that was afore bastard-making began. I was born true

* The name of one of the chief gates or entrances into old London, of which there were several; but all are now gone excepting the westerly one, Temple Bar, which blocks up the direct thoroughfares, the Strand and Fleet street, from the West End or fashionable part of London to the City.

man at five in the forenoon i' the tail of old Harry, and so they can't make me a bastard.

THIRD CIT. But if Parliament can make the Queen a bastard, why, it follows all the more that they can make thee one, who art fray'd i' the knees, and out at elbow, and bald o' the back, and bursten at the toes, and down at heels.

NOKES. I was born of a true man and a ring'd wife, and I can't argue upon it; but I and my old woman 'ud burn upon it, that would we.

MARSHAL. What! are you cackling of bastardy under the Queen's own nose? I'll have you flogg'd and burnt too, by the Rood* I will.

FIRST CIT. He swears by the Rood! Whew! (*trumpets without.*)

"SECOND CIT. Hark! the trumpets!"

By degrees the MARSHALMEN have succeeded in forcing the people into order, so that a clear space is kept in a circular form from R. 2 and 3 E. up to the gate, L. U. E.—a few of the crowd, to increase the effect, being kept in the corners of the stage, L. and R. 1 E., and the rest against the flats; at the windows all is bustle and excitement. Trumpets sound louder, and the procession enters slowly, R. 3 E. TRUMPETERS, HALBERDIERS, BANNER BEARERS, ARCHERS, MARY and ELIZABETH mounted on white horses, side by side, PAGES, GUARDS, etc. It passes slowly down towards the front of the stage amidst the shouts of the people, ringing of bells, firing of arquebuses, and waving of flags and handkerchiefs from the windows—pausing for a moment as MARY and ELIZABETH reach the centre of the stage, to enable them to acknowledge the applause; then passing slowly round through the gateway, L. U. E., amidst shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!" "Down with all traitors!" "God save her Grace; and death to Northumberland!" followed by all excepting FIRST and SECOND GENTLEMEN.

FIRST GENTLEMAN (R. C.). By God's light, a noble creature, right royal.

SECOND GENTLEMAN (L. C.). She looks comlier than ordinary to-day; but to my mind the Lady Elizabeth is the more noble and royal.

FIRST GENT. I mean the Lady Elizabeth. Did you hear (I have a daughter in her service who reported it) that she met the Queen at Waustead† with five hundred horse, and the Queen (tho' some say they be much divided) took her hand, call'd her sweet sister, and kiss'd not her alone, but all the ladies of her following.

SECOND GENT. Ay, that was in her hour of joy—there will be plenty to snuder and unsister them again; this Gardiner for one, who is to be made Lord Chancellor, and will pounce like a wild beast out of his cage to worry Cranmer.

FIRST GENT. And furthermore, my daughter said that when there rose a talk of the late rebellion, she spoke even of Northumberland pitifully, and of the good Lady Jane as a poor innocent child who had but obeyed her father; and furthermore, she said that no one in her time should be burnt for heresy.

SECOND GENT. Well, sir, I look for happy times.

FIRST GENT. There is but one thing against them. "I know not if you know."

SECOND GENT. I suppose you touch upon the rumor that Charles, the

* Rood, was a name formerly given to the figure of Christ on the cross erected in Roman Catholic churches; hence the alarm expressed by the Protestant citizens, on hearing the oath of the Marshalman.

† A small town a few miles east of London, where there was once a royal residence.

master of the world, has offer'd her his son Philip, the Pope and the devil. I trust it is but a rumor.

FIRST GENT. She is going now to the Tower to loose the prisoners there, and among them Courtenay, to be made Earl of Devon, of royal blood, of splendid feature, whom the council and all her people wish her to marry. "May it be so, for we are many of us Catholics, but few Papists, and the Hot Gospellers will go mad upon it."

SECOND GENT. Was she not betroth'd in her babyhood to the great Emperor himself?

FIRST GENT. Ay, but he's too old.

SECOND GENT. And again to her cousin Reginald Pole, now Cardinal, but I hear that he too is full of aches and broken before his day.

FIRST GENT. "O, the Pope could dispense with his Cardinalate, and his achage, and his breakage, if that were all:" but will you not follow the procession?

SECOND GENT. No; I have seen enough for this day.

FIRST GENT. Well, I shall follow; if I can get near enough I shall judge with my own eyes whether her Grace incline to this splendid scion of Plantagenet.

[*Exits through gateway.* SECOND GENTLEMAN *exits* R. 1 E.]

SCENE II.—*A room in Lambeth Palace.*

Enter CRANMER, L. 1 E.

CRANMER. To Strasburg, Antwerp, Frankfort, Zurich, Worms, Geneva, Basle—our Bishops from their sees
Or fled, they say, or flying—"Poinet, Barlow,
"Bale, Scory, Coverdale; besides the Deans
"Of Christchurch, Durham, Exeter, and Wells—
"Ailmer and Bullingham, and hundreds more;
"So they report:" I shall be left alone.
No; Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.

Enter PETER MARTYR, *hurriedly*, R. 1 E.

PETER. Fly, Cranmer! were there nothing else, your name
Stands first of those who sign'd the Letters Patent
That gave her royal crown to Lady Jane.

CRAN. Stand first it may, but it was written last:
Those that are now her Privy Council sign'd
Before me: nay, the Judges had pronounced
That our young Edward might bequeath the crown
Of England, putting by his father's will.
Yet I stood out, till Edward sent for me.
"The wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes
"Fixt hard on mine, his frail transparent hand,
"Damp with the sweat of death, and griping mine,
"Whisper'd me, if I loved him, not to yield
"His Church of England to the Papal wolf
"And Mary; then I could no more—I sign'd."
Nay, for bare shame of inconsistency,
She cannot pass her traitor council by,
To make me headless.

PETER. (*excitedly*). "That might be forgiven."
I tell you, fly, my Lord. "You do not own
"The bodily presence in the Eucharist,

" Their wafer and perpetual sacrifice : "
Your creed will be your death.

CRAN. " Step after step,
" Thro' many voices crying right and left,
" Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
" And stand within the porch, and Christ with me : "
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

PETER. But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father ; hence, her hate
Will burn till you are burn'd.

CRAN. I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.
" Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife."—'Tis written,
" They shall be childless." True, Mary was born,
But France would not accept her for a bride
As being born from incest ; " and this wrought
" Upon the king : and child by child, you know,
" Were momentary sparkles, out as quick
" Almost as kindled ; and he brought his doubts
" And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him,
" He *did* believe the bond incestuous."
But wherefore am I trenching on the time
That should already have seen your steps a mile
From me and Lambeth ?* God be with you ! Go.

" PETER MARTYR. Ah, how fierce a letter you wrote against
" Their superstition when they slander'd you
" For setting up a mass at Canterbury ? †
" To please the Queen.

" CRANMER. It was a wheedling monk
" Set up the mass.

" PETER. I know it, my good Lord.
" But you so bubbled over with hot terms
" Of Satan, liars, blasphemy, Antichrist,
" She never will forgive you. Fly, my Lord, fly !

" CRAN. I wrote it, and God grant me power to burn !"

PETER. They have given me a safe conduct : for all that
I dare not stay. I fear, I fear, I see you,
Dear friend, for the last time ; farewell, and fly !

CRAN. Fly, and farewell, and let me die the death !

[Exit PETER MARTYR, R. 1 E.]

Enter OLD SERVANT, L. 1 E.

OLD SERVANT. O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's officers
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

CRAN. (*with calm dignity*). Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly. [Exit, L. 1 E.]

* A place on the south bank of the river Thames, now forming a large portion of London, but at the period of the drama open country, where stood, and still stands, a large antique building, known as Lambeth Palace, being the metropolitan residence of the primate of the English church.

† A city in the County of Kent, some miles from London, celebrated for an ancient and very magnificent cathedral.—From this city, the primate of the English church derives his title, being termed Archbishop of Canterbury.

SCENE III.—*St. Paul's Cross, London. A crowd of CITIZENS discovered scattered over the stage—DE NOAILLES and ROGER in the front, R.—FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD CITIZENS and GOSPELLER in the front, L. FATHER BOURNE in the pulpit and near him, R., the MARCHIONESS OF EXETER, and COURTENAY with attendants. As the scene opens much murmuring is going on amongst the crowd.*

NOAILLES (*drawing ROGER aside, R.*). Hast thou let fall those papers in the palace?

ROGER. Ay, sir.

NOAIL. (*showing slips of paper*). "There will be no peace for Mary till Elizabeth lose her head."

ROG. Ay, sir.

NOAIL. (*showing others*). And the other. "Long live Elizabeth, the Queen."

ROG. Ay, sir; she needs must tread upon them.

NOAIL.

Well.

These beastly swine make such a grunting here,
I cannot catch what father Bourne is saying.

ROG. Quiet a moment, my masters; "hear what the shaveling has to say for himself."

CROWD. Hush—hear.

BOURNE. — and so this unhappy land, long divided in itself, and sever'd from the faith, will return into the one true fold, seeing that our gracious Virgin Queen hath—(*murmurs amongst the crowd, which makes BOURNE'S address heard only in broken sentences.*)

"CROWD. No pope! no pope!

"ROG. (*to those about him, mimicking BOURNE*). — hath sent for the "holy legate of the holy father the Pope, Cardinal Pole, to give us all "that holy absolution which——

"FIRST CIT. Old Bourne to the life!

"SECOND CIT. Holy absolution! holy Inquisition!

"THIRD CIT. Down with the Papist. (*hubbub.*)

"BOURNE." — and now that your good bishop, Bonner, who hath lain so long under bonds for the faith—(*hubbub.*)

NOAIL. (*drawing aside*). Friend Roger, steal thou in among the crowd
And get the swine to shout Elizabeth.
Yon gray old Gospeller,* sour as midwinter,
Begin with him.

ROG. (*crosses, L.*) By the mass, old friend, we'll have no pope here while the Lady Elizabeth lives.

GOSPELLER (L.). Art thou of the true faith, fellow, that swearest by the mass?

ROG. Ay, that am I, new converted, but the old leaven sticks to my tongue yet.

FIRST CIT. He says right; by the mass we'll have no mass here.

VOICES OF THE CROWD. Peace! hear him; "let his own words damn
"the Papist.

"From thine own mouth I judge thee—tear him down."

BOURNE. — and since our gracious Queen, let me call her our second Virgin Mary, hath begun to re-edify the true temple——

FIRST CIT. "Virgin Mary!" we'll have no virgins here—we'll have the Lady Elizabeth! (*swords are drawn, a knife is hurled, and sticks in the pulpit. The mob throng to the pulpit stairs.*)

* A preacher or follower of the Gospel.

MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (R. 2 E.). Son Courtenay, wilt thou see the holy father

Murder'd before thy face ? up, son, and save him !
They love thee, and thou canst not come to harm.

COURTENAY (*advancing, and ascending the pulpit*). Shame, shame, my masters ! are you English-born,
And set yourselves by hundreds against one ?

CROWD. A Courtenay ! a Courtenay ! (*a train of SPANISH SERVANTS crosses at the back of the stage, L. U. E., to R. U. E.*)

NOAIL. These birds of passage come before their time ;
Stave off the crowd upon the Spaniard there.

ROG. (*to the crowd*). My masters, yonder's fatter game for you
Than this old gaping gurgyle ; look you there—
The Prince of Spain coming to wed our Queen !
After him, boys, and pelt him from the city ! (*they seize stones and follow the SPANIARDS off, R. U. E.*)

[*The MARCHIONESS OF EXETER and ATTENDANTS exeunt, L. 2 E.*]

NOAIL. (*to ROGER*). Stand from me. If Elizabeth lose her head—
That makes for France.
And if her people, anger'd thereupon,
Arise against her and dethrone the Queen—
That makes for France.
And if I breed confusion anyway—
That makes for France. (*COURTENAY descends from the pulpit and advances*) Good-day, my Lord of Devon ;
A bold heart yours to beard that raging mob. (*ROGER retires up the stage.*)

COURT. " My mother said, Go up ; and up I went."
I knew they would not do me any wrong,
For I am mighty popular with them, Noailles.

NOAIL. (*artfully*). You look'd a king.

COURT. Why not ? I am king's blood.
" NOAIL. And in the whirl of change may come to be one.

" COURT. Ah !

" NOAIL. But does your gracious Queen entreat you king like ?

" COURT. 'Fore God, I think she entreats me like a child."

NOAIL. You've but a dull life in this maiden court,
I fear, my Lord.

COURT. A life of nods and yawns.

NOAIL. So you would honor my poor house to-night,
We might enliven you. Divers honest fellows,
The Duke of Suffolk lately freed from prison,
Sir Peter Carew and Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Thomas Stafford, and some more—we play.

COURT. At what ?

NOAIL. The game of chess.

COURT. The game of chess !

I can play well, and I shall beat you there.

NOAIL. Ay, but we play with Henry, King of France,
And certain of his court.

" His Highness makes his moves across the channel,

" We answer him with ours, and there are messengers

" That go between us."

COURT. Why, such a game, sir, were whole years a playing.

NOAIL. Nay ; not so long I trust. That all depends
Upon the skill and swiftness of the players.

COURT. The king is skillful at it ?

NOAIL. Very, my Lord.

COURT. And the stakes high?

NOAIL. But not beyond your means.

COURT. Well, I'm the first of players. I shall win.

NOAIL. With our advice and in our company,
And so you well attend to the king's moves,
I think you may.

COURT. When do you meet?

NOAIL. To-night.

COURT. I will be there; (*aside*) the fellow's at his tricks—
Deep—I shall fathom him. (*aloud*) Good morning, Noailles.

NOAIL. Good day, my Lord. (*exit COURTENAY, L. 1 E.*) "Strange
game of chess! a King

"That with her own pawns plays against a Queen,

"Whose play is all to find herself a King.

"Ah; but this fine blue-blooded Courtenay seems

"Too princely for a pawn. Call him a Knight,

"That, with an ass's not a horse's head,

"Skips every way, from levity or from fear."

Well, we shall use him somehow, so that Gardiner

And Simon Renard spy not out our game

Too early. (*ROGER advances*) Roger, thinkest thou that any one
Suspected thee to be my man?

ROG. Not one, sir.

NOAIL. No! the disguise was perfect. Let's away! [*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A room in the palace.*

ELIZABETH enters, R. 2 E., slowly and meditatively, pausing near the entrance.
Enter COURTENAY, L. 1 E.

COURT. So yet am I,

Unless my friends and mirrors lie to me,
A goodlier-looking fellow than this Philip.

"Pah!

"The Queen is ill-advised: shall I turn traitor?

"They've almost talk'd me into it: yet the word

"Affrights me somewhat; to be such a one

"As Harry Bolingbroke hath a lure in it."

Good now, my Lady Queen, tho' by your age,
And by your looks, you are not worth the having,

Yet by your crown you are. (*seeing ELIZABETH*) The Princess
there?

If I tried her and la—she's amorous.

"Have we not heard of her in Edward's time,

"Her freaks and frolics with the late Lord Admiral?"

I do believe she'd yield. I should be still

A party in the state; and then, who knows—

ELIZABETH (*advancing to R. C.*). What are you musing on, my Lord of
Devon?

COURT. (*L. C.*). Has not the Queen—

ELIZ. (*sharply*).

Done what, sir?

COURT.

Made you follow

The Lady Suffolk and the Lady Lennox.

"You,

"The Lair pre-emptive.

“ ELIZ. Why do you ask ? you know it.

“ COURT.” You needs must bear it hardly.

ELIZ. No, indeed!

I am utterly submissive to the Queen.

COURT. Well, I was unusing upon that; the Queen
Is both my foe and yours: we should be friends.

ELIZ. My Lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship.

COURT. Might it not
Be the rough preface of some closer bond ?

ELIZ. My Lord, you late were loosed from out the Tower,
Where, like a butterfly in a chrysalis,
You spent your life; that broken, out you flutter
Thro’ the new world, go zigzag, now would settle
Upon this flower, now that; but all things here
At court are known; you have solicited
The Queen, and been rejected.

COURT. Flower, she!
Half faded! but you, cousin, are fresh and sweet
As the first flower no bee has ever tried.

ELIZ. Are you the bee to try me? why, but now
I called you butterfly.

COURT. You did me wrong;
I love not to be called a butterfly:
Why do you call me butterfly?

ELIZ. Why do you go so gay then?

COURT. Velvet and gold.
This dress was made me as the Earl of Devon
To take my seat in; looks it not right royal?

ELIZ. (*sarcastically*). So royal that the Queen forbade you wearing it.*

COURT. I wear it then to spite her.

ELIZ. My Lord, my Lord;
I see you in the Tower again. Her Majesty
Hears you affect the prince—prelates kneel to you.

“ COURT. I am the noblest blood in Europe, madam,
“ A Courtenay of Devon, and her cousin.

“ ELIZ.” She hears you make your boast that after all
She means to wed you. Folly, my good Lord.

COURT. How folly? a great party in the state
Wills me to wed her.

ELIZ. Failing her, my Lord,
Doth not as great a party in the state
Will you to wed me?

COURT. Even so, fair lady.

ELIZ. You know to flatter ladies.

COURT. Nay, I meant
True matters of the heart.

ELIZ. *My* heart, my Lord,
Is no great party in the state as yet.

COURT. Great, said you? nay, you shall be great. I love you,
Lay my life in your hands. Can you be close?

ELIZ. Can you, my Lord?

COURT. Close as a miser’s casket.
Listen:

* This is an allusion to the fact that he had been sent to the Tower by the Queen, but afterwards pardoned.

The King of France, Noailles the Ambassador,
The Duke of Suffolk, and Sir Peter Carew,
Sir Thomas Wyatt, I myself, some others,
Have sworn this Spanish marriage shall not be.
If Mary will not hear us—well—conjecture—
Were I in Devon with my wedded bride,
The people there so worship me—Your ear ;
You shall be Queen.

ELIZ. (*with meaning*). You speak too low, my Lord ;
I cannot hear you.

COURT. I'll repeat it.

ELIZ. No !

Stand farther off, or you may lose your head.

COURT. I have a head to lose for your sweet sake.

ELIZ. Have you, my Lord ? Best keep it for your own.
Nay, pout not, cousin.
Not many friends are mine, except indeed
Among the many. I believe you mine ;
And so you may continue mine, farewell,
And that at once.

Enter MARY, C. D.—pauses, holding the curtains aside.

MARY (*aside*). Whispering—leagued together
To bar me from my Philip.

COURT. Pray—consider——

ELIZ. (*seeing the QUEEN, speaks in a loud, laughing tone*). Well, that's a
noble horse of yours, my Lord,
I trust that he will carry you well to-day,
And heal your headache.

COURT. (*with astonishment*). You are wild ; what headache ?
“Heartache, perchance ; not headache.”

ELIZ. (*aside, to COURTENAY*). Are you blind ?

COURTENAY *sees the QUEEN, and exits, L. 1 E.* MARY *drops the curtain and retires.*

Enter LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, R. 1 E.

HOWARD. Was that my Lord of Devon ? “do not you
“Be seen in corners with my Lord of Devon.
“He hath fallen out of favor with the Queen.
“She fears the Lords may side with you and him
“Against her marriage ; therefore is he dangerous.
“And” if this Prince of fluff and feather come
To woo you, niece, he is dangerous every way.

ELIZ. Not very dangerous that way, my good uncle.

HOWARD. But your own state is full of danger here.
The disaffected, heretics, reformers,
Look to you as the one to crown their ends.
Mix not yourself with any plot I pray you ;
Nay, if by chance you hear of any such,
Speak not thereof—no, not to your best friend,
Lest you should be confounded with it. “Still—
“Perinde ac cadaver—as the priest says,
“You know your Latin—quiet as a dead body
“What was my Lord of Devon telling you ?

“ELIZ. Whether he told me anything or not,

"I follow your good counsel, gracious uncle.

"Quiet as a dead body.

"HOWARD.

You do right well.

"I do not care to know; but this I charge you,"

Tell Courtenay nothing. "The Lord Chancellor

"(I count it as a kind of virtue in him,

"He hath not many), as a mastiff dog

"May love a puppy cur for no more reason

"Than that the twain have been tied up together,

"Thus Gardiner—for the two were fellow-prisoners

"So many years in yon accursed Tower—

"Hath taken to this Courtenay." Look to it, niece,

He hath no fence when Gardiner questions him;

All oozes out; yet him—because they know him

The last White Rose,* the last Plantagenet

(Nay, there is Cardinal Pole, too), the people

Claim as their natural leader—ay, some say,

That you shall marry him. make him King belike. (*they cross.*)

"ELIZ. Do they say so, good uncle?

"HOWARD.

Ay, good niece!

"You should be plain and open with me, niece.

"You should not play upon me.

"ELIZ.

No, good uncle."

GARDINER *enters, c. d., and advances.*

GARDINER (c.). The Queen would see your Grace upon the moment.

ELIZ. (r. c.). Why, my lord Bishop?

GARD. (c.). I think she means to counsel your withdrawing

To Ashridge,† or some other country house.

ELIZ. Why, my lord Bishop?

GARD. I do but bring the message, know no more.

"Your Grace will hear her reasons from herself."

ELIZ. 'Tis mine own wish fulfill'd before the word

Was spoken, for in truth I had meant to crave

Permission of her Highness to retire

To Ashridge, and pursue my studies there.

GARD. Madam, to have the wish before the word

Is man's good fairy—and the Queen is yours.

I left her with rich jewels in her hand,

Whereof 'tis like enough she means to make

A farewell present to your Grace.

ELIZ.

My Lord,

I have the jewel of a loyal heart.

GARD. I doubt it not, madam, most loyal. [*Bows low, and exits, c. d.*

HOWARD (l. c.).

See,

This comes of parleying with my Lord of Devon.

Well, well, you must obey; "and I myself

"Believe it will be better for your welfare."

Your time will come.

* For many years previous to this period, great feuds had existed between rival branches of the nobility of England, represented by the houses of York and Lancaster; the former wore as a badge, or token of the cause they upheld, a *white* rose, and the latter a *red* one; and the quarrels between these parties are called in history the "Wars of the Roses."

† The name of a town some miles distant from London, where there was a royal residence.

ELIZ. "I think my time will come.

"Uncle,"

I am of sovereign nature, that I know.
Not to be quell'd; and I have felt within me
Stirrings of some great doom when God's just hour
Peals—but this fierce old Gardiner—"his big baldness,
"That irritable forelock which he rubs,"
His buzzard beak and deep-incavern'd eyes
Half fright me.

HOWARD. You've a bold heart; keep it so.
He cannot touch you save that you turn traitor;
"And so take heed I pray you—you are one
"Who love that men should smile upon you, niece.
"They'd smile you into treason—some of them.

ELIZ. "I spy the rock beneath the smiling sea."
But if this Philip, the proud Catholic prince,
And this bald priest, and she that hates me, seek
In that lone house, to practise on my life,
By poison, fire, shot, stab—

HOWARD. They will not, niece.
Mine is the fleet and all the power at sea—
Or will be in a moment. If they dared
To harm you, I would blow this Philip and all
Your trouble to the dogstar and the devil.

ELIZ. To the Pleiades, uncle; they have lost a sister.

HOWARD. But why sa that? what have you done to lose her?
Come, come, I will go with you to the Queen. [*Exeunt, c. d.*]

SCENE V.—*A room in the Palace.*

MARY is discovered seated at the right hand of the table, R., gazing upon a richly jewelled miniature; ALICE is standing behind on her left.

MARY (*kissing the miniature*). Most goodly, kinglike, and an emperor's son—

A king to be—is he not noble, girl?

ALICE. Goodly enough, your Grace, and yet, methinks,
I have seen goodlier.

MARY. Ay; some waxen doll
Thy baby eyes have rested on, belike;
All red and white, the fashion of our land.
But my good mother came (God rest her soul)
Of Spain, and I am Spanish in myself,
And in my likings. (*after a pause changing the conversation.*)

"ALICE. By your Grace's leave,
"Your royal mother came of Spain, but took
"To the English red and white. Your royal father
"(For so they say) was all pure lily and rose
"In his youth, and like a lady.

"MARY. O, just God!
"Sweet mother, you had time and cause enough
"To sicken of his lilies and his roses.
"Cast off, betray'd, defamed, divorced, forlorn!
"And then the king—that traitor past forgiveness,
"The false archbishop fawning on him, married
"The mother of Elizabeth—a heretic,
"E'en as *she* is; but God hath sent me here

“ To take such order with all heretics
 “ That it shall be, before I die, as tho’
 “ My father and my brother had not lived.”
 What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane,
 Now in the Tower ?

ALICE. Why, madam, she was passing
 Some chapel down in Essex,* and with her
 Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
 Bow’d to the Pyx ;† but Lady Jane stood up
 Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
 And wherefore bow ye not, says Lady Anne,
 To him within there who made heaven and earth ?
 I cannot and I dare not, tell your Grace
 What Lady Jane replied.

MARY. But I will have it.

ALICE. She said—pray pardon me, and pity her—
 She hath hearken’d evil counsel—ah ! she said,
 The baker made him.

MARY. (*starting up in anger*). Monstrous ! blasphemous !
 She ought to burn. Hence, thou. (*ALICE courtesseys low and
 backing out, exits L. 3 E. MARY advances, c.*) No—being
 traitor

Her head will fall : shall it ? she is but a child.
 We do not kill the child for doing that
 His father whipt him into doing—a head
 So full of grace and beauty ! would that mine
 Were half as gracious ! O, my lord to be,
 My love, for thy sake only.
 I am eleven years older than he is.
 But will he care for that ?
 “ No, by the ho’y Virgin, being noble,
 “ But love me only : then the bastard sprout,”
 My sister, is far fairer than myself.
 Will he be drawn to her ?
 “ No, being of the true faith with myself.
 “ Paget is for him—for to wed with Spain
 “ Would treble England ”—Gardiner is against him ;
 The Council, people, Parliament against him ;
 But I will have him ! “ My hard father hated me ;
 “ My brother rather hated me than loved ;
 “ My sister cowers and hates me. Holy Virgin,
 “ Plead with thy blessed son ; grant me my prayer ;
 “ Give me my Philip ; and ” we two will lead
 The living waters of the Faith again
 Back thro’ their widow’d channel here, and watch
 The parch’d banks rolling incense, as of old,
 To heaven, “ and kindled with the palms of Christ !

Enter USHER, c. D.

Who waits, sir ? (*turning round sharply.*)

USHER. Madam, the Lord Chancellor.

MARY. Bid him come in.

[*Exit USHER.*]

* One of the counties of England joining on to the County of Middlesex in which the City of London is situated.

† A little box or chest in which the consecrated host is kept in the Roman Catholic Church.

Enter GARDINER, C. D.

Good-morning, my good Lord.

GARD. (*bowing low and advancing with humility*). That every morning of your majesty

May be most good, is every morning's prayer
Of your most loyal subject, Stephen Gardiner.

MARY (*sarcastically*). Come you to tell me this, my Lord?

GARD. And more.

Your people have begun to learn your worth.
Your pious wish to pay King Edward's debts,
Your lavish household curb'd, and the remission
Of half that subsidy levied on the people,
Make all tongues praise and all hearts beat for you.
I'd have you yet more loved; the realm is poor,
The exchequer at neap-ebb; we might withdraw
Part of our garrison at Calais.

MARY. Calais!*

Our one point on the main, the gate of France!
I am Queen of England; take mine eyes, mine heart,
But do not lose me Calais.

GARD. Do not fear it.

Of that hereafter. I say your Grace is loved.
That I may keep you thus, who am your friend
And ever faithful counsellor, might I speak?

MARY I can forespeak your speaking. Would I marry
Prince Philip, if all England hate him? That is
Your question, and I front it with another:
Is it England, or a party? Now, your answer.

GARD. My answer is, I wear beneath my dress
A shirt of mail; (*opens his robes and shows it*) my house hath
been assaulted,

And when I walk abroad, the populace,
With fingers pointed like so many daggers,
Stab me in fancy, hissing Spain and Philip;
"And when I sleep, a hundred men-at-arms
"Guard my poor dreams for England." Men would murder
me,

Because they think me favorer of this marriage.

MARY. And that were hard upon you, my Lord Chancellor

GARD. But our young Earl of Devon—

MARY. Earl of Devon?

I freed him from the Tower, placed him at court;
I made him Earl of Devon, and—the fool—
He wrecks his health and wealth on courtesans,
And rolls himself in carrion like a dog.

"GARD. More like a school-boy that hath broken bounds,
"Sickening himself with sweets.

"MARY." I will not hear of him.

Good, then, they will revolt; but I am Tudor,
And shall control them.

GARD. I will help you, Madam,
Even to the utmost. "All the church is grateful.

* A town on the coast of France on the opposite side of the English Channel to the English seaport, Dover, from which it is distant about twenty-two miles. England once held many possessions in France, but they had by degrees been wrested from her, and this and Guisnes were the only places remaining in her possession.

“ You have ousted the mock priest, repulpited
 “ The Shepherd of St. Peter, raised the rood again,
 “ And brought us back the mass.” I am all thanks
 To God and to your Grace; yet I know well,
 Your people, and I go with them so far,
 Will brook nor Pope nor Spaniard here to play
 The tyrant, or in commonwealth or church.

MARY (*showing the miniature*). Is this the face of one who plays the tyrant?

‘ Peruse it; is it not goodly, ay, and gentle?’

GARD. Madam, methinks a cold face and a haughty.
 And when your Highness talks of Courtenay—
 Ay, true—a goodly one. (*aside*) I would his life
 Were half as goodly.

MARY. What is that you mutter?

GARD. Oh, Madam, take it bluntly; marry Philip,
 And be stepmother* of a score of sons!
 The prince is known in Spain, in Flanders, ha!
 For Philip—

MARY. You offend us; you may leave us.

“ You see thro’ warping glasses.

“ GARD. If your Majesty—

“ MARY. I have sworn upon the body and blood of Christ”
 I’ll none but Philip.

GARD. Hath your Grace so sworn?

MARY. Ay, Simon Renard knows it.

GARD. News to me!

It then remains for your poor Gardiner,
 So you still care to trust him somewhat less
 Than Simon Renard, to compose the event
 In some such form as least may harm your Grace.

MARY. I’ll have the scandal sounded to the mud.
 (*passionately*) I know it a scandal.

GARD. All my hope is now

It may be found a scandal.

MARY (*angrily*). You offend us.

GARD. (*aside*). These princes are like children, must be physick’d.
 The bitter in the sweet. I have lost mine office,
 It may be, thro’ mine honesty, like a fool. (*bows low*.)

[*Exit, c. d.*]

Enter USHER, c. d.

MARY. Who waits?

USHER. The Ambassador from France, your Grace.

MARY. Bid him come in. [*Exit USHER; MARY sits on right of table, R.*]

NOAILLES *enters, c. d., bows low; and advances.*

Good morning, Sir de Noailles.

NOAILLES. A happy morning to your Majesty.

MARY. And I should some time have a happy morning;

‘ I have had none yet. What says the King, your master?’

NOAIL. Madam, my master hears with much alarm,

That you may marry Philip, Prince of Spain—

Foreseeing, with whate’er unwillingness,

* This is an allusion to the rumors which had been started that Philip led a very dissipated life, and many of his offspring were in existence on the continent.

That if this Philip be the titular king
Of England, and at war with him, your Grace
And kingdom will be suck'd into the war,
Ay, tho' you long for peace; wherefore, my master,
If but to prove your Majesty's good will,
Would fain have some fresh treaty drawn between you.

MARY. Why some fresh treaty? wherefore should I do it?

Sir, if we marry, we shall still maintain
All former treaties with his Majesty.
Our royal word for that! and your good master,
Pray God he do not be the first to break them,
Must be content with that; and so, farewell.

NOAIL. (*bows low and is going but returns*). I would your answer had
been other, Madam,

For I foresee dark days.

MARY. And so do I, sir;

Your master works against me in the dark.
I do believe he help Northumberland
Against me.

NOAIL. Nay, pure fantasy, your Grace.

Why should he move against you?

MARY. Will you hear why?

Mary of Scotland,—for I have not own'd
My sister, and I will not,—after me
Is heir to England; and my royal father,
To make the crown of Scotland one with ours,
Had mark'd her for my brother Edward's bride;
Ay, but your king stole her a babe from Scotland
In order to betroth her to your Dauphin.
See then:

Mary of Scotland, married to your Dauphin,
Would make our England, France;
Mary of England, joining hands with Spain,
Would be too strong for France.
Yea, were there issue born to her, Spain and we,
One crown, might rule the world. There lies your fear.
That is your drift. You play hide and seek.
"Show me your faces!"

NOAIL. Madam, I am amazed:
French, I must needs wish all good things for France.

That must be pardon'd me; but I protest
Your Grace's policy hath a farther flight
Than mine into the future. "We but seek
"Some settled ground for peace to stand upon."

MARY. Well, we will leave all this, sir, to our council.

Have you seen Philip ever?

NOAIL. Only once.

MARY (*rising and advancing to R. c., and showing miniature*). Is this
like Philip?

NOAIL. (*advancing, L. c.*). Ay, but nobler looking.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of the Emperor?

NOAIL. No, surely.

MARY. I can make allowance for thee,
Thou speakest of the enemy of thy king.

NOAIL. Make no allowance for the naked truth.

He is every way a lesser man than Charles;
Stone-hard, ice-cold—no dash of daring in him.

MARY. If cold, his life is pure.

NOAIL.

Why, (*smiling*) no, indeed.

MARY (*eagerly*). Sayst thou?

NOAIL.

A very wanton life indeed. (*smiling*.)

MARY (*angrily*). Your audience is concluded, sir.

[NOAILLES *bows and exits*, C. D.]

You cannot

Learn a man's nature from his natural foe.

Enter USHER, C. D.

Who waits?

USHER.

The Ambassador of Spain, your Grace. (MARY *waves her hand to signify admission*.) [Exit USHER, C. D.]

Enter SIMON RENARD, C. D., *he bows very low and advances*. MARY *advances to meet him, offers her hand, on which he kneels and kisses it, then rising, they advance*.

MARY. Thou art welcome, Simon Renard. Hast thou
Brought me the letter which thine Emperor promised
Long since, a formal offer of the hand
Of Philip?

RENARD. Nay, your Grace, it hath not reach'd me.
I know not wherefore—"some mischance of flood,
"And broken bridge, or spavin'd horse, or wave
"And wind at their old battle; he must have written."

MARY (*pettishly*). But Philip never writes me one poor word,
Which in his absence had been all my wealth.
Strange in a wooer!

REN. Yet I know the Prince,
So your king Parliament suffer him to land,
Yeams to set foot upon your island shore.

MARY. God change the pebble which his kingly foot
First presses, into some more costly stone
Than ever blinded eye. "I'll have one mark it
"And bring it me. I'll have it burnish'd firelike;
"I'll set it round with gold, with pearl, with diamond.
"Let the great angel of the church come with him;
"Stand on the deck and spread his wings for sail!
"God lay the waves and strew the storms at sea,
"And here at land among the people." O Renard,
I am much beset, I am almost in despair.
Paget is ours. Gardiner perchance is ours;
But for our heretic Parliament—

REN.

O Madam,

You fly your thoughts like kites. My master, Charles,
Bade you go softly with your heretics here,
Until your throne had ceased to tremble. Then
Spit them like larks for aught I care. "Besides,
"When Henry broke the carcass of your church
"To pieces, there were many wolves among you
"Who dragg'd the scatter'd limbs into their den.
"The Pope would have you make them render these;
"So would your cousin, Cardinal Pole; ill counsel!
"These let them keep at present; stir not yet
"This matter of the church lands. At his coming"
Your star will rise.

MARY (*in a melancholy tone*). My star! a baleful one.
I see but the black night, and hear the wolf. (*after a pause*)
"What star?"

"REN. Your star will be your princely son,
"Heir of this England and the Netherlands!
"And if your wolf the while should howl for more,
"We'll dust him from a bag of Spanish gold.
"I do believe, I have dusted some already,
"That, soon or late, your Parliament is ours.

"MARY." Why do they talk so foully of your prince,
Renard?

REN. The lot of princes. To sit high
Is to be lied about.

MARY. They call him cold,
Haughty, ay, worse.

REN. Why, doubtless, Philip shows
Some of the bearing of your blue blood—still
All within measure—nay, it well becomes him.

MARY. Hath he the large ability of his father?

REN. Nay, some believe that he will go beyond him.

MARY (*showing miniature*). Is this like him?

REN. Ay, somewhat; (*artfully*) but your Philip
Is the most princelike Prince beneath the sun.
This is a daub to Philip.

MARY. Of a pure life?

REN. As an angel among angels. "Yea, by Heaven,
"The text—your Highness knows it, "Whosoever
"Looketh after a woman," would not graze
"The Prince of Spain. You are happy in him there,
"Chaste as your grace."

MARY (*pleased*). I am happy in him there.

REN. (*cunningly*). And would be altogether happy, Madam,
So that your sister were but look'd to closer.
You have sent her from the court, but then she goes,
I warrant, not to hear the nightingales,
But hatch you some new treason in the woods.

MARY. We have our spies abroad to catch her tripping,
And then if caught, to the Tower.

REN. The Tower! the block!

The word has turn'd your Highness pale; the thing
Was no such scarecrow in your father's time.
I have heard, the tongue yet quiver'd with the jest
When the head leapt—so common! I do think
To save your crown that it must come to this.

MARY. I love her not, but all the people love her,
And would not have her even of the Tower.

"REN. Not yet; but your old Traitors to the Tower—
"Why, when you put Northumberland to death,
"The sentence having past upon them all,
"Spared you the Duke of Suffolk, Guildford Dudley.
"E'en that young girl who dared to wear your crown?"

"MARY. Dared! no, not that; the child obey'd her father.
"Spite of her tears her father forced it on her."

REN. Good Madam, when the Roman wish'd to reign,
He slew not him alone who wore the purple,
But his assessor in the throne, "perchance
"A child more innocent than Lady Jane."

MARY. I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor.

REN. Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy,
And wastes more life. S'amp out the fire, or this,
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
Where you should sit with Philip: he will not come
Till she be gone.

MARY. Indeed, if that were true—(*hesitating*)
But I must say farewell. I am somewhat faint
With our long talk. Tho' Queen, I am not queen
Of mine own heart, which every now and then
Beats me half dead: yet stay, this golden chain—(*removing it
from her neck*)
My father on a birthday gave it me,
And I have broken with my father—take,
And wear it as memorial of a morning
Which found me full of foolish doubts, and leaves me
As hopeful.

REN. (*aside*). Whew—the folly of all follies
Is to be love-sick for a shadow. (*aloud*) Madam,
This chains me to your service, not with gold,
But dearest links of love. Farewell, and trust me,
Philip is yours. [*Kneels, kisses her hand, rises, and exits, c. d.*]

MARY (*despondingly*). Mine—but not yet all mine.

Enter USHER, c. d.

USHER. Your Council is in session, please your Majesty.

MARY. Sir, let them sit. I must have time to breathe.
No, say I come. (*exit USHER*) I won by boldness once.
The Emperor counsell'd me to fly to Flanders.
I would not; but a hundred miles I rode,
Sent out my letters, call'd my friends together,
Struck home and won.
And when the Council would not crown me—thought
To bind me first by oaths I could not keep,
And keep with Christ and conscience—was it boldness
Or weakness that won there? when I, their Queen,
Cast myself down upon my knees before them,
And those hard men brake into woman tears,
E'en Gardiner, all amazed, and in that passion
Gave me my crown.

Re-enter ALICE.

(*walking to her, sharply*) Girl! hast thou ever heard
Slanders against Prince Philip in our Court?

ALICE (*confused*). What slanders? I, your Grace? no, never.

MARY (*eagerly*). Nothing?

ALICE Never, your Grace.

MARY (*sternly*). See that you neither hear them nor repeat! (*crosses to r.*)

ALICE (*aside*). Good Lord! but I have heard a thousand such.
Ay, and repeated them as often—mun!

Re-enter RENARD, c. d., with letter.

Why comes that old fox-Fleming back again?

REN. (*bowing and advancing*). Madam, I scarce had left your Grace's presence

Before I chanced upon the messenger
Who brings that letter which we waited for—
The formal offer of Prince Philip's hand.
It craves an instant answer, Ay or No ?

MARY (*eagerly*). An instant, Ay or No ! The Council sits.
Give it me quick. (*snatches it from him.*)

ALICE (*stepping before her*). Your Highness is all trembling.

MARY (*pushing her aside*). Make way. [*Exits, c. d.*]

ALICE (*L. c.*). O, Master Renard, Master Renard,

If you have falsely painted your fine Prince—
Praised where you should have blamed him, I pray God
No woman ever love you, Master Renard.
"It breaks my heart to hear her moan at night
"As tho' the nightmare never left her bed."

REN. (*R. c.*). My pretty maiden, tell me, did you ever
Sigh for a beard ?

ALICE. That's not a pretty question.

REN. Not prettily put ? (*taking her hand*) I mean, my pretty maiden,
A pretty man for such a pretty maiden.

ALICE. My Lord of Devon is a pretty man.
I hate him. Well, but if I have, what then ?

REN. Then, pretty maiden, you should know that whether
A wind be warm or cold, it serves to fan
A kindled fire.

ALICE. According to the song.

"His friends would praise him, I believed 'em,
His foes would blame him, and I scorned 'em,
His friends—as angels I received 'em,
His foes—the devil had suborn'd 'em."

REN. Peace, pretty maiden. (*drops her hand*)
I hear them stirring in the Council Chamber.
Lord Paget's "Ay" is sure—who else ? and yet
They are all too much at odds to close at once
In one full throated No ! Her Highness comes. (*crosses L.—*
ALICE to R)

MARY *enters hurriedly, c. d.—she staggers at the threshold with excitement.*

ALICE. How deathly pale !—a chair, your Highness. (*springs forward*
and brings one from the table, R., which she places C., and as-
sists the QUEEN towards it.)

REN. (*eagerly, advancing towards her*). Madam,
The Council ?

MARY (*with triumph*). Ay ! My Philip is all mine.

Sinks into chair, half fainting. ALICE drops on her knees, R., clasping the
QUEEN'S arm. RENARD, L. C., with a calm, sardonic smile, folds his
arms and stands erect.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Allington Castle.*SIR THOMAS WYATT *enters*, L. 1 E.

WYATT. I do not hear from Carew or the Duke
Of Suffolk, and till then I should not move.
The Duke hath gone to Leicester;* Carew stirs
In Devon;† that fine porcelain Courtenay,
Save that he fears he might be crack'd in using
(I have known a semi-madman in my time
So fancy ridd'n), should be in Devon too.

Enter WILLIAM, R. 1. E.News abroad, William? (*bells are heard ringing in the distance*)

WILLIAM. None so new, Sir Thomas, and none so old, Sir Thomas.
No new news that Philip comes to wed Mary, no old news that all men
hate it. Old Sir Thomas would have hated it. The bells are ringing at
Maidstone.‡ Doesn't your worship hear?

WYATT. Ay, for the saints are come to reign again.
Most like it is a saint's-day. There's no call
As yet for me; so in this pause, before
The mine be fired, it were a pious work
To string my father's sonnets, left about
Like loosely-scatter'd jewels, in fair order,
And head them with a lamer rhyme of mine,
To grace his memory.

WIL. Ay, why not, Sir Thomas? He was a fine courtier, he; Queen
Anne§ loved him. All the women loved him. I loved him, I was in
Spain with him. I couldn't eat in Spain, I couldn't sleep in Spain. I
hate Spain, Sir Thomas.

WYATT (*slyly*). But thou couldst drink in Spain, if I remember.

WIL. (*dryly*). Sir Thomas, we may grant the wine. Old Sir Thomas
always granted the wine.

WYATT. Hand me the casket with my father's sonnets. (*WILLIAM
reaches a portfolio from the book-case, and hands it to WYATT.*)

WIL. Ay—sonnets—a fine courtier of the old court, old Sir Thomas.
[*Exit*, R. 1 E.]

WYATT. Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
His own gray towers, plain life and letter'd peace,
To read and rhyme in solitary fields,
The lark above, the nightingale below,
And answer them in song. The sire begets
Not half his likeness in the son. I fail
Where he was fullest; yet—to write it down. (*he sits at table,
R., and writes.*)

Re-enter WILLIAM, hurriedly.

WIL. There *is* news, there *is* news, and no call for sonnet-sorting now,

* The principal town in Leicestershire, one of the counties of England.

† An abbreviation of Devonshire, another county.

‡ The chief town in Kent, another county.

§ Alluding to one of the wives of King Henry the Eighth.

nor for sonnet-making either, but ten thousand men on Penenden Heath* all calling after your worship, and your worship's name heard into Maidstone market, and your worship the first man in Kent and Christendom, for the world's up, and your worship a-top of it.

WYATT. Inverted Æsop—mountain out of mouse.
Say for ten thousand ten—and pothouse knaves,
Brain-dizzied with a draught of morning ale.

Enter ANTONY KNYVETT, quickly, L. 1 E.

“WIL. Here's Antony Knyvett.”

KNYVETT. Look you, Master Wyatt,
Tear up that woman's work there.

WYATT (*calmly placing his hand over the papers*). No; not these,
Dumb children of my father, that will speak
When I and thou and all rebellion lie
Dead bodies without voice. Song flies you know
For ages.

KNY. Tut, your sonnet's a flying ant,
Wing'd for a moment.

WYATT. Well, for mine own work, (*rising and tearing up the paper*)
It lies there in six pieces at your feet;
For all that I can carry it in my head. (*advances*)

KNY. (L. C.). If you can carry your head upon your shoulders.

WYATT (C.). I fear you come to carry it off my shoulders,
And sonnet making's safer.

KNY. Why, good Lord,
Write you as many sonnets as you will.
Ay, but not now; “what, have you eyes, ears, brains?
“This Philip and the black-faced swarms of Spain,
“The hardest, cruelest people in the world,
“Come locusting upon us, eat us up,
“Confiscate lands, goods, money”—Wyatt, Wyatt,
Wake, or the stout old island will become
A rotten limb of Spain. They roar for you
On Penenden Heath, a thousand of them—more—
All arm'd, waiting a leader; there's no glory
Like his who saves his country: and you sit
Sing-singing here; but, if I'm any judge,
“My God,” you are as poor a poet, Wyatt,
As a good soldier.

WYATT. You as poor a critic
As an honest friend: you stroke me on one cheek,
Buffet the other. “Come, you bluster, Antony!
“You know I know all this.” I must not move
Until I hear from Carew and the Duke.
I fear the mine is fired before the time.

KNY. (*showing a paper*). But here's some Hebrew. “Faith, I half for-
got it.”

Look; can you make it English? A strange youth
Suddenly thrust it on me, whisper'd, “Wyatt,”
And whisking round a corner, show'd his back
Before I read his face.

WYATT (*taking it*). Ha! Courtenay's cipher. (*reads*.)

* The name of a large common or tract of open land used as a meeting ground in the vicinity of Maidstone.

“ Sir Peter Carew fled to France : it is thought the Duke will be taken. I am with you still ; but, for appearance’s sake, stay with the Queen. Gardiner knows, but the Council are all at odds, and the Queen hath no force for resistance. Move, if you move, at once.” (*with energy, thrusting the paper in his pocket.*)

“ Is Peter Carew fled ? Is the Duke taken ? ”

Down scabbard, and out sword ! and let Rebellion
Roar till throne rock, and crown fall. No, not that ;
But we will teach Queen Mary how to reign. (*shouts at back*)
Who are those that shout below there ?

KNY. Why, some fifty
That follow’d me from Penenden Heath in hope
To hear you speak.

WYATT. Open the window, Knyvett ;
The mine is fired, and I will speak to them. (*KNYVETT throws open window and the scene at the back represents the heads and shoulders of a number of persons assembled. WYATT draws near to the window. Murmurs and applause during the speech.*)

Men of Kent ; England of England ; “ you that have kept your old customs upright, while all the rest of England bow’d theirs to the “ Norman,” the cause that hath brought us together is not the cause of a county or a shire, but of this England, in whose crown our Kent is the fairest jewel. Philip shall not wed Mary ; and ye have called me to be your leader. I know Spain. I have been there with my father ; I have seen them in their own land ; have marked the haughtiness of their nobles ; the cruelty of their priests. If this man marry our Queen, however the Council and the Commons may fence round his power with restriction, he will be King, King of England, my masters ; and the Queen, and the laws, and the people, his slaves. What ? shall we have Spain on the throne and in the parliament ; Spain in the pulpit and on the law bench ; Spain in all the great offices of state ; Spain in our ships, in our forts, in our houses, in our beds ?

Crowd. No, no ! no Spain.

WIL. (*R., horrified.*) No Spain in our beds—that were worse than all. I have been there with old Sir Thomas, and the beds I know. I hate Spain.

“ A PEASANT. But, Sir Thomas, must we levy war against the Queen’s Grace ?

WYATT. “ No, my friend ; war *for* the Queen’s Grace—to save her “ from herself and Philip—war against Spain. And ” think not we shall be alone—thousands will flock to us. The Council, the Court itself, is on our side. The Lord Chancellor himself is on our side. The King of France “ is with us ; ” the King of Denmark “ is with us ; ” the world is with us—war against Spain ! “ And if we move not now, yet it will be “ known that we have moved ; and if Philip come to be King, O, my “ God ! the rope, the rack, the thumb-screw, the stake, the fire.” If we move not now, Spain moves, bribes our nobles with her gold, and creeps, creeps snake-like about our legs till we cannot move at all ; “ and ye know, my masters, that ” wherever Spain hath ruled she hath wither’d all beneath her. “ Look at the New World—a paradise made hell ; the “ red man, that good, helpless creature, starved, maim’d, flogg’d, slay’d, “ burn’d, boil’d, buried alive, worried by dogs ; and here, nearer home, “ the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, Lombardy.” I say no more—“ only “ this, their lot is yours.” Forward to London with me ! forward to London ! London ! If ye love your liberties or your skins, forward to London !

Crowd. Forward to London ! A Wyatt ! a Wyatt !

WYATT. But first to Rochester,* to take the guns
From out the vessels lying in the river.
Then on.

A PEASANT. Ay but I fear we be too few, Sir Thomas.

“WYATT. Not many yet. The world as yet, my friend,
“Is not half waked; but every parish tower
“Shall clang and clash alarum as we pass,
“And pour along the land, and swoll’n and fed
“With indraughts and side currents, in full force
“Roll upon London.”

CROWD. A Wyatt! a Wyatt! Forward! (*the shouts gradually lessen.*)

KNY. Wyatt, shall we proclaim Elizabeth?

WYATT (*coming forward*). I’ll think upon it, Knyvett.

KNY.

Or Lady Jane?

WYATT. No, poor soul; no.

Ah, gray old castle of Allington, green field
Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
That I shall never look upon you more.

KNY. Come, now, you’re sonneting again.

WYATT.

Not I.

I’ll have my head set higher in the state;
Or—if the Lord God will it—on the stake. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*Guildhall.*†

SIR THOMAS WHITE (*the Lord Mayor*), LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, ALDERMEN, and CITIZENS are discovered.

WHITE (C.). I trust the queen comes hither with her guards.

HOWARD (L. C.). Ay, all in arms. (*several of the CITIZENS move hastily out of the hall.*)

“Why do they hurry out there?”

“WHITE. My Lord, cut out the rotten from your apple,

“Your apple eats the better. Let them go.

“They go like those old Pharisees in John

“Convicted by their conscience, arrant cowards,

“Or tamperers with that treason out of Kent.

“When will her Grace be here?”

“HOWARD.”

In some few minutes.

She will address your guilds and companies.

I have striven in vain to raise a man for her.

But help her in this exigency, make

Your city loyal, and be the mightiest man

This day in England.

WHITE (*proudly*).

I am Thomas White.

Few things have fail’d to which I set my will.

I do my most and best.

HOWARD.

You know that after

The Captain Brett, who went with your train bands

To fight with Wyatt, had gone over to him

With all his men, the Queen in that distress

Sent Cornwallis and Hastings to the traitor,

* A city in the county of Kent, situate on the banks of the Medway, a river running through the same county.

† An ancient building in the centre of the city of London, where the mayor, aldermen, and citizens transact the city business. It is still in existence.

Feigning to treat with him about her marriage—
Know too what Wyatt said.

WHITE. He'd sooner be,
While this same marriage question was being argued,
Trusted than trust—the scoundrel—and demanded
Possession of her person and the Tower.

HOWARD. And four of her poor Council, too, my Lord,
As hostages.

WHITE. I know it. What do and say
Your Council at this hour?

HOWARD. “I will trust you.”
We fling ourselves on you, my Lord. The Council,
The Parliament as well, are troubled waters;
And yet like waters of the fen they know not
Which way to flow. All hangs on her address,
And upon you, Lord Mayor.

WHITE. How look'd the city
When now you past it? Quiet?

HOWARD. Like our Council,
Your city is divided. As we past,
Some hail'd, some hiss'd us. “There were citizens
“Stood each before his shut-up booth, and look'd
“As grim and grave as from a funeral.
“And here a knot of ruffians all in rags,
“With execrating execrable eyes,
“Glared at the citizen. Here was a young mother,
“Her face on flame, her red hair all blown back,
“She shrilling “Wyatt,” while the boy she held
“Mimick'd and piped her “Wyatt,” as red as she
“In hair and cheek; and almost elbowing her,
“So close they stood, another, mute as death,
“And white as her own milk; her babe in arms
“Had felt the faltering of his mother's heart,
“And look'd as bloodless. Here a pious Catholic,
“Mumbling and mixing up in his scared prayers
“Heaven and earth's Maries; over his bow'd shoulder
“Scowl'd that world-hated and world-hating beast,
“A haggard Anabaptist. Many such groups.
“The names of Wyatt, Elizabeth, Courtenay,
“Nay, the Queen's right to reign—'fore God, the rogues—
“Were freely buzz'd amon' them.” So I say
Your city is divided, and I fear
One scruple, this or that way, of success
Would turn it thither. Wherefore now the Queen
“In this low pulse and palsy of the state,”
Bade me to tell you that she counts on you,
And on myself as her two hands; on you,
In your own city, as her right, my Lord,
For you are loyal.

WHITE. Am I Thomas White?
One word before she comes. Elizabeth—
“Her name is much abused among these traitors.”
Where is she? She is loved by all of us.
I scarce have heart to mingle in this matter.
If she should be mishandled?

HOWARD. No; she shall not.
The Queen had written her word to come to court;

Methought I smelt out Renard in the letter,
 And fearing for her, sent a secret missive,
 Which told her to be sick. Happily or not,
 It found her sick indeed.

WHITE. God send her well; (*flourish of trumpets without*)
 Her comes her Royal Grace.

The doors c., are thrown open—GUARDS enter, and form on either side of the doorway. PAGES enter and fall on either side—then MARY and GARDINER. SIR THOMAS WHITE salutes and leads her to the raised seat—then kneels. GARDINER stands on her right hand. HOWARD, L. of MARY. ALDERMEN and CITIZENS on the L. of stage. BAGENHALL in front of them.

I, the Lord Mayor, and these our companies
 And guilds of London, gathered here, beseech
 Your Highness to accept our lowliest thanks
 For your most princely presence; and we pray
 That we, your true and loyal citizens,
 From your own royal lips, at once may know
 The wherefore of this coming, and so learn
 Your royal will, and do it.—“I, Lord Mayor
 Of London, and our Guilds and Companies.”

MARY (*waving her hand*). In mine own person am I come to you,
 To tell you what indeed you see and know,
 How traitorously these rebels out of Kent
 Have made strong head against ourselves and you.
 They would not have me wed the Prince of Spain;
 That was their pretext—so they spake at first—
 But we sent divers of our Council to them,
 And by their answers to the question ask'd,
 It doth appear this marriage is the least
 Or all their quarrel.
 They have betrayed the treason of their hearts:
 Seek to possess our person, hold our Tower,
 Place and displace our councillors, and use
 Both us and them according as they will.
 Now what am I ye know right well—your Queen;
 To whom, when I was wedded to the realm
 And the realm's laws “(the spousal ring whereof,
 “Not ever to be laid aside, I wear
 “Upon this finger),” ye did promise full
 Allegiance and obedience to the death.
 “Ye know my father was the rightful heir
 “Of England, and his right came down to me,
 “Corroborate by your acts of Parliament:
 “And as ye were most loving unto him,
 “So, doubtless, will ye show yourselves to me.”
 Wherefore, ye will not brook that any one
 Should seize our person, occupy our state,
 More especially a traitor so presumptuous
 As this same Wyatt, who hath tamper'd with
 A public ignorance, and, under color
 Of such a cause as hath no color, seeks
 To bend the laws to his own will, and yield
 Full scope to persons rascal and forlorn,
 To make free spoil and havoc of your goods.

" Now, as your Prince, I say,
 " I, that was never mother, cannot tell
 " How mothers love their children ; yet, methinks,
 " A prince as naturally may love his people
 " As these their children ; and be sure your Queen
 " So loves you, and so loving, needs must deem
 " This love by you return'd as heartily ;
 " And thro' this common knot and bond of love,
 " Doubt not they will be speedily overthrown."

As to this marriage, ye shall understand
 We made thereto no treaty of ourselves,
 And set no foot theretoward unadvised
 Of all our Privy Council ; furthermore,
 This marriage had the assent of those to whom
 The king, my father, did commit his trust ;
 Who not alone esteem'd it honorable,
 But for the wealth and glory of our realm,
 And all our loving subjects, most expedient.

" As to myself,
 " I am not so set on wedlock as to choose
 " But where I list, nor yet so anorous
 " That I must needs be husbanded ; I thank God,
 " I have lived a virgin, and I noway doubt
 " But that with God's grace, I can live so still.
 " Yet if it might please God that I should leave
 " Some fruit of mine own body after me,
 " To be your king, ye would rejoice thereat,
 " And it would be your comfort, as I trust ;
 " And " truly, if I either thought or knew
 This marriage should bring loss or danger to you,
 My subjects, or impair in any way
 This royal state of England, I would never
 Consent thereto, nor marry while I live ;
 " Moreover, if this marriage should not seem,
 " Before our own high Court of Parliament,
 " To be of rich advantage to our realm,
 " We will refrain, and not alone from this,
 " Likewise from any other, out of which
 " Looms the least chance of peril to our realm."
 Wherefore be bold, and with your lawful Prince
 Stand fast against our enemies and yours,
 And fear them not. I fear them not. My Lord,
 I leave Lord William Howard in your city,
 To guard and keep you whole and safe from all
 The spoil and sackage aim'd at by these rebels,
 Who mouth and foam against the Prince of Spain.

VOICES OF CITIZENS. Long live Queen Mary !

Down with Wyatt !

The Queen !

WHITE (*turning towards them and waving his hand for attention*).

" Three voices from our guilds and companies !
 " You are shy and proud like Englishmen, my masters,
 " And will not trust your voices. Understand : "
 Your lawful Prince hath come to cast herself
 " On loyal hearts and bosoms, hoped to fall "
 Into the wide-spread arms of fealty,
 " And finds yon statues." Speak at once—and all !

For whom?

“Our Sovereign Lady by King Harry’s will;
 “The Queen of England—or the Kentish Squire?
 “I know you loyal. Speak! in the name of God!”
 The Queen of England or the rabble of Kent?
 The reeking dungfork master of the mace!
 Your havings wasted by the scythe and spade—
 Your rights and charters hobnail’d into slush—
 Your houses fired—your gutters bubbling blood—

ACCLAMATION. No! no! The Queen! the Queen!

WHITE (*turning towards MARY*). Your Highness hears

This burst and bass of loyal harmony,
 “And how we each and all of us abhor
 “The venomous, bestial, devilish revolt
 “Of Thomas Wyatt.” Hear us now make oath
 To raise your Highness thirty thousand men,
 And arm and strike as with one hand, and brush
 This Wyatt from our shoulders, like a flea
 That might have leapt upon us unawares. (*turning round*)
 Swear with me, noble fellow-citizens, “all,
 “With all your trades, and guilds, and companies.”

CITIZENS. We swear!

MARY. We thank your Lordship and your loyal city.

[*Exit MARY and GARDINER, C. D., attended by the GUARDS.*]

WHITE (*advancing c.*). I trust this day, thro’ God, I have saved the crown.

FIRST ALDERMAN (L). Ay, so my Lord of Pembroke in command
 Of all her force be safe; but there are doubts.

SECOND ALDERMAN (L). I hear that Gardiner, coming with the Queen,
 And meeting Pembroke, bent to his saddle-bow;
 As if to win the man by flattering him.
 Is he so safe to fight upon her side?

FIRST ALD. If not, there’s no man safe.

WHITE. Yes, Thomas White.

I am safe enough; no man need flatter me.

SECOND ALD. Nay, no man need; but did you mark our Queen
 The color freely play’d into her face,
 And the half sight which makes her look so stern,
 Seem’d thro’ that dim dilated world of hers,
 To read our faces; I have never seen her
 So queenly or so goodly.

“WHITE. Courage, sir,
 “That makes or man or woman look their goodliest.

“Die like the torn fox dumb, but never whine

“Like that poor heart, Northumberland, at the h’ock.

“BAGENHALL. The man had children, and he whined for those.

“Methinks most men are but poor-hearted, else

“Should we so dote on courage, were it commoner?

“The Queen stands up, and speaks for her own self;

“And all men cry, she is queenly, she is goodly.

“Yet she’s no goodlier; tho’ my Lord Mayor here,

“By his own rule, he hath been so bold to-day,

“Should look more goodly than the rest of us.”

WHITE (*with energy*). Goodly? I feel most goodly heart and hand,
 And strong to throw ten Wyatts and all Kent.
 Ha, ha, sir! but you jest; I love it: a jest
 In time of danger shows the pulses even.

Be merry! yet, Sir Ralph, you look but sad.
I dare avouch you'd stand up for yourself,
Tho' all the world should bay like winter wolves.

BAG. Who knows? the man is proven by the hour.

WHITE. The man should make the hour, not this the man;
"And Thomas White will prove this Thomas Wyatt,
"And he will prove an Iden to this Cade,
"And he will play the Walworth to this Wat."*
Come, sirs, we prate; hence all—gather your men—
Myself must bustle. Wyatt comes to Southwark;
I'll have the drawbridge hewn into the Thames,
And see the citizen arm'd. Good day; good day.

[Exit WHITE, ALDERMEN and CITIZENS, C. D.]

BAG. One of much out-door bluster.

HOWARD. For all that,
Most honest, brave, and skillful; "and his wealth
"A fountain of perennial alms"—his fault
So thoroughly to believe in his own self.

BAG. Yet thoroughly to believe in one's own self,
So one's own self be thorough, were to do
Great things, my Lord.

HOWARD. It may be.

BAG. I have heard
One of your council fleer and jeer at him.

HOWARD. The nursery-cocker'd child will jeer at aught
That may seem strange beyond his nursery.
The statesman that shall jeer and fleer at men,
Makes enemies for himself and for his king;
And if he jeer not seeing the true man
Behind his folly, he is thrice the fool;
And if he sees the man and still will jeer,
He is child and fool, and traitor to the state.
"Who is he? Let me shun him.

"BAG. Nay, my Lord,
"He is damned enough already.

"HOWARD." I must set

The guard at Ludgate. Fare you well, Sir Ralph. [Exit, C. D.]

BAG. "Who knows?" I am for England. But who knows,
That knows the Queen, the Spaniard, and the Pope,
Whether I be for Wyatt, or the Queen? [Exit, C. D.]

SCENE III.—*London Bridge.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYATT and BRETT, L. 1 E.

WYATT. Brett, when the Duke of Norfolk moved against us

* Alluding to rebellions which occurred in previous reigns, the leaders of which were Jack Cade, and Wat Tyler. The latter was invited to meet the King, Richard the Second, in London, to confer as to a redress of the grievances complained of, and the meeting took place in an open spot called Smithfield. Tyler, who was a blacksmith, was so insulting and overbearing in his manner to the King, as to rouse the indignation of the Lord Mayor, William Walworth, who stunned him with a blow of his mace, and one of the King's knights riding up dispatched him with his sword. The rebels, seeing their leader fall, prepared to take revenge, and bent their bows, but the King, though only sixteen years old, with admirable presence of mind, rode up to them and cried out, "What, my people, will you kill your king? I will be your leader, follow me into the field and you shall have whatever you desire." They did so, and he granted them a charter redressing their grievances, which, however, was shortly afterwards revoked in Parliament.

Thou criest "a Wyatt," and flying to our side
Left his all bare, for which I love thee, Brett.
Have for thine askings aught that I can give,
For thro' thine help we are come to London Bridge?
But how to cross it balks me. I fear we cannot.

BRETT. Nay, hardly, save by boat, swimming, or wings.

WYATT. Last night I climb'd into the gate-house, Brett,
And scared the gray old porter and his wife,
And then I crept along the gloom and saw
They had hewn the drawbridge down into the river.
"It roll'd as black as death; and that same tide
Which, coming with our coming, seem'd to smile
And sparkle like our fortune as thou saidest,
"Ran sunless down, and moan'd against the piers."
But o'er the chasm I saw Lord William Howard
By torchlight, and his guard; four guns gaped at me,
Black, silent mouths: had Howard spied me there
And made them speak, as well he might have done,
Their voice had left me none to tell you this.
What shall we do?

BRETT. On somehow. To go back
Were to lose all.

WYATT. On over London Bridge
We cannot: stay, we cannot; there is ordnance
On the White Tower and on the Devil's Tower,*
And pointed full at Southwark; † we must round
By Kingston Bridge. ‡

BRETT. Ten miles about.

WYATT. E'en so,
But I have notice from our partisans
Within the city that they will stand by us
If Ludgate§ can be reach'd by dawn to-morrow.

Enter one of WYATT'S MEN, with paper writing, L. 1 E.

MAN. Sir Thomas, I've found this paper, pray, your worship, read it;
I know not my letters; the old priests taught me nothing.

WYATT (*takes it and reads*). "Whosoever will apprehend the traitor,
Thomas Wyatt, shall have a hundred pounds for reward."

MAN. Is that it? That's a big lot of money.

WYATT. Ay, ay, my friend; not read it? 'tis not written
Half plain enough. Give me a piece of paper! (*writes "THOMAS
WYATT" large.*)

There, any man can read that. (*sticks it in his cap, and strides up
and down.*)

BRETT. But that's foolhardy.

WYATT. No! boldness which will give my followers boldness.

* Two portions of the Tower of London, a strong fortress at the period of the drama, on the city side of the river Thames.

† The name of a portion of London on the opposite side of the river.

‡ Kingston is the name of a town twelve or fourteen miles from London, up the river Thames. It is now a very large place, but at the period of the play was a very small one, and there was no bridge across the river between there and London—now there are a dozen or more. People were taken across in small row boats and barges.

§ The name of one of the streets in the city of London leading up to St. Paul's Cross or Cathedral.

Enter MAN with a prisoner, L. 1 E.

MAN. We found him, your worship, a plundering o' Bishop Winchester's house; he says he's a poor gentleman.

WYATT (R. C.). Gentleman, a thief! Go hang him. Shall we make Those that we come to serve our sharpest foes?

BRETT. Sir Thomas——

WYATT. Hang him, I say.

BRETT. Wyatt, but now you promised me a boon.

WYATT. Ay, and I warrant this fine fellow's life.

BRETT. E'en so; he was my neighbor once in Kent.

He's poor enough, has drunk and gambled out

All that he had, and gentleman he was.

We have been glad together; let him live.

WYATT. He has gambled for his life, and lost, he hangs.

No, no, my word's my word. Take thy poor gentleman!

Gamble thyself at once out of my sight,

Or I will dig thee with my dagger. Away!

[Exit both the men and prisoner, L. 1 E.]

"Women and children!

"Enter a crowd of WOMEN and CHILDREN.

"FIRST WOMAN. O, Sir Thomas, Sir Thomas, pray you go away, Sir Thomas, or you'll make the White Tower a black 'un for us this blessed day. He'll be the death on us; and you'll set the Devil's Tower a-spitting, and he'll smash all our bits o' things worse than Philip o' Spain.

"SECOND WOMAN. Don't ye now go to think that we be for Philip o' Spain.

"THIRD WOMAN. No, we know that ye be come to kill the Queen, and we'll pray for you all on our bended knees. But o' God's mercy don't ye kill the Queen here, Sir Thomas; look ye, here's little Dickon, and little Robin, and little Jenny—though she's but a side cousin—and all on our knees, we pray you to kill the Queen farther off, Sir Thomas.

"WYATT. My friends, I have not come to kill the Queen

"Or here or there; I come to save you all,

"And I'll go farther off.

"CROWD. Thanks, Sir Thomas, we be beholden to you, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees till our lives' end.

"WYATT. Be happy, I am your friend."

To Kingston, forward! *[Exeunt, R. 1 E.]*

SCENE IV.—*Room in the Gatchouse of Westminster Palace.*

MARY C., ALICE R. C., GARDINER L. C., RENARD L., LADIES R., *discovered as the scene opens.*

ALICE. O madam, if Lord Pembroke should be false?

MARY (*firmly*). No, girl; most brave and loyal, brave and loyal.

His breaking with Northumberland broke Northumberland.

At the park gate he hovers with our guards.

These Kentish ploughmen cannot break the guards.

Enter MESSENGER, hurriedly, R. 1 E., cap in hand.

MESSENGER (*after saluting*). Wyatt, your Grace, hath broken thro' the guards

And gone to Ludgate. (MARY *starts, but remains firm.*)

[MESSENGER *salutes and exits*, R. 1 E.]

GARD.

Madam, I much fear

That all is lost ; but we can save your Grace.

The river still is free. I do beseech you,

There yet is time, take boat and pass to Windsor.*

MARY (*sternly and bitterly*). I pass to Windsor and I lose my crown.

GARD. Pass, then, I pray your Highness, to the Tower.†

MARY. I shall but be their prisoner in the Tower.

CRIES (*without at back*). The traitor ! treason ! Pembroke !

LADIES (*alarmed*).

Treason ! " treason ! "

MARY (*firmly*). Peace.

False to Northumberland, is he false to me ?

Bear witness, Renard, that I live and die

The true and faithful bride of Philip.—A sound (*clamorous noise without, and knocking at wooden gates*)

Of feet and voices thickening hither—blows—

Hark, there is battle at the palace gates,

And I will out upon the gallery. (*makes a move towards window.*)

LADIES (*intercepting*). No, no, your Grace ; see there the arrows flying.

MARY (*waving them back with commanding dignity, and drawing herself up to her full height*). I am Harry's daughter, Tudor, and not fear. (*goes out on the gallery*)

The guards are all driven in, skulk into corners

Like rabbits to their holes. A gracious guard

Truly ; shame on them, they have shut the gates !

Enter SIR ROBERT SOUTHWELL, L. 1 E.

SOUTHWELL (*saluting*). The porter, please your Grace, hath shut the gates

On friend and foe. Your gentlemen-at-arms,

If this be not your Grace's order, cry

To have the gates set wide again, and they

With their good battle-axes will do you right

Against all traitors.

MARY (*vehemently*). They are the flower of England ; set the gates wide. [*Exit* SOUTHWELL.]

Enter COURTENAY, *excitedly*, R. 1 E.

COURT. (R. C.). All lost, all lost, all yielded ; a barge, a barge ;
The Queen must to the Tower.

MARY (*firmly and calmly*). Whence come you, sir ?

COURT. From Charing Cross ; ‡ the rebels broke us there,

And I sped hither with what haste I might

To save my royal cousin.

MARY (*eagerly*). Where is Pembroke ?

COURT. I left him somewhere in the thick of it.

* A town about twenty miles from London, with a strong castle, used as one of the royal residences ; celebrated also for a magnificent park.

† A fortress on the banks of the Thames, then used as a prison for traitors and a garrison for troops.

‡ A village in the suburbs of London, but now one of the great central spots in the heart of it.

MARY (*bitterly, advancing to c.*). Left him and fled; and thou that
 wouldst be king,
 And hast nor heart nor honor. I myself
 Will down into the battle and there bide
 The upshot of my quarrel, or die with those
 That are no cowards and no Courtenays.

*She waves her hand; GUARDS enter, R. and L. 1 E., and range up the stage
 each side.*

COURT. I do not love your Grace should call me coward. (*bows and
 draws back.*)

Enter another MESSENGER, hurriedly, cap in hand, L. 1 E.

MESSENGER. Over, your Grace, all crush'd; (*MARY starts, clenches her
 hand convulsively, and smiles with joy*)

The brave Lord William
 Thrust him from Ludgate, and the traitor flying
 To Temple Bar, there by Sir Maurice Berkeley
 Was taken prisoner.

MARY (*c.—sternly*). To the Tower with *him!*

MES. 'Tis said he told Sir Maurice there was one
 Cognizant of this, and party thereunto,
 My Lord of Devon.

MARY. To the Tower with *him!*

COURT. "O la, the Tower," the Tower, always the Tower;
 I shall grow into it—I shall be the Tower.

MARY (*sarcastically*). Your Lordship may not have so long to wait.
 Remove him!

COURT. "La," to whistle out my life,
 And carve my coat upon the walls again!

[*Exit COURTENAY, R. 1 E., guarded.*]

MES. Also this Wyatt did confess the Princess
 Cognizant thereof, and party thereunto.

MARY (*startled and breathless*). What? whom—whom did you say?

MES. Elizabeth,
 Your royal sister.

MARY. To the Tower with *her!*

(*with forcible dignity, raising herself erect*) My foes are at my feet
 and I am Queen. (*GARDINER and her LADIES kneel to her.*)

GARD. (*rising*). There let them lie, your footstool! (*aside*) Can I
 strike

Elizabeth?—not now and save the life
 Of Devon; if I save him, he and his
 Are bound to me—may strike hereafter. (*aloud*) Madam,
 What Wyatt said, or what they said he said,
 Cries of the moment and the street—

MARY. He said it.

GARD. Your courts of justice will determine that.

REN. (*who all this time has been standing to the L. of the window calmly
 and keenly watching all going on, now advances slowly, and
 speaks smoothly and softly*). I trust by this your Highness
 will allow

Some spice of wisdom in my telling you,
 When last we talk'd, that Philip would not come

Till Guildford Dudley and the Duke of Suffolk
And Lady Jane had left us.

MARY. They shall die.

REN. And your so loving sister ?

MARY (*firmly and sternly*). She shall die.
My foes are at my feet, and Philip King.

With force and pride—head thrown back—figure erect—pointing her right hand to the ground. RENARD crosses his arms, and smiles sardonically. Tableau.—The Act drop descends slowly.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The conduit in Gracchchurch, painted with the Nine Worthies, among them King Henry VIII. holding a book, on it inscribed "Verbum Dei."*

Enter SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, L. 1 E., followed by SIR THOMAS STAFFORD, who draws aside.

BAG. (*meditating, c*) A hundred here and hundreds hang'd in Kent.
The tigress had unsheath'd her nails at last,
And Renard and the Chancellor sharpen'd them.
In every London street a gibbet stood.
They are down to-day. Here by this house was one ;
The traitor husband dangled at the door,
And when the traitor wife came out for bread
To still the petty treason therewithin,
Her cap would brush his heels.

STAFFORD (*aside*). It is Sir Ralph,
And muttering to himself as heretofore.
(*aloud, advancing*) Sir, see you aught up yonder ?

BAG. I miss something.
The tree that only bears dead fruit is gone.

STAF. (L. c). What tree, sir ?

BAG. Well, the tree in Virgil, sir,
That bears not its own apples.

STAF. What ! the gallows ?

BAG. Sir, this dead fruit was ripening overmuch,
And had to be removed lest living Spain
Should sicken at dead England.

STAF. Not so dead,
But that a shock may rouse her.

BAG. (*scrutinizing him*). I believe
Sir Thomas Stafford ?

STAF. I am ill disguised.

BAG. Well, are you not in peril here ?

STAF. I think so.

I came to feel the pulse of England, whether
It beats hard at this marriage. "Did you see it ?

"BAG. Stafford, I am a sad man and a serious.

"Far liefer had I in my country hall

"Been reading some old book, with mine old hound

"Couch'd at my hearth, and mine old flask of wine

"Beside me, than have seen it, yet I saw it.

"STAF. Good," was it splendid?

BAG. Ay, if dukes, and earls,
And counts, and sixty Spanish cavaliers,
Some six or seven bishops, diamonds, pearls,
That royal commonplace too, cloth of gold,
Could make it so.

STAF. And what was Mary's dress?

BAG. Good faith, I was too sorry for the woman
To mark the dress. She wore red shoes!*

STAF. Red shoes!

BAG. Scarlet, as if her feet were wash'd in blood,
As if she had waded in it.

STAF. Were your eyes
So bashful that you look'd no higher?

BAG. A diamond,
And Philip's gift, as proof of Philip's love,
Who hath not any for any—tho' a true one,
Blazed false upon her heart.

STAF. But this proud Prince—

BAG. Nay, he is King, you know, the King of Naples.
The father ceded Naples, that the son
Being a King, might wed a Queen—O he
Flamed in brocade—white satin his trunk hose,
Inwrought with silver—on his neck a collar,
Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging down from this
The Golden Fleece†—and round his knee, misplaced,
Our English Garter,‡ studded with great emeralds,
Rubies, I know not what. Have you had enough
Of all this gear?

STAF. Ay, since you hate the telling it.
How look'd the Queen?

BAG. No fairer for her jewels.
And I could see that as the new-made couple
Came from the Minster,§ moving side by side
Beneath one canopy, ever and anon
She cast on him a vassal smile of love,
Which Philip with a glance of some distaste,
Or so methought, return'd. I may be wrong, sir.
This marriage will not hold.

"STAF. I think with you.

"The King of France will help to break it.

"BAG. France!

"We once had half of France, and hurl'd our battles
"Into the heart of Spain; but England now

* Typical of her popish principles.

† A Spanish decoration of honor.

‡ The highest order of honor in England. It was instituted in the reign of King Edward the Third, the number of members consisting of twenty-four persons besides the King. The motto of the order is "Honi soit qui mal y pense;"—evil be to him who evil thinks. As the story runs, an accident gave rise to the establishment of this order. The Countess of Salisbury was at a ball, when one of her garters loosened and fell on the floor—the King perceiving it, stepped forward and picked it up, handing it to her with the above words.

§ Westminster Abbey, a magnificent and ancient structure on the banks of the Thames, wherein the English monarchs are crowned.

"Is but a ball chuck'd between France and Spain,
 "His in whose hand she drops. Harry of Bolingbroke
 "Had holpen Richard's tottering throne to stand.
 "Could Harry have foreseen that all our nobles
 "Would perish on the civil slaughter-field,
 "And leave the people naked to the crown,
 "And the crown naked to the people; the crown
 "Female, too! Sir, no woman's regimen
 "Can save us." We are fallen, and as I think,
 Never to rise again.

STAF. You are too black-blooded.

I'd make a move myself to hinder that :
 I know some lusty fellows there in France.

BAG. You would but make us weaker, Thomas Stafford.
 Wyatt was a good soldier, yet he fail'd,
 And strengthen'd Philip.

STAF. Did not his last breath
 Clear Courtenay and the Princess from the charge
 Of being his co-rebels ?

BAG. Ay, but then
 What such a one as Wyatt says is nothing ;
 We have no men among us. The new Lords
 Are quieted with their sop of Abbeylands,
 And e'en before the Queen's face Gardiner buys them
 With Philip's gold. All greed, no faith, no courage !
 "Why, e'en the haughty prince, Northumberland,
 "The leader of our Reformation, knelt
 "And blubber'd like a lad, and on the scaffold
 "Recanted, and resold himself to Rome."

STAF. I swear you do your country wrong, Sir Ralph.
 I know a set of exiles over there,
 Dare-devils, that would eat fire and spit it out
 At Philip's beard ; they pillage Spain already.
 The French king winks at it. An hour will come
 When they will sweep her from the seas. "No men ?
 "Did not Lord Suffolk die like a true man ?
 "Is not Lord William Howard a true man ?
 "Yea, you yourself, altho' you are black-blooded :
 "And I, by God, believe myself a man.
 "Ay, even in the church there is a man—
 "Cranmer.
 "Fly, would he not, when all men bade him fly.
 "And what a letter he wrote against the Pope !
 "There's a brave man, if any.

"BAG. Ay ; if it hold."

Murmurs without, which increase. CITIZENS and CROWD enter, L. U. E.

CROWD. God save their Graces !

STAF. Bagenhall, I see
 The Tudor green and white. (*trumpets*) They are coming now.
 And here's a crowd as thick as herring-shoals.

BAG. Be limpets to this pillar, or we are torn
 Down the strong wave of brawlers. (*they withdraw, L. 1 E.*)

CROWD. God save their Graces.

Procession enters, L. U. E., consisting of TRUMPETERS, JAVELINMEN, etc. ;

then SPANISH and FLEMISH NOBLES intermingled; passes slowly across, and exits, R. 1 E. Flourish of trumpets.

- "STAF. Worth seeing, Bagenhall! These black dog-Dons
 "Garb themselves bravely. Who's the long face there,
 "Looks very Spain of very Spain?"
- "BAG. The Duke
 "Of Alva, an iron soldier.
- "STAF. And the Dutchman,
 "Now laughing at some jest?"
- "BAG. William of Orange,
 "William the Silent.
- "STAF. Why do they call him so?
- "BAG. He keeps, they say, some secret that may cost
 "Philip his life.
- "STAF. But then he looks so merry.
- "BAG. I cannot tell you why they call him so."

GUARDS, *the KING and QUEEN, attended by GARDINER, PEERS OF THE REALM, OFFICERS OF STATE, PAGES, etc., enter, L. U. E., and pass across slowly to R. 1 E., and exit, amidst shouting and waving of caps.*

CROWD. Philip and Mary! Philip and Mary!
 "Long live the King and Queen, Philip and Mary!"

STAF. They smile as if content with one another.

BAG. A smile abroad is oft a scowl at home.

FIRST CIT. (C.). I thought this Philip had been one of those black devils of Spain, but he bath a yellow beard.

SECOND CIT. (L. C.). Not red like Iscariot's.

FIRST CIT. Like a carrot's, as thou sayst, and English carrot's better than Spanish licorice; but I thought he was a beast.

THIRD CIT. (R. C.). Certain I had heard that every Spaniard carries a tail like a devil under his trunk hose.

TAILOR (L.). Ay, but see what trunk hoses! Lord! they be fine; I never stitch'd none such. They make amends for the tails.

FOURTH CIT. (R.). Tut! every Spanish priest will tell you that all English heretics have tails.

FIFTH CIT. (R.). Death and the devil—if he find I have one——

FOURTH CIT. Lo! thou hast call'd them up! here they come—a pale horse for death and Gardiner for the devil.

Enter GARDINER, R. 1 E. (having turned back from the proceSSION), accompanied by two ATTENDANTS.

GARD. (*crossing over*). Knave, wilt thou wear thy cap before the Queen?

MAN (L.). My Lord, I stand so squeezed among the crowd
 I cannot lift my hands unto my head.

GARD. Knock off his cap there, some of you about him! (*it is knocked off*)
 See, there be others that can use their hands.
 Thou art one of Wyatt's men?

MAN. No, my Lord, no.

GARD. Thy name, thou knave?

MAN. I am nobody, my Lord.

GARD. (*shouting and threatening*). "God's passion!" knave, thy name?

MAN. I have ears to hear.

GARD. Ay, rascal, if I leave thee ears to hear.

Find out his name and bring it me. (*to ATTENDANT.*)

- “ ATTENDANT. Ay, my Lord.
- “ GARD.” Knave, thou shalt lose thine ears and find thy tongue,
And shalt be thankful if I leave thee that. (*pausing, and then
looking round*)
- “ The conduit painted—the nine worthies—ay !
- “ But then what’s here ? King Harry with a scroll.
- “ Ha—Verbum Dei—verbum—word of God !
- “ God’s passion ! do you know the knave that painted it ?
- “ ATTENDANT. I do, my Lord.
- “ GARD. Tell him to paint it out,
“ And put some fresh device in lieu of it—
“ A pair of gloves, a pair of gloves, sir ; ha ?
“ There is no heresy there.
- “ ATTENDANT. I will, my Lord.
“ The man shall paint a pair of gloves. I am sure
“ (Knowing the man) he wrought it ignorantly,
“ And not from any malice.
- “ GARD. Word of God
“ In English ! over this the brainless loons,
“ That cannot spell Esaias from St. Paul,
“ Make themselves drunk and mad, fly out and flare
“ Into rebellions. P’ll have their Bibles burnt.
“ The Bible is the priest’s.” Ay ! fellow, what !
Stand staring at me ! shout, you gaping rogue.
- MAN. I have, my Lord, shouted till I am hoarse.
- GARD. What hast thou shouted, knave ?
- MAN. Long live Queen Mary !
- GARD. Knave, there be two. There be both King and Queen,
Philip and Mary. Shout.
- MAN. (*expostulating*). Nay, but, my Lord,
The Queen comes first—Mary and Philip.
- GARD. Shout, then,
Mary and Philip.
- MAN. Mary and Philip !
- GARD. Now,
Thou hast shouted for thy pleasure, shout for mine !
Philip and Mary !
- MAN. Must it be so, my Lord ?
- GARD. Ay, knave.
- MAN. Philip and Mary !
- GARD. I distrust thee.
Thine is a half voice and a lean assent.
“ What is thy name ?
- “ MAN. Sanders.
- “ GARD. What else ?
- “ MAN. Zerubbabel.
- “ GARD. Where dost thou live ?
- “ MAN. In Cornhill.
- “ GARD. Where, knave, where ?
- “ MAN. Sign of the Talbot.
- “ GARD.” Come to me to-morrow.—
Rascal !—this land is like a hill of fire,
One crater opens when another shuts.
But so I get the laws against the heretic,
Spite of Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
And others of our Parliament, revived,
I will show fire on my side—stake and fire—

Sharp work and short. The knaves are easily cow'd.
Follow their Majesties.

[*Exit, R. 1 E.—ATTENDANTS, CITIZENS, and CROWD following.*

BAG. (*advancing, to c.*). As proud as Becket.*

STAF. You would not have him murdered as Becket was?

BAG. No—murder fathers murder; but I say
There is no man—there was one woman with us—
It was a sin to love her married, dead
I cannot choose but love her.

STAF. Lady Jane?†

CROWD (*without*). God save their Graces.

STAF. Did you see her die?

BAG. No, no; her innocent blood had blinded me.

“ You call me too black-blooded—true enough

“ Her dark dead blood is in my heart with mine.

“ If ever I cry out against the Pope

“ Her dark dead blood that ever moves with mine

“ Will stir the living tongue and make the cry.

STAF. Yet doubtless you can tell me how she died?

BAG. Seventeen—and knew eight languages—in music

“ Peerless—her needle perfect, and her learning

“ Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,

“ So wife-like humble to the trivial boy

“ Mismatch'd with her for pol'cy! I have heard

“ She would not take a last farewell of him,

“ She fear'd it might unman him for his end.

“ She could not be unman'd—no, nor outwoman'd—

“ Seventeen—a rose of grace!

“ Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;

“ Rose never blew that equal'd such a bud.

STAF. Pray you go on.

BAG. She came upon the scaffold,

“ And said she was condemn'd to die for treason;

“ She had but follow'd the device of those

“ Her nearest kin; she thought they knew the laws.

“ But for herself, she knew but little law,

“ And nothing of the titles to the crown;

“ She had no desire for that, and wrung her hands,

“ And trusted God would save her thro' the blood

“ Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAF. Pray you go on.

BAG. Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei—

“ But all in English, mark you; rose again,

“ And, when the headsman pray'd to be forgiven,

“ Said, ' You will give me my true crown at last,

* In the reign of King Henry the Second, Thomas a' Becket, the son of a London citizen, rose step by step until he became Archbishop of Canterbury, a dignity second only to that of the sovereign. But arrogance, revolution and cruelty, led him to destruction. His conduct became so tyrannical, disloyal, and overbearing, that Henry earnestly and openly expressed a wish to be rid of him, which four of his attendants overhearing, determined to gratify. They proceeded to Canterbury, made their way into Becket's apartments and reproached him fiercely for his conduct towards the King. During the altercation, the time for vespers arrived, whither he proceeded unguarded, followed by his unexpected visitors, who, as soon as he reached the altar fell upon and destroyed him by repeated blows on the head. A shrine was afterwards erected to his memory, and is still in existence in the cathedral, to mark the spot where he fell.

† Alluding to Lady Jane Grey, who, after a brief reign of twelve days, had been deposed and beheaded with her husband and many of her adherents.

“But do it quickly;” then all wept but she,
 “Who changed not color when she saw the block,
 “But ask’d him, childlike: ‘Will you take it off
 “Before I lay me down?’ ‘No, madam,’ he said,
 “Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were bound,
 “She, with her poor blind hands feeling—‘where is it?
 “Where is it?’ You must fancy that which follow’d,
 “If you have heart to do it!

“CROWD (*in the distance*). God save their Graces!”

STAF. (*bitterly*). Their Graces, our disgraces! God confound them!
 Why, she’s grown bloodier! “when I last was here,
 “This was against her conscience—would be murder!”

BAG. The “Thou shalt do no murder,” which God’s hand
 Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb’d out pale—
 She could not make it white—and over that,
 (*vehemently*) Traced in the blackest text of Hell — “Thou
 shalt!”

And sign’d it—Mary!

STAF. Philip and the Pope
 Must have sign’d too. I hear this Legate’s coming
 To bring us absolution from the Pope.
 The Lords and Commons will bow down before him—
 You are of the house? what will you do, Sir Ralph?

BAG. And why should I be bolder than the rest,
 Or honestest than all?

STAF. But, sir, if I—
 “And over sea they say this state of yours
 “Hath no more mortise than a tower of cards;
 “And that a puff would do it—then if I”
 And others made that move I touch’d upon,
 Back’d by the power of France, and landing here,
 Came with a sudden splendor, shout, and show,
 “And dazzled men and deafen’d by some bright
 “Loud venture, and the people so unquiet—
 “And l the race of murder’d Buckingham”—
 Not for myself, but for the kingdom—Sir,
 I trust that you will fight along with us.

BAG. No; you would fling your lives into the gulf.

STAF. But if this Philip, as he’s like to do,
 Left Mary a wife-widow here alone,
 Set up a viceroy, sent his myriads hither
 To seize upon the forts and fleet, and make us
 A Spanish province; would you not fight then?

BAG. I think I should fight then.

STAF. I am sure of it.
 Hist! there’s the face coming on here of one
 Who knows me. I must leave you. Fare you well,
 You’ll hear of me again. [*Exit, R. 1 E.*]

BAG. (*sorrowfully*). Upon the scaffold. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*Room in Whitehall Palace.*

Enter MARY, PHILIP, and CARDINAL POLE, C. D., preceded by PAGES, who draw up on either side, and, when the QUEEN and others have advanced, retire, C. D.

POLE (*bending low*). Ave Maria, gratia plena, Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

MARY (C.). Loyal and royal cousin, humblest thanks.

Had you a pleasant voyage up the river ?

POLE (L. C.). We had your royal barge, and that same chair,

Or rather throne of purple, on the deck.

Our silver cross sparkled before the prow,

The ripples twinkled at their diamond dance,

The boats that follow'd were as glowing-gay

As regal gardens ; and your flocks of swans

As fair and white as angels ; and your shores

Wore in mine eyes the green of Paradise.

My foreign friends, who dream'd us blanketed

In ever-closing fog, were much amazed

To find as fair a sun as might have flash'd

Upon their Lake of Garda, fire the Thames ;

Our voyage by sea was all but miracle ;

And here the river flowing from the sea,

Not toward it (for they thought not of our tides),

Seem'd as a happy miracle to make glide—

In quiet—home your banish'd countryman.

MARY. We heard that you were sick in Flanders, cousin.

POLE. A dizziness.

MARY. And how came you round again ?

POLE. The scarlet thread of Rahab saved her life ;

And mine, a little letting of the blood.

MARY. Well ? now ?

POLE. Ay, cousin, as the heathen giant

Had but to touch the ground, his force return'd—

Thus, after twenty years of banishment,

Feeling my native land beneath my foot,

I said thereto : “ Ah, native land of mine,

Thou art much beholden to this foot of mine,

That hastes with full commission from the Pope

To absolve thee from thy guilt of heresy.

Thou hast disgraced me and attainted me,

And mark'd me e'en as Cain, and I return,

As Peter, but to bless thee : make me well.”

Methinks the good land heard me, for to-day

My heart beats twenty when I see you, cousin.

Ah, gentle cousin, since your Herod's death,

How oft hath Peter knock'd at Mary's gate !

And Mary would have risen and let him in,

But, Mary, there were those within the house

Who would not have it.

MARY. True, good cousin Pole ;

And there were also those without the house

Who would not have it.

POLE. I believe so, cousin.

State policy and church policy are conjoint,

But Janus-faces looking diverse ways.

I fear the Emperor much misvalued me.

But all is well ; 'twas e'en the will of God,

Who, waiting till the time had ripen'd, now

Makes me his mouth of holy greeting. “ Hail,

* Hail, Mary, full of grace, blessed art thou among women.

Daughter of God, and saver of the faith ;
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui ! ”*

MARY (*startled*). Ah, Heaven !

POLE (*keenly*). Unwell, your Grace ?

MARY (*evasively*). No, cousin, happy—
Happy to see you ; never yet so happy
Since I was crown'd.

POLE. Sweet cousin, you forget
That long low minster where you gave your hand
To this great Catholic King.

PHILIP (*R. C.—coldly*). Well said, Lord Legate.

MARY (*turning to PHILIP lovingly*). Nay, not well said ; I thought of
you, my liege,
E'en as I spoke. (*then turning to POLE.*)

“ PHIL. Ay, madam ; my Lord Paget

“ Waits to present our Council to the Legate.

“ Sit down here, all ; madam, between us you.

“ POLE. Lo, now you are enclosed with boards of cedar,

“ Our little sister of the Song of Songs !

“ You are doubly fenced and shielded sitting here

“ Between the two most high-set thrones on earth,

“ The Emperor's highness happily symbol'd by

“ The King your husband, the Pope's holiness

“ By mine own self.

“ MARY. True, cousin, I am happy.”

When will you that we summon both our houses

To take this absolution from your lips,

And be regather'd to the Papal fold ?

POLE. In Britain's calendar the brightest day

“ Beheld our rough forefathers break their gods,

“ And clasp the faith in Christ ; but after that ”

Might not St. Andrew's be her happiest day ?

MARY. Then these shall meet upon St. Andrew's day.

POLE. I am an old man, wearied with my journey,

E'en with my joy. Permit me to withdraw.

To Lambeth ?

PHIL. (*bitterly*). Ay, Lambeth has ousted Cranmer.

It was not meet the heretic swine should live

In Lambeth.

MARY. There or anywhere, or at all.

PHIL. We have had it swept and garnish'd after him.

POLE. Not for the seven devils to enter in ?

PHIL. No, for we trust they parted in the swine.

POLE. True, and I am the angel of the Pope.

Farewell, your Graces.

PHIL. Nay, not here—to me ;

I will go with you to the waterside.

POLE. Not be my Charon to the counter side ?

PHIL. No, my Lord Legate ; the Lord Chancellor goes.

POLE. And unto no dead world ; but Lambeth Palace,

Henceforth a centre of the living faith.

[*Exeunt POLE, C. D., accompanied by PHILIP, who coldly takes MARY's hand.*

“ *Manet* MARY. He hath awaked ! he hath awaked !

“ He stirs within the darkness !

“ Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine

* Blessed be the fruit of thy womb.

" Will cling more close, and those bleak manners thaw,
 " That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my love.
 " The second Prince of Peace—
 " The great unborn defender of the Faith,
 " Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
 " He comes, and my star rises.
 " The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
 " The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
 " And all her fieriest partisans—are pale
 " Before my star!
 " The light of this new learning wanes and dies:
 " The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
 " Into the deathless hell which is their doom
 " Before my star!
 " His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind!
 " His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!
 " His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
 " Like universal air and sunshine! Open,
 " Ye everlasting gates! The King is here!—
 " My star, my son!

" *Enter* PHILIP, DUKE OF ALVA, *etc.*

" Oh, Philip, come with me!
 " Good news have I to tell you—news to make
 " Both of us happy—ay, the kingdom too.
 " Nay, come with me—one moment!
 " PHIL. (*to ALVA*). More than that:
 " There was one here of late—William the Silent
 " They call him—he is free enough in talk,
 " But tells me nothing. You will be, we trust,
 " Some time the viceroy of those provinces—
 " He must deserve his surname better.
 " ALVA. Ay, sir;
 " Inherit the Great Silence.
 " PHIL. True; the provinces
 " Are hard to rule and must be hardly ruled;
 " Most fruitful, yet, indeed, an empty rind,
 " All hollow'd out with stinging heresies;
 " And for their heresies, Alva, they will fight;
 " You must break them or they break you.
 " ALVA (*proudly*). The first.
 " PHIL. Good!
 " Well, madam, this new happiness of mine. [*Exeunt*]

" *Enter* THREE PAGES.

" FIRST PAGE. News, mates! a miracle, a miracle! news!
 " The bells must ring; 'Te Deums must be sung;
 " The Queen hath felt the motion of her babe!
 " SECOND PAGE. Ay; but see here!
 " FIRST PAGE. See what?
 " SECOND PAGE. This paper, Dickon.
 " I found it fluttering at the palace gates:—
 " 'The Queen of England is delivered of a dead dog!'
 " THIRD PAGE. These are the things that madden her. Fie upon it!
 " FIRST PAGE. Ay; but I hear she hath a dropsy, lad,

"Or a high-dropsy, as the doctors call it.

"THIRD PAGE. Fie on her dropsy, so she have a dropsy !

"I know that she was ever sweet to me.

"FIRST PAGE. For thou and thine are Roman to the core.

"THIRD PAGE. So thou and thine must be. Take heed !

"FIRST PAGE.

Not I !

"And whether this flash of news be false or true,

"So the wine run, and there be revelry,

"Content am I. Let all the steeples clash,

"Till the sun dance, as upon Easter Day.

[*Exeunt.*"]

SCENE III.—*Great hall in Whitehall. At the far end a dais. On this three chairs, two under one canopy for MARY and PHILIP, another on the right of these for POLE. On the right, near the chair of POLE, a tribune or reading-desk, slightly raised above the other parts. Under the dais on POLE'S side, ranged along the wall, R, sit all the Spiritual Peers, and along the wall, opposite L., all the Temporal. The Commons on cross benches in front, a line of approach to the dais between them. In the foreground, R., SIR RALPH BAGENHALL, and other MEMBERS OF THE COMMONS.*

FIRST MEMBER. St. Andrew's day ; sit close, sit close, we are friends.

"Is reconciled the word ? The Pope again ?

"It must be thus ; and yet cocksbody !" how strange

That Gardiner, once so one with all of us

Against this foreign marriage, should have yielded

So utterly !—strange ! but stranger still that he,

So fierce against the Headship of the Pope,

Should play the second actor in this pageant

That brings him in ; such a chameleon he !

SECOND MEM. This Gardiner turn'd his coat in Henry's time ;

The serpent that hath slough'd will slough again.

THIRD MEM. Tut, then we all are serpents.

SECOND MEM.

Speak for yourself.

THIRD MEM. Ay, and for Gardiner ! being English citizen,

How should he bear a bridegroom out of Spain ?

The Queen would have him ! being English churchman,

How should he bear the headship of the Pope ?

The Queen would have it. Statesmen that are wise

Shape a necessity, as the sculptor clay,

To their own model.

SECOND MEM.

Statesmen that are wise

Take truth herself for model. (*to BAGENHALL*) What say you ?

BAG. We talk and talk.

FIRST MEM.

Ay, and what use to talk ?

Philip's no sudden alien—the Queen's husband,

He's here, and king, or will be—"yet cocksbody !

"So hated here !" I watch'd a hive of late ;

My seven years' friend was with me, my young boy ;

Out crept a wasp, with half the swarm behind.

"Philip," says he, "I had to cuff the rogue

For infant treason."

THIRD MEM.

But they say that bees,

If any creeping life invade their hive

Too gross to be thrust out, will build him round,

And bind him in from harming of their combs.

And Philip by these articles is bound

From stirring hand or foot to wrong the realm.

SECOND MEM. By bonds of beeswax, like your creeping thing ;
But your wise bees had stung him first to death.

THIRD MEN. Hush, hush !

You wrong the Chancellor : the clauses added
To that same treaty which the Emperor sent us
Were mainly Gardiner's : that no foreigner
Hold office in the household, fleet, forts, army ;
That if the Queen should die without a child,
The bond between the kingdoms be dissolved ;
That Philip should not mix us any way
With his French wars——

SECOND MEM. Ay, ay, but what security
Good sir, for this, if Philip——

THIRD MEM. Peace—the Queen,
Philip, and Pole. (*all rise and stand.*)

Enter GUARDS, L. 1 E., who pass up the centre, and file off R. and L. of the chairs ; then enter, L. 1 E., GARDINER, MARY, PHILIP, and POLE. GARDINER conducts them to the three chairs of state. PHILIP sits on the QUEEN'S left, POLE on her right.

GARD. (*C.—bowing low*). Our short-lived sun, before his winter plunge,
Laughs at the last red leaf, and Andrew's Day.

MARY. Should not this day be held in after years
More solemn than of old ?

PHIL. Madam, my wish
Echoes your Majesty's.

POLE. It shall be so.

GARD. Mine echoes both your Graces' ; "*(aside)* but the Pope—
" Can we not have the Catholic Church as well
" Without as with the Italian ? if we cannot,
" Why then the Pope." (*turns towards R. and then L.*)

My lords of the upper house,
And ye, my masters of the lower house,
Do ye stand fast by that which ye resolved ?

VOICES. We do.

GARD. And be you all one mind to supplicate
The Legate here for pardon, and acknowledge
The primacy of the Pope ?

VOICES. We are all one mind.

GARD. (*aside*). Then must I play the vassal to this Pole.

He draws a paper from under his robes and presents it to the KING and QUEEN, who look through it and return it to him ; then ascends the tribune, and reads.

We, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal,
And Commons here in Parliament assembled,
Presenting the whole body of this realm
Of England, and dominions of the same,
Do make most humble suit unto your Majesties,
In our own name and that of all the state,
That by your gracious means and intercession
Our supplication be exhibited
To the Lord Cardinal Pole, sent here as Legate
From our most holy father Julius, Pope,

And from the apostolic see of Rome ;
 And do declare our penitence and grief
 For our long schism and disobedience,
 Either in making laws and ordinances
 Against the Holy Father's primacy,
 Or else by doing or by speaking aught
 Which might impugn or prejudice the same ;
 By this our supplication promising,
 As well for our own selves as all the realm,
 That now we be and ever shall be quick,
 Under and with your Majesties' authorities,
 To do to the utmost all that in us lies
 Towards the abrogation and repeal
 Of all such laws and ordinances made ;
 Whereon we humbly pray your Majesties,
 As persons undefiled with our offence,
 So to set forth this humble suit of ours
 That we the rather by your intercession
 May from the apostolic see obtain,
 Thro' this most reverend Father, absolution,
 And full release from danger of all censures
 Of Holy Church that we be fall'n into,
 So that we may, as children penitent,
 Be once again received into the bosom
 And unity of Universal Church ;
 And that this noble realm thro' after years
 May in this unity and obedience
 Unto the holy see and reigning Pope
 Serve God and both your Majesties.

VOICES.

Amen. (*all sit.*)

He again presents the petition to the KING and QUEEN, who hand it reverentially to POLE.

POLE (*sitting*). This is the loveliest day that ever smiled
 On England. All her breath should, incense like,
 Rise to the heavens in grateful praise of Him
 Who now recalls her to his ancient fold.
 "Lo! once again God to this realm hath given
 "A token of His more especial grace ;
 "For as this people were the first of all
 "The islands call'd into the dawning church
 "Out of the dead, deep night of heathendom,
 "So now are these the first whom God hath given
 "Grace to repent and sorrow for their schism ;
 "And if your penitence be not mockery,
 "Oh, how the blessed angels, who rejoice
 "Over one saved, do triumph at this hour
 "In the reborn salvation of a land
 "So noble." (*a pause*)

For ourselves we do protest
 That our commission is to heal, not harm ;
 We come not to condemn, but reconcile ;
 We come not to compel, but call again ;
 We come not to destroy, but edify ;
 "Nor yet to question things already done ;
 "These are forgiven—matters of the past—

" And range with jetsam and with offal thrown
 " Into the blind sea of forgetfulness. (*a pause*)
 " Ye have reversed the attainder laid on us
 " By him who sack'd the house of God; and we,
 " Amplier than any field on our poor earth
 " Can render thanks in fruit for being sown,
 " Do here and now repay you sixty-fold
 " A hundred, yea, a thousand thousand-fold,
 " With heaven for earth." (*rising and stretching forth his hands.*
All kneel but BAGENHALL, who rises and remains standing with
firmness and dignity)

" The Lord who hath redeem'd us
 " With his own blood, and wash'd us from our sins,
 " To purchase for Himself a stainless bride;"
 He, whom the Father hath appointed Head
 Of all His church, He by His mercy absolve you! (*a pause*)
 And we by that authority apostolic
 Given unto us, his Legate, by the Pope,
 " Our Lord and Holy Father, Julius,
 " God's Vicar and Vicegerent upon earth,"
 Do here absolve you and deliver you
 And every one of you, and all the realm
 And its dominions from all heresy,
 All schism, and from all and every censure,
 Judgment, and pain accruing thereupon;
 And also we restore you to the bosom
 And unity of Universal Church. (*turning to GARDINER*)
 Our letters of commission will declare this plainlier.

QUEEN *heard sobbing. Cries of "Amen! Amen!" Some of the members*
embrace one another. All but SIR RALPH BAGENHALL pass out, R. and
L. U. E., into the adjoining chapel, whence is heard the Te Deum.

BAG. (*advancing, c.*) We strove against the papacy from the first,
 In William's time, in our first Edward's time,
 And in my master Henry's time;* but now,
 The unity of Universal Church,
 Mary would have it; and this Gardiner follows;
 The unity of Universal Hell,
 Philip would have it; and this Gardiner follows!
 A Parliament of imitative apes!
 Sheep at the gap which Gardiner takes, who not
 Believes the Pope, nor any of them believe—
 These spaniel-Spaniard English of the time,
 Who rub their fawning noses in the dust,
 For that is Philip's gold-dust, and adore
 This Vicar of their Vicar. Would I had been
 Born Spaniard; I had held my head up then.
 I am ashamed that I am Bagenhall,
 English.

Enter OFFICER, L. 1 E.

OFFICER. Sir Ralph Bagenhall.

BAG. What of that?

OFFICER. You were the one sole man in either house

* All these were Kings of England, who had contended against the Pope.

Who stood upright when both the houses fell.

BAG. (*bitterly*). The houses fell!

OFFICER. I mean the houses knelt

Before the Legate.

BAG. Do not scrimp your phrase,

But stretch it wider; say when England fell.

OFFICER. I say you were the one sole man who stood.

BAG. I am the one sole man in either house,
Perchance in England, loves her like a son.

OFFICER. "Well, you one man," because you stood upright,
Her Grace the Queen commands you to the Tower.

BAG. (*unmoved*). As traitor, or as heretic, or for what?

OFFICER. If any man in any way would be
The one man he shall be so to his cost.

BAG. What! will she have my head?

OFFICER (*sternly*). "A round fine likelier.

"Your pardon." (*beckons to ATTENDANT, who enters, L. 1 E.*)
By the river to the Tower. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE IV.*—*Whitchall. A room in the palace.*

MARY, GARDINER, POLE, PAGET, BONNER, *etc.*, *discovered.*

MARY. The king and I, my Lords, now that all traitors
Against our royal state have lost the heads
Wherewith they plotted in their treasonous malice,
Have talk'd together, and are well agreed
That those old statutes touching Lollardism
To bring the heretic to the stake, should be
No longer a dead letter, but requicken'd.

ONE OF THE COUNCIL. Why, what hath fluster'd Gardiner? how he
rubs
His forelock.

PAGET. I have changed a word with him
In coming, and may change a word again.

GARD. Madam, your Highness is our sun, the King
And you together our two suns in one;
And so the beams of both may shine upon us,
The faith that seem'd to droop will feel your light,
Lift head, and flourish; yet not light alone,
There must be heat—there must be heat enough
To scorch and wither heresy to the root.
For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come in,"
And what saith Paul? "I would they were cut off
That trouble you." Let the dead letter live!

* In representation, the whole of this scene is to be omitted, and there is to be substituted in its place the latter part of the third Scene of Act IV., commencing with that portion which alludes to the numerous burnings of heretics, and gives an account of the death of Craumer, whose arrest was one of the features of the First Act. The acting version will therefore run thus:

SCENE IV.—*The porch of St. Mary's church, Oxford.*

Enter, L. 1 E., two OLD WOMEN—JOAN, and after her TIB,

and then proceed as marked at page —. By this arrangement, time and space is allowed to make the Fifth Scene—Elizabeth's residence at Woodstock—one of the most attractive and effective scenes in the play.

Trace it in fire, that all the louts to whom
 Their A. B. C. is darkness, clowns and grooms
 May read it! so you quash rebellion too,
 For heretic and traitor are all one;
 Two vipers of one breed—an amphibiaena,
 Each end a sting. Let the dead letter burn!

PAGET. Yet there be some disloyal Catholics,
 And many heretics loyal; heretic throats
 Cried no God bless her! to the Lady Jane,
 But shouted in Queen Mary. So there be
 Some traitor-heretic, there is axe and cord.
 To take the lives of others that are loyal,
 And by the churchman's pitiless doom of fire,
 Were but a thankless policy in the crown,
 Ay, and against itself; for there are many.

MARY. If we could burn out heresy, my Lord Paget,
 We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—
 Ay! tho' it were ten Englands!

GARD. Right, your Grace.
 Paget, you are all for this poor life of ours,
 And care but little for the life to be.

PAGET. I have some time, for curiousness, my Lord,
 Watch'd children playing at *their* life to be,
 And cruel at it, killing helpless flies;
 Such is our time—all times for aught I know.

GARD. We kill the heretics that sting the soul—
 They, with right reason, flies that prick the flesh.

PAGET. They had not reach'd right reason; little children!
 They kill'd but for their pleasure and the power
 They felt in killing.

GARD. A spice of Satan, ha!
 Why, good! what then? granted—we are fallen creatures;
 Look to your Bible, Paget! we are fallen.

PAGET. I am but of the laity, my Lord Bishop,
 And may not read your Bible, yet I found
 One day, a wholesome scripture, "Little children,
 Love one another."

GARD. Did you find a scripture,
 "I come not to bring peace but a sword?" The sword
 Is in her Grace's hand to smite with. Paget,
 You stand up here to fight for heresy,
 You are more than guess'd at as a heretic,
 And on the steep-up track of the true faith
 Your lapses are far seen.

PAGET. The faultless Gardiner!

MARY. You brawl beyond the question; speak, Lord Legate.

POLE. Indeed, I cannot follow with your Grace,
 Rather would say—the shepherd doth not kill
 The sheep that wander from his flock, but sends
 His careful dog to bring them to the fold.
 Look to the Netherlands, wherein have been
 Such holocausts of heresy! to what end?
 For yet the faith is not established there.

GARD. The end's not come.

POLE. No—nor this way will come,
 Seeing there lie two ways to every end,
 A better and a worse—the worse is here

To persecute, because to persecute
 Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore
 No perfect witness of a perfect faith
 In him who persecutes ; when men are tost
 On tides of strange opinion, and not sure
 Of their own selves, they are wroth with their own selves,
 And thence with others ; then, who lights the fagot ?
 Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.
 Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the church,
 Trembled for her own gods, for those were trembling—
 But when did our Rome tremble ?

PAGET. Did she not
 In Henry's time and Edward's ?

POLE. What, my Lord !
 Tho Church on Peter's rock ? never ! I have seen
 A pine in Italy that cast its shadow
 Athwart a cataract ; firm stood the pine—
 The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,
 The cataract typed the headlong plunge and fall
 Of heresy to the pit : the pine was Rome.
 You see, my Lords,
 It was the shadow of the Church that trembled ;
 Your church was but the shadow of a church,
 Wanting the triple mitre.

GARD. (*muttering*). Here be tropes.

POLE. And tropes are good to clothe a naked truth,
 And make it look more seemly.

GARD. Tropes again !

POLE. You are hard to please. Then without tropes, my Lord,
 An overmuch severeness, I repeat,
 When faith is wavering make the waverer pass
 Into more settled hatred of the doctrines
 Of those who rule, which hatred by and by
 Involves the ruler (thus there springs to light
 That Centaur of a monstrous Commonweal,
 The traitor-heretic) ; then tho' some may quail,
 Yet others are that dare the stake and fire,
 And their strong torment bravely borne, begets
 An admiration and an indignation,
 And hot desire to imitate ; so the plague
 Of schism spreads ; were there but three or four
 Of these misleaders, yet I would not say
 Burn ! and we cannot burn whole towns ; they are many,
 As my Lord Paget says.

GARD. Yet, my Lord Cardinal—

POLE. I am your Legate ; please you, let me finish.
 Methinks that under our Queen's regimen
 We might go softer than with crimson rowel
 And streaming lash. When Herod-Henry first
 Began to batter at your English Church,
 This was the cause, and hence the judgment on her.
 She seethed with such adulteries, and the lives
 Of many among your churchmen were so foul
 That heaven wept and earth blush'd. I would advise
 That we should thoroughly cleanse the Church within
 Before these bitter statutes be requicken'd.
 So after that, when she once more is seen

White as the light, the spotless bride of Christ,
Like Christ himself on Tabor, possibly
The Lutheran may be won to her again;
Till when, my Lords, I counsel tolerance.

GARD. What, if a mad dog bit your hand, my Lord,
Would you not chop the bitten finger off,
Lest your whole body should madden with the poison?
I would not, were I Queen, tolerate the heretic,
No, not an hour. The ruler of a land
Is bounden by his power and place to see
His people be not poison'd. Tolerate them!
Why? do they tolerate you? Nay, many of them
Would burn—have burnt each other; call they not
The one true faith a loathsome idol-worship?
Beware, Lord Legate, of a heavier crime
Than heresy is itself; beware, I say,
Lest men accuse you of indifference
To all faiths, all religion; for you know
Right well that you yourself have been supposed
Tainted with Lutheranism in Italy.

POLE (*angered*). But you, my Lord, beyond all supposition,
In clear and open day were congruent
With that vile Cranmer in the accursed lie
Of good Queen Catherine's divorce—the spring
Of all those evils that have flow'd upon us;
For you yourself have truckled to the tyrant,
And done your best to bastardize our Queen,
For which God's righteous judgment fell upon you
In your five years of imprisonment, my Lord,
Under young Edward. Who so bolster'd up
The gross King's headship of the Church, or more
Denied the Holy Father?

GARD. Ha! what! eh?
But you, my Lord, a polish'd gentleman,
A bookman, flying from the heat and tussle,
You lived among your vines and oranges,
In your soft Italy yonder! You were sent for,
You were appeal'd to, but you still prefer'd
Your learned leisure. As for what I did,
I suffer'd and repented. You, Lord Legate
And Cardinal-Deacon, have not now to learn
That e'en St. Peter in his time of fear
Denied his Master, ay, and thrice, my Lord.

POLE. But not for five and twenty years, my Lord.

GARD. Ha! good! it seems then I was summon'd hither
But to be mock'd and baited. Speak, friend Bonner,
And tell this learned Legate he lacks zeal.
The Church's evil is not as the King's,
Cannot be heal'd by stroking. The mad bite
Must have the cantery—tell him—and at once.
What wouldst thou do hadst thou his power, thou
That layest so long in heretic bonds with me?
Wouldst thou not burn and blast them root and branch?

BONNER. Ay, after you, my Lord.

GARD. Nay, God's passion, before me! speak.

BON. I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARD. Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum—

But this most noble prince Platagenet,
Our good Queen's cousin—dallying over seas
Even when his brothers, nay, his noble mother's,
Head fell——

POLE. Peace, mad man !

Thou stirrest up a grief thou canst not fathom.
Thou Christian Bishop, thou Lord Chancellor
Of England ! no more rein upon thine anger
Than any child ! Thou mak'st me much ashamed
That I was for a moment wroth at thee.

MARY. I come for counsel and ye give me feuds,
Like dogs that set to watch their master's gate,
Fall, when the thief is e'en within the walls,
To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,
You have an old trick of offending us ;
And but that you are art and part with us
In purging heresy, well we might, for this
Your violence and much roughness to the Legate,
Have shut you from our counsels. Cousin Pole,
You are fresh from brighter lands. Retire with me.
His highness and myself (so you allow us)
Will let you learn in peace and privacy
What power this cooler sun of England hath
In breathing Godless vermin. And pray Heaven
That you may see according to our sight.
Come, cousin.]*Exeunt, QUEEN and POLE, etc., c*

GARD. Pole has the Plantagenet face,
But not the force made them our mightiest kings.
Fine eyes—but melancholy, irresolute—
A fine beard, Bonner, a very full fine beard.
But a weak mouth, an indeterminate—ha ?

BON. Well, a weak mouth, perchance.

GARD. And not like thine
To gorge a heretic whole, roasted or raw.

BON. I'd do my best, my Lord ; but yet the Legate
Is here as Pope and master of the church,
And if he go not with you——

GARD. Tut, Master Bishop,
Our bashful Legate, saw'st not how he flush'd ?
Touch him upon his own heretical talk,
He'll burn a diocese to prove his orthodoxy.
And let him call me truckler. In those times,
Thou knowest we had to dodge, or duck, or die ;
I kept my head for use of Holy Church ;
And see you, we shall have to dodge again,
And let the Pope trample our rights, and plunge
His foreign fist into our island church
To plump the leaner pouch of Italy.
For a time, for a time.

Why ? that these statutes may be put in force,
And that his fan may thoroughly purge his floor.

BON. So then you hold the Pope——

GARD. I hold the Pope !
What do I hold him ? what do I hold the Pope ?
Come, come, the morsel stuck—this Cardinal's fault—
I have gulped it down. I am wholly for the Pope,
Utterly and altogether for the Pope,

The Eternal Peter of the changeless chair,
Crown'd slave of slaves, and mitred king of kings,
God upon earth! what more? what would you have?
Hence, let's be gone.

Enter USHER.

USHER. Well that you be not gone,
My Lord. The Queen, most wroth at first with you,
Is now content to grant you full forgiveness,
So that you crave full pardon of the Legate.
I am sent to fetch you.

GARD. Doth Pole yield, sir, ha!
Did you hear 'em? were you by?

USHER. I cannot tell you,
His bearing is so courtly-delicate:
And yet methinks he falters: their two Graces
Do so dear-cousin and royal-cousin him,
So press on him the duty which as Legate
He owes himself, and with such royal smiles——

GARD. Smiles that burn men. Bonner, it will be carried.
He falters, ha? 'fore God we change and change;
Men now are bow'd and old, the doctors tell you,
At threescore years; then if we change at all
We needs must do it quickly; it is an age
Of brief life, and brief purpose, and brief patience,
As I have show'd to-day. I am sorry for it
If Pole be like to turn. Our old friend Cranmer,
Your more especial love, hath turn'd so often,
He knows not where he stands, which, if this pass,
We two shall have to teach him; let 'em look to it,
Cranmer and Hooper, Ridley and Latimer,
Rogers and Ferrar, for their time is come,
Their hour is hard at hand, their "dies Iræ,"
Their "dies Illa," which will test their sect,
I feel it but a duty—you will find in it
Pleasure as well as duty, worthy Bonner—
To test their sect. Sir, I attend the Queen
To crave most humble pardon—of her most
Royal, Infallible, Papal Legate-cousin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Woodstock.**

ELIZABETH and LADY-IN-WAITING discovered. ELIZABETH reclining on
couch, R., the LADY near the open window.

LADY. The colors of our Queen are green and white,
These fields are only green, they make me gape.

ELIZ. (*rising, and going to window*). There's whitethorn, girl.

LADY. Ay, for an hour in May.

But court is always May, buds out in masks,

* A town in the county of Oxford, where the Queen had a palace to which, upon the breaking up of Wyatt's rebellion, the Princess Elizabeth was sent for safe keeping under the care of a rough but kind hearted gentleman, Sir Henry Bedingfield, —(really attached to her cause)—Mary not daring to send her to the Tower for fear of offending the people, with whom Elizabeth was a great favorite. At the same time Courtenay was sent to Fotheringay Castle, in the county of Northampton.

Breaks into feather'd merriments, and flowers
In silken pageants. Why do they keep us here ?
Why still suspect your Grace !

ELIZ. Hard upon both. (*writes on the
window L., with a diamond :*)

Much suspected, of me
Nothing proven can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner.

LADY. What hath your Highness written ?

ELIZ. A true rhyme.

LADY. Cut with a diamound ; so to last like truth.

ELIZ. Ay, if truth last.

LADY. But truth, they say, will out,
So it must last. It is not like a word,
That comes and goes in uttering.

ELIZ. Truth, a word !

The very truth and very word are one.
But truth of story, which I glanced at, girl,
Is like a word that comes from olden days,
And passes thro' the peoples : every tongue
Alters it passing, till it spells and speaks
Quite other than at first.

LADY. I do not follow.

ELIZ. How many names in the long sweep of time
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention of some fool that once
Break bread with us, perhaps ; and my poor chronicle
Is but of glass. Sir Henry Bedingfield
May split it for spite.

LADY. God grant it last,
And witness to your Grace's innocence,
Till doomsday melt it.

ELIZ. Or a second fire,
Like that which lately crackled underfoot
And in this very chamber, fuse the glass,
And char us back again into the dust
We spring from. Never peacock against rain
Scream'd as you did for water.

LADY. And I got it.
I woke Sir Henry—and he's true to you—
I read his honest horror in his eyes.

ELIZ. Or true to you ?

LADY. Sir Henry Bedingfield !
I will have no man true to me, your Grace,
But one that pares his nails ; to me ? the clown !
For, like his cloak, his manners want the nap
And gloss of court ; but of this fire he says,
Nay, swears, it was no wicked wilfulness,
Only a natural chance.

ELIZ. A chance—perchance
One of those wicked wilfuls that men make,
Nor shame to call it nature. Nay, I know
They hunt my blood. Save for my daily range
Among the pleasant field of Holy Writ,
I might despair. But there hath some one come ;
The house is all in movement. Hence, and see.

[*Exit* LADY, L. 1 E.]

ELIZABETH *seats herself near the window, and during the song expresses, by action, her interest in, and delight experienced by, the melody.*

MILKMAID (*singing without*).

Shame upon you, Robin,
Shame upon you now !
Kiss me would you ? with my hands
Milking the cow ?
Daisies grow again,
Kinecups blow again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Robin came behind me,
Kiss'd me well, I vow ;
Cuff him could I ? with my hands
Milking the cow !
Swallows fly again,
Cuckoos cry again,
And you came and kiss'd me milking the cow.

Come, Robin, Robin,
Come and kiss me now ;
Help it can I ? with my hands
Milking the cow !
Ringdoves coo again,
All things woo again,
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

ELIZ. (*rising and advancing*). Right honest and red-cheek'd ; Robin was violent,

And she was crafty—a sweet violence,
And a sweet craft. (*sweetly*) I would I were a milkmaid
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly.
I could not if I would. (*proudly*) I am Harry's daughter
Gardiner would have my head. They are not sweet,
The violence and the craft that do divide
The world of nature ; what is weak must lie ;
The lion needs but roar to guard his young ;
The lapwing lies, says " here " when they are there.
Threaten the child ; " I'll scourge you if you did it."
What weapon hath the child, save his soft tongue,
To say " I did not " ? and my rod's the block.
I never lay my head upon the pillow
But that I think, " Wilt thou lie there to-morrow ?"
How oft the falling axe, that never fell,
Hath shock'd me back into the daylight truth
That it may fall to-day ! Those damp, black, dead
Nights in the Tower ; dead—with the fear of death—
Too dead e'en for a death-watch ! Toll of a bell,
Stroke of a clock, the scurrying of a rat
Affrighted me, and then delighted me,
For there was life—And there was life in death—
The little murder'd princes,* in a pale light,
Rose hand in hand, and whisper'd, " Come away ;
The civil wars are gone forevermore :
Thou last of all the Tudors, come away—

* Alluding to the two sons of King Edward IV., who, by order of their uncle Richard III., were imprisoned in the Tower, and there smothered and the bodies buried deep in the ground at the foot of the stairs leading to their chamber.

With us is peace!" The last? It was a dream;
I must not dream, not wink, but watch. She has gone, (*looking-
out of window*)

Maid Marian to her Robin—by-and-by
Both happy! a fox may filch a hen by night,
And make a morning outcry in the yard;
But there's no Renard here to "catch her tripping."
"Catch me who can; yet, sometime I have wish'd
"That I were caught, and kill'd away at once
"Out of the flutter. The gray rogue, Gardiner,
"Went on his knees, and pray'd me to confess
"In Wyatt's business, and to cast myself
"Upon the good Queen's mercy; ay, when, my Lord?
"God save the Queen." My jailer——

Enter SIR HENRY BEDINGFIELD, with letter, L. 1 E.

BEDINGFIELD. One, whose bolts,
That jail you from free life, bar you from death.
There haunt some Papist ruffians hereabouts
Would murder you.

ELIZ. (*advancing c.*). I thank you heartily, sir,
But I am royal, tho' your prisoner,
And God hath blest or cursed me with a nose—
Your boots are from the horses.

BEDING. (*brusquely*). Ay, my Lady.
When next there comes a missive from the Queen
It shall be all my study for one hour
To rose and lavender my horsiness,
Before I dare to glance upon your Grace.

ELIZ. A missive from the Queen: last time she wrote
I had like to have lost my life: it takes my breath:
O God, sir, do you look upon your boots,
Are you so small a man? Help me: what think you,
Is it life or death?

BEDING. I thought not on my boots;
The devil take all boots were ever made
Since man went barefoot. See, I lay it here,
For I will come no nearer to your Grace; (*laying down the letter
on table, L.*)
And whether it bring you bitter news or sweet,
And God have given your Grace a nose, or not,
I'll help you, if I may.

ELIZ. Your pardon, then?
It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy; with free wing
The world were all one Araby. Leave me now,
Will you, companion to myself, sir?

BEDING. Will I?
With most exceeding willingness I will;
You know I never come until I be call'd. [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

ELIZ. (*c.*). It lies there folded; is there venom in it?
A snake—and if I touch it, it may sting.
Come, come, the worst!
Best wisdom is to know the worst at once. (*takes up letter and
reads*)

"It is the King's wish that you should wed Prince Philibert of Savoy.

You are to come to Court on the instant; and think of this in your coming.

"MARY THE QUEEN."

(*after a pause, then advancing c.*) Think! I have many thoughts;
 I think there may be birdlime here for me;
 I think they fain would have me from the realm;
 I think the Queen may never bear a child;
 I think that I may be sometime the Queen,
 Then Queen indeed; no foreign prince or priest
 Should fill my throne, myself upon the steps.
 I think I will not marry any one,
 Specially not this landless Philibert
 Of Savoy; but, if Philip menace me,
 I think that I will play with Philibert—
 As once the Holy Father did with mine,
 Before my father married my good mother,—
 For fear of Spain.

Re-enter LADY, L. 1 E.

LADY. "O Lord! your Grace, your Grace,"
 I feel so happy; it seems that we shall fly
 These bald, blank fields, and dance into the sun
 That shines on princes.

ELIZ. Yet, a moment since,
 I wish'd myself the milkmaid singing here,
 To kiss and cuff among the birds and flowers—
 A right rough life and healthful.

LADY. But the wench
 Hath her own troubles; she is weeping now;
 For the wrong Robin took her at her word.
 Then the cow kick'd, and all her milk was spilt.
 Your Highness such a milkmaid?

ELIZ. I had kept
 My Robins and my cows in sweeter order
 Had I been such.

LADY (*slyly*). And had your Grace a Robin.

ELIZ. Come, come, you are chill here; you want the sun
 That shines at court; make ready for the journey.
 Pray God we 'scape the sunstroke. Ready at once.

[*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE VI.*—*London. A room in the palace.*

Enter LORD PETRE, and LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, L. 1 E.

PETRE. You cannot see the Queen. Renard denied her
 E'en now to me.

HOWARD. Their Flemish go-between
 And all-in-all. I came to thank her Majesty
 For freeing my friend Bagenhall from the Tower;
 A grace to me. Mercy, that herb-of-grace,
 Flowers now but seldom.

PETRE. Only now perhaps,
 Because the Queen hath been three days in tears

* This scene can be omitted if desired, and the Act terminate with Elizabeth's departure.

For Philip's going—"like the wild hedge-rose
 "Of a soft winter, possible, not probable,
 "However, you have prov'n it."

HOWARD. I must see her.

Enter RENARD, R. 1 E.

REN. My Lords, you cannot see her Majesty.

HOWARD. Why then the King; for I would have him bring it
 Home to the leisure wisdom of his Queen,
 Before he go, that since these statutes past,
 Gardiner out-Gardiners Gardiner in his heat,
 Bonner cannot out-Bonner his own self—
 Beast!—but they play with fire as children do,
 And burn the house. I know that these are breeding
 A fierce resolve and fixt heart-hate in men
 Against the King, the Queen, the Holy Father,
 The faith itself. Can I not see him?

REN. Not now.

And in all this, my Lord, her Majesty
 Is flint of flint, you may strike fire from her,
 Not hope to melt her. I will give your message.

Exit PETRE and HOWARD, L. 1 E., followed by RENARD, who pauses at the entrance.

Enter PHILIP, R. C., musing, and walking slowly down the stage.

PHIL. (C.). She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.
 I talk'd with her in vain—says she will live
 And die true maid—a goodly creature too.
 Would *she* had been the Queen! yet she must have him,
 She troubles England; that she breathes in England
 Is life and lungs to every rebel birth
 That passes out of embryo. (*observing RENARD*)
 Simon Renard!

This Howard, whom they fear, what was he saying?

REN. (*advancing, L. C.*). What your imperial father said, my liege,
 To deal with heresy gentler. Gardiner burns,
 And Bonner burns; and it would seem this people
 Care more for our brief life in their wet land,
 Than yours in happier Spain. I told my Lord
 He should not vex her Highness; she would say
 These are the means God works with, that His church
 May flourish.

PHIL. Ay, sir, but in statesmanship
 To strike too soon is oft to miss the blow.
 Thou knowest I bade my chaplain, Castro, preach
 Against these burnings.

REN. And the Emperor
 Approved you, and when last he wrote, declared
 His comfort in your Grace that you were bland
 And affable to men of all estates,
 In hope to charm them from their hate of Spain.

PHIL. In hope to crush all heresy under Spain.
 But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
 Than any sea could make me passing hence,

Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.
 So sick am I with biding for this child.*
 "Is it the fashion of this clime for women
 "To go twelve months in bearing of a child?"
 The nurses yawn'd, the cradle gap'd, they led
 Processions, chanted litanies, clash'd their bells,
 Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests
 Have preach'd, the fools, of this fair prince to come,
 Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.
 Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

REN. I never saw your Highness moved till now.

"PHIL. So weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
 "And every soul of man that breathes therein.

"REN. My liege," we must not drop the mask before
 The masquerado is over——

PHIL. Have I dropt it?
 I have but shown a loathing face to you,
 Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY, R. C.—she pauses.

MARY (*aside*). With Renard, (*sorrowfully*) Still
 Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
 And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
 And goes to-morrow. [*Exit MARY, L. C.*]

PHIL. (*to RENARD, who advances to him*). Well, sir, is there more?

REN. (*who by gesture shows that he has perceived the QUEEN*). May Simon
 Renard speak a single word?

PHIL. Ay.

REN. And be forgiven for it?

PHIL. Simon Renard
 Knows me too well to speak a single word
 That could not be forgiven.

REN. Well, my liege,
 Your Grace hath a most chaste and loving wife.

PHIL. Why not? The Queen of Philip should be chaste.

REN. Ay! but, my Lord, you know what Virgil sings,
 Woman is various and most mutable.

PHIL. She play the harlot! never!

REN. No, sire! no,
 Not dream'd of by the rabidest gospeller.
 There was a paper thrown into the palace,
 "The King hath wearied of his barren bride."
 She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
 With all the rage of one who hates a truth
 He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have you—
 What should I say? I cannot pick my words—

* It was a source of the most extreme trouble and anguish to Mary that there appeared to be little probability of her having issue of her marriage. Fearful of losing her husband's love she continually led him to believe that the long-looked for event was about to take place, and preparations for it were constantly being made, but with no good result. This was greatly to the satisfaction of her enemies, who saw by such failure of issue the end of the Spanish rule and the accession of Elizabeth to the throne. To heighten as much as possible Mary's misery, little scraps of paper containing insulting sentences were dropped all over the palace, wherever she was likely to walk, even in her private chamber. This failure of issue produced in Philip coldness and dislike, the consequence of which was that the latter part of her reign was as miserable as can well be imagined.

Be somewhat less—majestic to your Queen.

PHIL. (*testily*). Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,
Because these islanders are brutal beasts ?

Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers ?

REN. Brief-sighted tho' they be, I have seen them, sire,
When you perchance were trifling royally
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed
It would have burnt both speakers.

PHIL. Ay, and then ?

REN. Sire, might it not be policy in some matter
Of small importance now and then to cede
A point to her demand ?

PHIL. Well, I am going.

REN. For should her love when you are gone, my liege,
Witness these papers, there will not be wanting
Those that will urge her injury—should her love—
And I have known such women more than one—
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate—
And she impress her wrongs upon her Council,
And these again upon her Parliament—
We are not loved here, and would be then perhaps
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,
As else we might be—here she comes.

He moves aside, and with an obeisance retires up the stage, L., as MARY enters, L. C.

MARY (*advancing quickly and affectionately*). O Philip !
Nay, must you go indeed ?

PHIL. (*coldly*). Madam, I must.

MARY. The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart ; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

PHIL. You say true, madam.

" MARY. The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
" Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.

" If such a prince were born and you not here !

" PHIL. I should be here if such a prince were born."

MARY. But must you go ?

PHIL. Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to Heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brussels.
But since mine absence will not be for long,
Your Majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

" MARY. To Dover ? no,

" I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,

" So you will have me with you ; and there watch

" All that is gracious in the breath of Heaven

" Draw with your sails from our poor land, and pass

" And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for you.

“PHIL. And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.”

MARY (*appealing affectionately*). Methinks that would you tarry one day more

(The news was sudden) I could mould myself
To bear your goigg better; will you do it?

PHIL. Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY. A day may save a heart from breaking too.

PHIL. Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

REN. (*advancing—craftily*). Your Grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHIL. Then one day more to please her Majesty.

MARY. The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
O if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

PHIL. By St. James, I do protest,
Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
(*coldly*) Simon, is supper ready?

REN. Ay, my liege;

I saw the covers laying.

PHIL. (*coldly and sternly*). Let us have it.

Picture—RENARD, smiling sardonically and eyeing keenly PHILIP and MARY, moving off towards C. D., but pausing midway; PHILIP, cold and impassive, C.; MARY gently and timidly resting her hand on his arm and gazing lovingly and anxiously in his face.

ACT IV.*

SCENE I.—*A room in the palace.*

MARY and CARDINAL POLE discovered.

MARY. What have you there?

POLE. So please your Majesty,
A long petition from the foreign exiles
To spare the life of Cranmer. Bishop Thirlby,
And my Lord Paget and Lord William Howard,
Crave, in the same cause, hearing of your Grace.
Hath he not written himself—infatuated—
To sue for his life?

MARY. His life? Oh, no;
Not sued for that—he knows it were in vain.
But so much of the anti-papal leaven
Works in him yet, he hath pray'd me not to sully
Mine own prerogative, and degrade the realm
By seeking justice at a stranger's hand
Against my natural subject. King and Queen,
To whom he owes his loyalty after God,

* The whole of this Act is to be omitted in representation, excepting the latter portion of the last scene, commencing with the entry of the two old women, Joan and Tib, which is, as previously directed, to be transferred to the Third Act, to form the fourth scene of that Act.

Shall these accuse him to a foreign prince ?
 Death would not grieve him more. I cannot be
 True to this realm of England and the Pope
 Together, says the heretic.

POLE. And there errs ;
 As he hath ever err'd thro' vanity,
 A secular kingdom is but as the body
 Lacking a soul ; and in itself a beast.
 The Holy Father in a secular kingdom
 Is as the soul descending out of heaven
 Into a body generate.

MARY. Write to him, then.

POLE. I will.

MARY. And sharply, Pole.

POLE. Here come the Cranmerites !

Enter THIRLBY, LORD PAGET, and LORD WILLIAM HOWARD.

HOWARD. Health to your Grace. Good-morrow, my Lord Cardinal ;
 We make our humble prayer unto your Grace
 That Cranmer may withdraw to foreign parts,
 Or into private life within the realm.
 In several bills and declarations, madam,
 He hath recanted all his heresies.

PAGET (*aside*). Ay, ay ! if Bonner have not forged the bills.

MARY. Did not More die, and Fisher ? he must burn.

HOWARD. He hath recanted, madam.

MARY. The better for him.
 He burns in purgatory, not in hell.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, your Grace ; but it was never seen
 That any one recanting thus at full,
 As Cranmer hath, came to the fire on earth.

MARY. It will be seen now, then.

THIRL. O, madam ! madam !
 I thus implore you, low upon my knees,
 To reach the hand of mercy to my friend.
 I have err'd with him ; with him I have recanted.
 What human reason is there why my friend
 Should meet with lesser mercy than myself ?

MARY. My Lord of Ely, this. After a riot
 We hang the leaders, let their following go.
 Cranmer is head and father of these heresies,
 New learning as they call it ; yea, may God
 Forget me at most need when I forget
 Her foul divorce—my sainted mother—no !

HOWARD. Ay, ay ! but mighty doctors doubted there.
 The Pope himself waver'd ; and more than one
 Row'd in that galley—Gardiner to wit,
 Whom truly I deny not to have been
 Your faithful friend and trusty councillor.
 Hath not your Highness ever read his book,
 His tractate upon True Obedience,
 Writ by himself and Bonner.

MARY. I will take
 Such order with all bad, heretical books
 That none shall hold them in his house and live,
 Henceforward. No, my Lord.

HOWARD. Then never read it.
 The truth is here. Your father was a man
 Of such colossal kinghood, yet so courteous,
 Except when wroth, you scarce could meet his eye
 And hold your own; and were he wroth indeed,
 You held it less, or not at all. I say,
 Your father had a will that beat men down;
 Your father had a brain that beat men down——

POLE. Not me, my Lord.

HOWARD. No, for you were not here;
 You sit upon this fallen Cranmer's throne;
 And it would more become you, my Lord Legate,
 To join a voice, so potent with her Highness,
 To ours in plea for Cranmer than to stand
 On naked self-assertion.

MARY. All your voices
 Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

HOWARD. Yet once he saved your Majesty's own life;
 Stood out against the King in your behalf,
 At his own peril.

MARY. I know not if he did;
 And if he did I care not, my Lord Howard.
 My life is not so happy, no such boon,
 That I should spare to take a heretic priest's,
 Who saved it or not saved. Why do you vex me?

PAGET. Yet to save Cranmer were to save the Church,
 Your Majesty's I mean; he is effaced,
 Self-blotted out; so wounded in his honor,
 He can but creep down into some dark hole
 Like a hurt beast, and hide himself and die;
 But if you burn him—well, your Highness knows
 The saying—"Martyr's blood—seed of the church."

MARY. Of the true church; but his is none, nor will be.
 You are too politic for me, my Lord Paget.
 And if he have to live so loath'd a life,
 It were more merciful to burn him now.

THIRL. O yet relent. O, madam, if you knew him
 As I do, ever gentle, and so gracious,
 With all his learning——

MARY. Yet a heretic still.
 His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRL. So worshipt of all those that came across him;
 The stranger at his hearth, and all his house——

MARY. His children and his concubine, belike.

THIRL. To do him any wrong was to beget
 A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,
 Of such fine mould, that if you sow'd therein
 The seed of hate, it blossom'd charity.

POLE. "After his kind it costs him nothing," there's
 An old world English adage to the point.
 These are but natural graces, my good Bishop,
 Which in the Catholic garden are as flowers,
 But on the heretic dunghill only weeds.

HOWARD. Such weeds make dunghills gracious.

MARY. Enough, my Lords.
 It is God's will, the Holy Father's will,
 And Philip's will, and mine, that he should burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD. Farewell, madam,
God grant you ampler mercy at your call
Than you have shown to Cranmer. [Exit LORDS.]

POLE. After this,
Your Grace will hardly care to overlook
This same petition of the foreign exiles,
For Cranmer's life.

MARY. Make out the writ to night. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Oxford.—CRANMER in prison.

CRAN. Last night I dream'd the fagots were alight,
And that myself was fasten'd to the stake,
And found it all a visionary flame,
Cool as the light in old decaying wood ;
And then King Harry look'd from out a cloud,
And bade me have good courage ; and I heard
An angel cry, "There is more joy in heaven."—
And after that, the trumpet of the dead. (*trumpets without*)
Why, there are trumpets blowing now ! what is it ?

Enter FATHER COLE.

COLE. Cranmer, I come to question you again ;
Have you remained in the true Catholic faith
I left you in ?

CRAN. In the true Catholic faith,
By Heaven's grace, I am more and more confirm'd.
Why are the trumpets blowing, Father Cole ?

COLE. Cranmer, it is decided by the Council
That you to-day should read your recantation
Before the people in St. Mary's church.
And there be many heretics in the town,
Who loathe you for your late return to Rome,
And might assail you passing through the street,
And tear you peacemeal ; so you have a guard.

CRAN. Or seek to rescue me. I thank the Council.

COLE. Do you lack any money ?

CRAN. Nay, why should I ?
The prison fare is good enough for me.

COLE. Ay ! but to give the poor.

CRAN. Hand it to me, then !
I thank you.

COLE. For a little space, farewell !
Until I see you in St. Mary's church. [Exit COLE.]

CRAN. It is against all precedent to burn
One who recants ; they mean to pardon me.
To give the poor—they give the poor who die.
Well, burn me or not burn me, I am fixt ;
It is but a communion, not a mass :
A holy supper, not a sacrifice ;
No man can make his Maker—Villa Garcia.

Enter VILLA GARCIA.

GARCIA. Pray you write out this paper for me, Cranmer.

CRAN. Have I not writ enough to satisfy you ?

GARCIA. It is the last.

CRAN. Give it me, then. (*he writes.*)

GARCIA. Now sign.

CRAN. I have sign'd enough, and I will sign no more.

GARCIA. It is no more than what you have sign'd already,
The public form thereof.

CRAN. It may be so ;

I sign it with my presence, if I read it.

GARCIA. But this is idle of you. Well, sir, well,

You are to beg the people to pray for you ;

Exhort them to a pure and virtuous life ;

Declare the Queen's right to the throne ; confess

Your faith before all hearers ; and retract

That Eucharistic doctrine in your book.

Will you not sign it now ?

CRAN. No Villa Garcia,

I sign no more. Will they have mercy on me ?

GARCIA. Have you good hopes of mercy ! So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

CRAN. Good hopes, not theirs, have I that I am first,

Fixt beyond fall ; however, in strange hours,

After the long brain-dazzling colloquies,

And thousand times recurring argument

Of those two friars ever in my prison,

When left alone in my despondency,

Without a friend, a book, my faith would seem

Dead or half-drown'd, or else swam heavily

Against the huge corruptions of the church,

Monsters of mistradition, old enough

To scare me into dreaming, " what am I,

Cranmer, against whole ages ?" was it so,

Or am I slandering my most inward friend,

To veil the fault of my most outward foe—

The soft and tremulous coward in the flesh ?

O higher, holier, earlier, purer church,

I have found thee and not leave thee any more.

It is but a communion, not a mass—

No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast ! (*writes*)

So, so ; this will I say—thus will I pray. (*puts up the paper.*)

Enter BONNER.

BON. Good-day, old friend ; what, you look somewhat worn :

And yet it is a day to test your health

E'en at the best : I scarce have spoken with you

Since when ?—your degradation. At your trial

Never stood up a bolder man than you ;

You would not cap the Pope's commissioner—

Your learning, and your stoutness, and your heresy,

Dumbfounded half of us. So, after that,

We had to dis-archbishop and unlord,

And make you simple Cranmer once again.

The common barber clipt your hair, and I

Scraped from your finger-points the holy oil ;

And worse than all, you had to kneel to *me* :

Which was not pleasant for you, Master Cranmer.

Now you, that would not recognize the Pope,

And you, that would not own the Real Presence,
Have found a real presence in the stake,
Which frights you back into the ancient faith ;
And so you have recanted to the Pope.
How are the mighty fallen, Master Cranmer ?

CRAN. You have been more fierce against the Pope than I ;
But why fling back the stone he strikes me with ? (*aside*)
O, Bonner ! if I ever did you kindness—
Power hath been given you to try faith by fire—
Pray you, remembering how yourself have changed,
Be somewhat pitiful, after I have gone,
To the poor flock—to women and to children—
That when I was archbishop held with me.

BON. Ay—gentle as they call you—live or die !
Pitiful to this pitiful heresy ?
I must obey the Queen and Council, man.
Win thro' this day with honor to yourself,
And I'll say something for you—so—good-by.

[*Exit.*]

CRAN. This hard, coarse man of old hath crouch'd to me
Till I myself was half ashamed for him.

Enter THIRLBY.

Weep not, good Thirlby.

THIRL. Oh, my Lord, my Lord !
My heart is no such block as Bonner's is ;
Who would not weep ?

CRAN. Why do you so my-lord me,
Who am disgraced ?

THIRL. On earth ; but saved in heaven
By your recanting.

CRAN. Will they burn me, Thirlby ?

THIRL. Alas, they will ! these burnings will not help
The purpose of the faith ; but my poor voice
Against them is a whisper to the roar
Of a spring-tide.

CRAN. And they will surely burn me ?

THIRL. Ay ; and besides, will have you in the church
Repeat your incantation in the ears
Of all men, to the saving of their souls,
Before your execution. May God help you
Thro' that hard hour.

CRAN. And may God bless you, Thirlby.

Well, they shall hear my recantation there. [*Exit THIRLBY.*]
Disgraced, dishonor'd !—not by them, indeed,
By mine own self—by mine own hand !
O thin-skinn'd hand and jutting veins, 'twas you
That sign'd the burning of poor Joan of Kent ;
But then she was a witch. You have written much,
But you were never raised to plead for Frith,
Whose dogmas I have reach'd ; he was deliver'd
To the secular arm to burn ; and there was Lambert ;
Who can foresee himself ? truly, these burnings,
As Thirlby says, are profitless to the burners,
And help the other side. You shall burn too,
Burn first when I am burnt.
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony ! Latimer

Had a brief end—act Ridley. Hooper burn'd
 Three-quarters of an hour. Will my fagots
 Be wet as his were? It is a day of rain.
 I will not muse upon it.
 My fancy takes the burner's part, and makes'
 The fire seem even crueller than it is.
 No, I not doubt that God will give me strength,
 Albeit I have denied Him.

Enter SOTO and VILLA GARCIA.

GARCIA. We are ready
 To take you to St. Mary's, Master Cranmer.
 CRAN. And I: lead on; ye loose me from my bonds. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*St. Mary's Church.*

COLE *in the pulpit*, LORD WILLIAMS OF THAME *presiding*. LORD WILLIAM HOWARD, LORD PAGET, *and others*. CRANMER *enters between SOTO and VILLA GARCIA, and the whole choir strike up "Nunc D'mittis."* CRANMER *is set upon a scaffold before the people.*

COLE. Behold him—(*a pause; people in the foreground.*)

PEOPLE. Oh, unhappy sight!

FIRST PROTESTANT. See how the tears run down his fatherly face.

SECOND PROT. James, didst thou ever see a carrion crow
 Stand watching a sick beast before he dies?

FIRST PROT. Him perch'd up there? I wish some thunderbolt
 Would make this Cole a cinder, pulpit and all.

COLE. Behold him, brethren: he hath cause to weep!—
 So have we all: weep with him if ye will,
 Yet—

It is expedient for one man to die,

Yea, for the people, lest the people die.

Yet wherefore should he die that hath return'd

To the one Catholic Universal Church,

Repentant of his errors?

PROTESTANT *murmurs*. Ay, tell us that.

COLE. Those of the wrong side will despise the man,
 Deeming him one that thro' the fear of death
 Gave up his cause, except he seal his faith
 In sight of all with flaming martyrdom.

CRAN. Ay.

COLE. Ye hear him, and albeit there may seem
 According to the canons, pardon due
 To him that so repents, yet are there causes
 Wherefore our Queen and Council at this time
 Adjudge him to the death. He hath been a traitor,
 A shaker and confounder of the realm;
 And when the King's divorce was sued at Rome,
 He here, this heretic metropolitan,
 As if he had been the Holy Father, sat
 And judged it. Did I call him heretic?
 A huge heresiarch! never was it known
 That any man so writing, preaching so,
 So poisoning the Church, so long continuing,

Hath found his pardon ; therefore he must die,
For warning and example.

Other reasons

There be for this man's ending, which our Queen
And Council at this present deem it not
Expedient to be known.

PROTESTANT *murmurs.* I warrant you.

COLE. Take therefore, all, example by this man,
For if our holy Queen not pardon him,
Much less shall others in like cause escape,
That all of you, the highest as the lowest,
May learn there is no power against the Lord.
There stands a man, once of so high degree,
Chief prelate of our Church, archbishop, first
In council, second person in the realm,
Friend so long time of a mighty King ;
And now ye see downfallen and debased
From councillor to caitiff—fallen so low,
The leprous flutterings of the byway, scum
And offal of the city would not change
Estates with him ; in brief, so miserable
There is no hope of better left for him,
No place for worse.

Yet, Cranmer, be thou glad.

This is the work of God. He is glorified
In thy conversion : lo ! thou art reclaim'd ;
He brings thee home : nor fear but that to-day
Thou shalt receive the penitent thief's award,
And be with Christ the Lord in Paradise.
Remember how God made the fierce fire seem
To those three children like a pleasant dew.

Remember, too,

The triumph of St. Andrew on his cross,
The patience of St. Lawrence in the fire.
Thus, if thou call on God and all the saints,
God will beat down the fury of the flame,
Or give thee saintly strength to undergo.
And for thy soul shall masses here be sung
By every priest in Oxford. Pray for him.

CRAN. Ay ! one and all, dear brothers, pray for me ;
Pray with one breath, one heart, one soul, for me.

COLE. And now, lest any one among you doubt
The man's conversion and remorse of heart,
Yourselves shall hear him speak. Speak, Master Cranmer,
Fulfill your promise made me, and proclaim
Your true undoubted faith, that all may hear.

CRAN. And that I will. Oh, God, Father of Heaven !
O, Son of God, Redeemer of the world !
O, Holy Ghost ! proceeding from them both,
Three persons and one God, have mercy on me,
Most miserable sinner, wretched man.
I have offended against heaven and earth
More grievously than any tongue can tell.
Then whither should I flee for any help ?
I am ashamed to lift my eyes to heaven,
And I can find no refuge upon earth.
Shall I despair then ?—God forbid ! O, God,

For Thou art merciful, refusing none
 That come to Thee for succor, unto Thee,
 Therefore, I come; humble myself to Thee;
 Saying, O Lord God, although my sins be great,
 For Thy great mercy have mercy! O God the Son,
 Not for slight faults alone, when Thou becamest
 Man in the flesh, was the great mystery wrought;
 O God the Father, not for little sins
 Didst Thou yield up Thy Son to human death;
 But for the greatest sin that can be sinn'd,
 Yea, even such as mine, incalculable,
 Upardonable—sin against the light,
 The truth of God, which I had proven and known
 Thine mercy must be greater than all sin.
 Forgive me, Father, for no merit of mine,
 But that Thy name by man be glorified,
 And Thy most blessed Son's, who died for man.

Good people, every man at time of death
 Would fain set forth some saying that may live
 After his death and better humankind;
 For death gives life's last word a power to live,
 And, like the stone-cut epitaph, remain
 After the vanish'd voice, and speak to men.
 God grant me grace to glorify my God!
 And first I say it is a grievous case,
 Many so dote upon this bubble world,
 Whose colors in a moment break and fly,
 They care for nothing else. What saith St. John:
 'Love of this world is hatred against God.'
 Again, I pray you all that, next to God,
 You do unmurmuringly and willingly
 Obey your King and Queen, and not for dread
 Of these alone, but from the fear of Him
 Whose ministers they be to govern you.
 Thirdly, I pray you all to love together
 Like brethren; yet what hatred Christian men
 Bear to each other, seeming not as brethren,
 But mortal foes! But do you good to all
 As much as in you lieth. Hurt no man more
 Than you would harm your loving natural brother
 Of the same roof, same breast. If any do,
 Albeit he think himself at home with God,
 Of this be sure, he is whole worlds away.

PROTESTANT *mu-murs*. What sort of brothers then be those that lust
 To burn each other?

WILLIAMS. Peace among you, there.

CRAN. Fourthly, to those that own exceeding wealth,
 Remember that sore saying spoken once
 By Him that was the truth, "how hard it is
 For the rich man to enter into heaven;"
 Let all rich men remember that hard word.
 I have not time for more; if ever, now
 Let them flow forth in charity, seeing now
 The poor so many, and all food so dear.
 Long have I lain in prison, yet have heard
 Of all their wretchedness. Give to the poor,
 Ye give to God. He is with us in the poor.

And now, and forasmuch as I have come
To the last end of life, and thereupon
Hangs all my past, and all my life to be,
Either to live with Christ in heaven with joy,
Or to be still in pain with devils in hell;
And seeing in a moment, I shall find (*pointing upwards*)
Heaven or else hell ready to swallow me, (*pointing downwards*)
I shall declare to you my very faith
Without all color.

COLE. Hear him, my good brethren.

CRAN. I do believe in God, Father of all;
In every article of the Catholic faith,
And every syllable taught us by our Lord,
His prophets, and apostles, in the Testaments,
Both Old and New.

COLE. Be plainer, Master Cranmer.

CRAN. And now I come to the great cause that weighs
Upon my conscience more than anything
Or said or done in all my life by me;
For there be writings I have set abroad
Against the truth I knew within my heart,
Written for fear of death, to save my life,
If that might be; the papers by my hand
Sign'd since my degradation—by this hand (*holding out his right hand*)
Written and sign'd—I here renounce them all;
And, since my hand offended, having written
Against my heart, my hand shall first be burnt,
So I may come to the fire. (*dead silence. PROTESTANT murmurs*)

FIRST PROT. I knew it would be so.

SECOND PROT.

Our prayers are heard!

THIRD PROT. God bless him!

CATHOLIC *murmurs*.

Out upon him! out upon him!

Liar! dissembler! traitor! to the fire!

WILLIAMS (*raising his voice*). You know that you recanted all you said
Touching the sacrament in that same book
You wrote against my Lord of Winchester;
Dissemble not; play the plain Christian man.

CRAN. Alas, my Lord,

I have been a man loved plainness all my life;
I *did* dissemble, but the hour has come
For utter truth and plainness; wherefore, I say,
I hold by all I wrote within that book.

Moreover,

As for the Pope I count him Antichrist,
With all his devil's doctrines; and refuse,
Reject him, and abhor him I have said.

(*Cries on all sides. "Pull him down! Away with him!"*)

COLE. Ay, stop the heretic's mouth. Hail him away.

WILLIAMS. Harm him not, harm him not; have him to the fire.

CRANMER *goes out between two FRIARS, smiling; hands are reached to him from the crowd. LORD WILLIAM HOWARD and LORD PAGET are left alone in the church.*

PAGET. The nave and aisles all empty as a fool's jest!

No, here's Lord William Howard. What my Lord,

You have not gone to see the burning ?

HOWARD. Fie !

To stand at ease, and stare as at a show,
And watch a good man burn. Never again.
I saw the deaths of Latimer and Ridley.
Moreover, tho' a Catholic, I would not,
For the pure honor of our common nature,
Hear what I might—another recantation
Of Cranmer at the stake.

PAGET. You'd not hear that.

He pass'd out smiling, and he walk'd upright ;
His eye was like a soldier's whom the general
He looks to and leans on as his God,
Hath rated for some backwardness and bidd'n him
Charge one against a thousand, and the man
Hurls his soil'd life against the pikes and dies.

HOWARD. Yet that he might not after all those papers
Of recantation yield again, who knows ?

PAGET. Papers of recantation ; think you then
That Cranmer read all papers that he sign'd ?
Or sign'd all those they tell us that he sign'd ?
Nay, I trow not : and you shall see, my Lord,
That howsoever hero-like the man
Dies in the fire, this Bonner or another
Will in some lying fashion misreport
His ending, to the glory of their church.
And you saw Latimer and Ridley die ?
Latimer was eighty, was he not ? his best
Of life was over then.

HOWARD. His eighty years
Look'd somewhat crooked on him in his frieze ;
But after they had stript him to his shroud,
He stood upright, a lad of twenty-one,
And gather'd with his hands the starting flame,
And wash'd his hands and all his face therein,
Until the powder suddenly blew him dead.
Ridley was longer burning ; but he died
As manfully and boldly, and 'fore God.
I know them heretics, but right English ones.
If ever, as Heaven grant, we clash with Spain,
Our Ridley-soldiers and our Latimer-sailors
Will teach her something.

PAGET. Your mild Legate Pole
Will tell you that the devil helpt them thro' it. (*a murmur of the
CROWD in the distance*)

Hark, how those Roman wolfdogs howl and bay him.

HOWARD. Might it not be the other side rejoicing
In his brave end ?

PAGET. They are too crush'd, too broken ;
They can but weep in silence.

HOWARD. Ay, ay, Paget,
They have brought it in large measure on themselves.
Have I not heard them mock the blessed Host
In songs so lewd the beast might roar his claim
To being in God's image more than they ?
Have I not seen the gamekeeper, the groom,
Gardener, and huntsman, in the parson's place,

The parson from his own spire swung out dead,
 And Ignorance crying in the streets, and all men
 Regarding her? I say they have drawn the fire
 On their own heads: yet, Paget, I do hold
 The Catholic, if he have the greater right,
 Hath been the crueller.

PAGET. Action and reaction,
 The miserable see-saw of our child-world,
 Make us despise it at odd hours, my Lord.
 Heaven help that this reaction not react
 Yet fierelier under Queen Elizabeth,
 So that she come to rule us.

HOWARD. The world's mad.

PAGET. My Lord, the world is like a drunken man,
 Who cannot move straight to his end—but reels,
 Now to the right, then as far to the left,
 Push'd by the crowd beside—and underfoot
 An earthquake; for since Henry for a doubt—
 Which a young lust had clapt upon the back,
 Crying, "Forward,"—set our old church rocking, men
 Have hardly known what to believe, or whether
 They should believe in anything; the currents
 So shift and change they see not how they are borne,
 Nor whither. I conclude the King a beast;
 Verily, a lion, if you will—the world
 A most obedient beast and fool—myself
 Half beast and fool as appertaining to it;
 Altho' your Lordship hath as little of each
 Cleaving to your original Adam-clay,
 As may be consonant with mortality.

HOWARD. We talk and Cranmer suffers.

The kindest man I ever knew; see, see,
 I speak of him in the past. Unhappy land!
 Hard-natured Queen half Spanish in herself,
 And grafted on the hard-grain'd stock of Spain—
 Her life, since Philip left her, and she lost
 Her fierce desire of bearing him a child,
 Hath, like a brief and bitter winter's day,
 Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close.
 There will be more conspiracies, I fear.

PAGET. Ay, ay, beware of France.

HOWARD. O Paget, Paget!

I have seen heretics of the poorer sort,
 Expectant of the rack from day to day,
 To whom the fire were welcome, lying chain'd
 In breathless dungeons over steaming sewers,
 Fed with rank bread that crawl'd upon the tongue,
 And putrid water, every drop a worm,
 Until they died of rotted limbs; and then
 Cast on the dunghill naked, and become
 Hideously alive again from head to heel,
 Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit
 With hate and horror.

PAGET. Nay, you sicken *me*

To hear you.

HOWARD. Fancy-sick; these things are done,

Done right against the promise of this Queen
Twice given.

PAGET. No faith with heretics, my Lord!
Hist! there be two old gossips—gospellers,
I take it; stand behind the pillar here;
I warrant you they talk about the burning.

NOTE.—From this point to the end of the Act forms the Fourth Scene of the Third Act.

Enter two OLD WOMEN, L. 1 E. JOAN, and after her TIB.

JOAN. Why, it be Tib.

TIB. I cum behind tha, gall, and couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet! What a day, what a day! nigh upo' judgment daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lords' cheer o' that daay.

JOAN (*crossing over, R., and sitting down on projecting portion of the wing*). I must set down myself, Tib; it be a var waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip.* Eh, my rheumatizy be that bad, howiver be I to win to the burmin'.

TIB (*following, and standing by her side*). I should say 'twur ower by now. I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble† wur blow'd wi' the wind, and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

JOAN. Our Daisy's as good 'z her.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Our Daisy's cheeses be better.

TIB. Noa, Joan.

JOAN. Eh, then ha thy waay wi' me, Tib; ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.

TIB. Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' dree hard eggs for a good pplace at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'nd ha' been a-harrowin' o' white pease i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind. Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so'z we was forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.

PAGET and HOWARD enter, L. 2 E., and pause^l to listen.

JOAN. Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell'ee now, I heerd summat as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a-cum to dine wi' un, and a-wur so owld a-couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a-had to bide howsom-iver, vor, "I wunt dine," says my Lord Bishop, says he, "not till I hears ez Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells un ez the vire has tuk holt, "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to 'z meat wi' a will, God bless un; but Gardiner wur struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a-set him all a-vire, so'z the tongue on un cum a-lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord, therevore.

PAGET (*aside*). The fools!

* A village in the vicinity of the city of Oxford.

† Dumble and Daisy are the names of the favorite milch cows of these two old ladies.

TIB. Ay, Joan; the Queen Mary gwoes on a-burnin' and a-burnin', to git her baaby born; but all her burnin's 'ill never burn out the hypocrisy that makes the water in her. There's nought but the vire "of God's hell" ez can burn out that.

JOAN. Thank the Lord, therevore.

PAGET (*aside*). The fools!

TIB. A-burnin', and a-burnin', and a-makin o' volk madder and madder; but tek thou my word vor't, Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere land vor iver and iver.

HOWARD (*angrily, advancing*). Out of the church, you brace of cursed croncs,

Or I will have you duck'd. (WOMEN *hurry out*, R. 1 E.) Said I not right?

For how should reverend prelate or throned prince

Brook for an hour such brute malignity?

"Ah, what an acrid wine has Luther brew'd!"

PAGET. Pooh, pooh, my Lord! poor garrulous country wives.

Buy you their cheeses, and they'll side with you;

You cannot judge the liquor from the lees.

HOWARD. I think that in some sort we may. But see,

Enter PETERS. L. 1 E., in deep distress.

Peters, my gentleman, an honest Catholic,
Who follow'd with the crowd to Cranmer's fire.

One that would neither misreport nor lie,

Not to gain Paradise; no, nor if the Pope

Charged him to do it—he's white as death.

Peters, how pale you look! you bring the smoke

Of Cranmer's burning with you.

PETERS. Twice or thrice

The smoke of Cranmer's burning wrapt me round.

HOWARD (C.). Peters, you know me Catholic, but English.

Did he die bravely? Tell me that, or leave

All else untold.

PETERS (L.). My Lord, he died most bravely.

HOWARD. Then tell me all.

PAGET. Ay, Master Peters, tell us.

PETERS. You saw him how he past among the crowd;

And ever as he walk'd, the Spanish friars

Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:

But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm

Steers, ever looking to the happy haven

Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;

And I could see that many silent hands

Came from the crowd and met his own; and thus

When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer,

He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind

Is all made up, in haste put off the rags

They had mock'd his misery with, and all in white,

His long white beard, which he had never shaven

Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain,

Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood,

More like an ancient father of the Church,

Than heretic of these times; and still the friars

Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,

Or answer'd them in smiling negatives ;
 Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry :—
 " Make short ! make short ! " and so they lit the wood.
 Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
 And thrust his right into the bitter flame ;
 And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
 " This hath offended—this unworthy hand ! "
 So held it till it all was burn'd, before
 The flame had reach'd his body ; I stood near—
 Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain :
 He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue,
 Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
 Gave up the ghost ; and so past, martyr-like—
 Martyr I may not call him—past—but whither ?

PAGET. To purgatory, man, to purgatory.

PETERS. Nay, but, my Lord, he denied purgatory.

PAGET. Why, then, to heaven, and God ha' mercy on him.

HOWARD. Paget, despite his fearful heresies,
 I loved the man, and needs must moan for him ;
 O Cranmer !

PAGET. But your moan is useless now :
 Come out, my Lord ; it is a world of fools. [*Exeunt*, R. 1 E.]

ACT V.*

SCENE I.—*London. Hall in the Palace.*

QUEEN and SIR NICHOLAS HEATH enter, L. 1 E.

HEATH (L. C.). Madam,
 I do assure you that it must be look'd to :
 Calais is but ill-garrison'd, in Guisnes
 Are scarce two hundred men, and the French fleet
 Rule in the narrow seas. It must be look'd to,
 If war should fall between yourself and France ;
 Or you will lose your Calais.

PHILIP appears, R. 2 E.—*pauses.*

MARY (C.). It shall be look'd to ;
 I wish you a good morning, good Sir Nicholas :
 Here is the King.

[HEATH makes his obeisance and exits, L. 1 E., as PHILIP advances.]

PHIL. (R. C.). Sir Nicholas tells you true,
 And you must look to Calais when I go.

MARY. Go ! must you go, indeed—again—so soon ?
 Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,
 That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
 Stays longer here in our poor north than you :—
 Knows where he nested—ever comes again.

PHIL. (*coldly throughout*). And, madam, so shall I.

MARY. O, will you ? will you ?

* Act IV. in representation.

I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHIL. Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.

MARY. Voices—I hear unhappy rumors—(PHILIP *frowns*) nay, I say not I believe. What voices call you dearer than mine that should be dearest to you?
“Alas, my Lord! what voices and how many?”

PHIL. The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan—
“The voices of Franche-Comté, and the Netherlands,”
“The voices of Peru and Mexico,”
“Tuni, and Oran, and the Philippines,”
And all the fair spice-islands of the East.

MARY (*admiringly*). You are the mightiest monarch upon earth, I but a little Queen; and so, indeed, Need you the more; and wherefore could you not Helm the huge vessel of your state, my liege, Here, by the side of her who loves you most?

PHIL. No, madam, no! a candle in the sun Is all but smoke—a star beside the moon Is all but lost; your people will not crown me— Your people are as cheerless as your clime; Hate me and mine: witness the brawls, the gibbets, Here swings a Spaniard—there an Englishman; The peoples are unlike as their complexion; Yet will I be your swallow and return— But now I cannot bide. (*crosses.*)

MARY. Not to help me?

They hate me also for my love to you,
My Philip; and these judgments on the land—
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague—

PHIL. (*sternly*). The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more! (*crosses*)

MARY (*c.*, *in agony*). I will, I will; and you will stay.

PHIL. Have I not said? Madam I came to sue
Your Council and yourself to declare war.

“MARY. Sir, there are many English in your ranks
“To help your battle.

“PHIL. So far, good. I say
“I came to sue your Council and yourself
“To declare war” against the King of France.

MARY (*with disappointment*). Not to see me?

PHIL. (*coldly*). Ay, madam, to see you.
(*aside*) Unalterably and pesteringly fond!
(*aloud*) But soon or late you must have war with France;
King Henry warms your traitors at his hearth.
Carew is there, and Thomas Stafford there.
Courtenay, belike—

MARY. A fool and featherhead!

PHIL. Ay, but they use his name. “In brief, this Henry
“Stirs up your land against you to the intent
“That you may lose your English heritage.
“And then, your Scottish namesake marrying
“The Dauphin, he would weld France, England, Scotland,
“Into one sword to hack at Spain and me.

“MARY. And yet the Pope is now colleagued with France;
“You make your wars upon him down in Italy—

" Philip, can that be well ?

" PHIL. Content you, madam ;
 " You must abide my judgment, and my father's,
 " Who deems it a most just and holy war.
 " The Pope would cast the Spaniard out of Naples ;
 " He calls us worse than Jews, Moors, Saracens.
 " The Pope has push'd his horns beyond his mitre—
 " Beyond his province. Now,
 " Duke Alva will but touch him on the horns,
 " And he withdraws ; and of his holy head—
 " For Alva is true son of the true church—
 " No hair is harm'd. Will you not help me there ?"

MARY. Alas ! the Council will not hear of war.
 They say your wars are not the wars of England.
 They will not lay more taxes on a land
 So hunger-nipt and wretched ; and you know
 The crown is poor. " We have given the church lands back ;
 " The nobles would not ; nay, they clapt their hands
 " Upon their swords when ask'd ; and therefore God
 " Is hard upon the people." What's to be done ?
 Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
 And we will raise us loans and subsidies
 Among the merchants ; and Sir Thomas Gresham
 Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

PHIL. Madam, my thanks.

MARY (*eagerly*). And you will stay your going ?

PHIL. (*evading the question*). And further to discourage and lay lame
 The plots of France, altho' you love her not,
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.
 She stands between you and the Queen of Scots.

MARY. The Queen of Scots at least is Catholic.

PHIL. Ay, madam, Catholic ; but I will not have
 The King of France the King of England too.

MARY. But she's a heretic, and when I am gone,
 Brings the new learning back.

PHIL. It must be done.
 You must proclaim Elizabeth your heir.

MARY (*submissively*). Then it is done ; but you will stay your going
 Somewhat beyond your settled purpose ?

PHIL. (*coldly*). No !

MARY. What, not one day ?

PHIL. (*petulantly*). You beat upon the rock.

MARY (*piteously*). And I am broken there.

PHIL. (*sternly*). Is this a place
 To wail in, madam ? what ! a public hall.
 Go in, I pray you.

MARY (*entreatingly*). Do not seem so changed.
 Say go ; but only say it lovingly.

PHIL. You do mistake. I am not one to change.
 I never loved you more.

MARY. Sire, I obey you.
 Come quickly.

PHIL. (*crossing, R.*). Ay !

[Exit MARY, *sadly*—looking back tearfully, L. 2 E.]

Enter COUNT DE FERIA, L. 2 E.]

FERIA (*aside*). The Queen in tears.

PHIL. (*turning round*). Feria!

Hast thou not mark'd—(*advances*) come closer to mine ear—
How doubly aged this Queen of ours hath grown
Since she lost hope of bearing us a child?

FERIA (*L. C., subserviently*). Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I.

PHIL. Hast thou not likewise mark'd Elizabeth,
How fair and royal—like a Queen, indeed?

FERIA (*as before*). "Allow me the same answer as before—
"That" if your Grace hath mark'd her, so have I.

PHIL. (*pointedly*). Good, now; methinks my Queen is like enough
To leave me by-and-by.

FERIA. To leave you, sire?

PHIL. (*cautiously*). I mean not like to live. Elizabeth—
To Philibert of Savoy, as you know,
We meant to wed her; but I am not sure
She will not serve me better—so my Queen
Would leave me—as—my wife.

FERIA. Sire, even so.

"PHIL. She will not have Prince Philibert of Savoy.

"FERIA. No, sire."

PHIL. I have to pray you, some odd time,
To sound the Princess carelessly on this;
Not as from me, but as your fantasy;
And tell me how she takes it.

"FERIA. Sire, I will.

"PHIL. I am not certain but that Philibert
"Shall be the man; and I shall urge his suit
"Upon the Queen, because I am not certain:"
You understand me, Feria?

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHIL. (*with meaning*). And if you be not secret in this matter—
You understand me there, too?

FERIA. Sire, I do.

PHIL. You must be sweet and supple, like a Frenchman.
She is none of those who loathe the honeycomb.

[*Exit FERIA, L. 2 E.*

Enter RENARD, R. 2 E.

REN. My liege, I bring you goodly tidings.

PHIL. Well.

REN. There *will* be war with France at last, my liege;
Sir Thomas Stafford, a bull-headed ass,
Sailing from France, with thirty Englishmen,
Hath taken Scarboro' Castle, north of York;
Proclaims himself protector, and affirms
The Queen has forfeited her right to reign
By marriage with an alien—other things
As idle; a weak Wyatt! Little doubt
This buzz will soon be silenced! but the Council
(I have talk'd with some already) are for war
This is the fifth conspiracy hatch'd in France;
They show their teeth upon it; and your Grace,
So you will take advice of mine, should stay
Yet for a while, to shape and guide the event.

PHIL. Good! Renard, I will stay then.

REN. (*artfully*). Also, sire,
Might I not say—to please your wife, the Queen ?
PHIL. (*with a sinister laugh*). Ay, Renard, if you care to put it so.
[*Exeunt*, R. 2 E.]

SCENE II.—*A room in the Palace.*

MARY and CARDINAL POLE *discovered, seated*. LADY CLARENCE and ALICE
standing in the recess of the window in the background.

MARY. Reginal Pole, what news hath plagued thy heart ?
What makes thy favor like the bloodless head
Fall'n on the block, and held up by the hair ?
Philip ?—

POLE. No, Philip is as warm in life
As ever.

MARY. Ay, and then as cold as ever.
Is Calais taken ?

POLE. Cousin, there hath chanced
A sharper harm to England and to Rome
Than Calais taken. Julius the Third,
Was ever just, and mild, and fatherlike ;
But this new Pope Caraffa, Paul the Fourth,
Not only reft me of that legateship
Which Julius gave me, and the legateship
Annex'd to Canterbury—nay, but worse—
“ And yet I must obey the Holy Father,
“ And so must you, good cousin :—worse than all,
“ A passing bell toll'd in a dying ear—”
He hath cited me to Rome, for heresy,
Before his Inquisition.

MARY. I knew it, cousin,
But held from you all papers sent by Rome,
That you might rest among us, till the Pope,
To compass which I wrote myself to Rome,
Reversed his doom, and that you might not seem
To disobey his Holiness.

POLE. He hates Philip ;
He is all Italian, and he hates the Spaniard ;
He cannot dream that *I* advised the war ;
He strikes thro' me at Philip and yourself.
Nay, but I know it of old, he hates me too ;
So brands me in the stare of Christendom
A heretic ! (*rises and paces up and down*)
“ Now, even now, when bow'd before my time,
“ The house half-ruin'd ere the lease be out ;
“ When I should guide the church in peace at home,
“ After my twenty years of banishment,
“ And all my lifelong labor to uphold
“ The primacy—a heretic. Long ago,
“ When I was ruler in the patrimony,
“ I was too lenient to the Lutheran,
“ And I and learned friends among ourselves
“ Would freely canvass certain Lutheranisms.
“ What then, he knew I was no Lutheran.
“ A heretic !
“ He drew this shaft against me to the head,

"When it was thought I might be chosen Pope,
 "But then withdrew it. In full consistory,
 "When I was made Archbishop, he approved me.
 "And how should he have sent me Legate hither,
 "Deeming me heretic? and what heresy since?
 "But he was evermore mine enemy,
 "And hates the Spaniard—fiery-choleric,
 "A drinker of black, strong, volcanic wines,
 "That ever makes him fierier." I, a heretic! (*bitterly*)
 (*pauses before MARY*) Your Highness knows that in pursuing
 heresy

I have gone beyond your late Lord Chancellor—
 He cried Enough! enough! before his death.—
 Gone beyond him and mine own natural man
 "(it was God's cause);" so far they call me now,
 The scourge and butcher of their English church.

MARY. Have courage, your reward is heaven itself.

POLE (*pausing to and fro*). They groan amen; they swarm into the fire
 Like flies—for what? no dogma. They know nothing.
 They burn for nothing.

MARY. You have done your best.

POLE. Have done my best, and as a faithful son,
 That all day long hath wrought his father's work,
 When back he comes at evening hath the door
 Shut on him by the father whom he loved,
 His earlier follies cast into his teeth,
 And the poor son turn'd out into the street
 To sleep, to die—I shall die of it, cousin. (*pausing to and fro*
much disturbed.)

MARY. I pray you be not so disconsolate;
 I still will do mine utmost with the Pope.
 Poor cousin.
 Have I not been the fast friend of your life
 Since mine began? and it was thought we two
 Might make one flesh, and cleave unto each other
 As man and wife.

POLE. Ah, cousin, I remember
 How I would dandle you upon my knee
 At lisping age. "I watch'd you dancing once
 "With your huge father; he look'd the great Harry,
 "You but his cockboat; prettily you did it,
 "And innocently." No—we were not made
 One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
 But now we are made one flesh in misery;
 Our bridemaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
 Ingratitude, injustice, evil-tongue,
 Labor-in-vain.

MARY. Surely, not all in vain.
 Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE (*bitterly*). Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
 Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond;
 And there is one death stands behind the groom,
 And there is one death stands behind the bride—

MARY. Have you been looking at the "Dance of Death?"

POLE (*pausing before MARY excitedly, and producing papers*). No; but
 these libellous papers which I found
 Strewn in your palace. Look you here—the Pope

Pointing at me with " Pole, the heretic,
Thou hast burnt others, do thou burn thyself,
Or I will burn thee!" and this other, see!

" We pray continually for the death
Of our accursed Queen, and Cardinal Pole."

(*aside*) This last—I dare not read it her.

MARY (*starting up—alarmed*). Away!

Why do you bring me these?

I thought you knew me better. I never read,
I tear them; they come back upon my dreams.

The hands that write them should be burnt clean off

As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them
Tongue-torn with pincers, lash'd to death, or lie

Famishing in black cells, while famish'd rats

Eat them alive. Why do they bring me these?

Do you mean to drive me mad? (*crosses, excitedly pressing her hands to her head.*)

POLE. I had forgotten

How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,

Sweet cousin, and farewell! " O bubble world,

Whose colors in a moment break and fly!"

Why, who said that? I know not—true enough! (*puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.*) [*Exits, L. 1 E.*]

ALICE (*aside*). If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,
And heard these two, there might be sport for him. (*LADY CLARENCE advances to the QUEEN*)

MARY (*with fear and suspicion*). Clarence, they hate me: even while I speak

There lurks a silent dagger, listening

In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,

And panting for my blood as I go by.

LADY C. Nay, madam, there be loyal papers too,

And I have often found them.

MARY. Find me one!

LADY C. Ay, madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the Chancellor,
Would see your Highness.

MARY. Wherefore should I see him?

LADY C. " Well, madam," he may bring you news from Philip.

MARY (*sinks into chair, R.*). So, Clarence?

LADY C. Let me first put up your hair;

It tumbles all abroad.

MARY (*despondingly*). And the gray dawn

Of old age that never will be mine

Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what matters?

Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH, L. 1 E.

HEATH (*after saluting—speaks with hesitation*). I bring your Majesty
much grievous news

I grieve to bring it. (*pauses, then speaks with difficulty, and sorrowfully*) Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY (*fiercely—starting up*). What traitor spoke? Here, let my
cousin Pole

Seize him and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH. Her Highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY C. Madam, your chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

MARY (*sinks back in chair*). Sir Nicholas? I am stunn'd—Nicholas Heath?

(*piteously, and vaguely*) Methought some traitor smote me on the head.

What said you, my good Lord, that our brave English Had sallied out from Calais and driven back The Frenchmen from their trenches?

HEATH (*sadly*). Alas! no.

That gateway to the mainland over which Our flag hath floated for two hundred years Is France again.

MARY (*stifling her emotion*). So; but it is not lost — Not yet. (*starts up, speaking vehemently, and pacing to and fro*)

Send out; let England as of old Rise lionlike, strike hard and deep into The prey they are rending from her—ay, and rend The renders too. Send out, send out, and make Musters in all the counties; gather all From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet; Let every craft that carries sail or gun Steer toward Calais. (*stopping suddenly, c.*) Guisnes is not taken yet?

HEATH (L. C.). Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY. There yet is hope.

HEATH. Ah, madam, but your people are so cold; I do much fear that England will not care. Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY (*vehemently*). Send out; I am too weak to stir abroad: Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament: Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself To babble of their coldness. O would I were My father for an hour! Away now—quick!

[HEATH bows and exits, L. 1 E.]

I hoped I had served God with all my might! It seems I have not. Ah! much heresy Shelter'd in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt Your shrines, set up your broken images; Be comfortable to me. Suffer not That my brief reign in England be defamed Thro' all her angry chronicles hereafter By loss of Calais. (*piteously*) Grant me Calais. "Philip, "We have made war upon the Holy Father "All for your sake: what good could come of that?

"LADY C. No, madam, not against the Holy Father; "You did but help King Philip's war with France. "Your troops were never down in Italy.

"MARY." I am a byword. Heretic and rebel Point at me and make merry. Philip gone! And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too! (*sobs convulsively and leans on LADY CLARENCE for support.*)

LADY C. Nay, if the fetid gutter had a voice And cried I was not clean, what should I care? Or you, for heretic cries? And I believe, Spite of your melancholy Sir Nicholas, Your England is as loyal as myself.

MARY (*rousing herself; then after a pause, seeing the paper dropped by POLE*). There, there! another paper! Said you not

Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

LADY C. (*alarmed*). Let it be, let it be.

"God pardon me! I have never yet found one."

MARY (*picking it up—reads*). "Your people hate you as your husband
hates you."

Clarence, Clarence, what have I done? what sin
Beyond all grace, all pardon? "Mother of God,
"Thou knowest" never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
My people hate me and desire my death.

LADY C. No, madam, no.

MARY (*with grief*). My husband hates me and desires my death.

LADY C. No, madam; these are libels.

MARY (*much agitated and in weak tones*). I hate myself and I desire my
death. (*sinks into the chair faint and exhausted; ALICE ad-
vances timidly and speaks with soothing tenderness.*)

"LADY C. Long live your Majesty! Shall Alice sing you

"One of her pleasant songs? Alice, my child,

"Bring us your lute. (*ALICE goes*) They say the gloom of Saul

"Was lighten'd by young David's harp.

"MARY. Too young!

"And never knew a Philip. (*re-enter ALICE*) Give me the lute.

"He hates me! (*she sings*)

"Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!

"Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost in loathing:

"Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—

"Low, lute, low!

"Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;

"Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;

"Low, my lute! oh, low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—

"Low, dear lute, low!

"Take it away! not low enough for me!"

ALICE. Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY (*angrily*). How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!

A low voice from the dust and from the grave. (*sinks from the
chair on to the footstool*)

There, am I low enough now? (*she appears to become unconscious.*)

ALICE (*aside*). "Good Lord!" how grim and ghastly looks her Grace
With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.

There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,

And this was open'd, and the dead were found

Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse.

Enter LADY MAGDALEN DACRES, L. 1 E.

LADY MAGDALEN. Madam, the Count de Feria waits without,
In hopes to see your Highness.

LADY C. (*pointing to MARY*). Wait he must—

Her trance again. She neither sees nor hears,

And may not speak for hours.

LADY M. (L. C.). Unhappiest

Of Queens and wives and women.

ALICE (*advancing to the foreground with LADY MAGDALEN*). And all along
Of Philip.

LADY M. (*aside*). Not so loud! "Our Clarence there
 "Sees ever such an aureole round the Queen,
 "It gilds the greatest wronger of her peace,
 "Who stands the nearest to her."

ALICE (*aside*). Ay, this Philip;
 I used to love the Queen with all my heart—
 God help me, but methinks I love her less
 For such a dotage upon such a man.
 "I would I were as tall and strong as you.

"LADY M. I seem half-shamed at times to be so tall.

"ALICE. You are the stateliest deer in all the herd—
 "Beyond his aim—but I am small and scandalous,
 "And love to hear bad tales of Philip.

"LADY M. Why?
 "I never heard him utter worse of you
 "Than that you were low-statured.

"ALICE. Does he think
 "Low stature is low nature, or all women's
 "Low as his own?

"LADY M. There you strike in the nail.
 "This coarseness is a want of fantasy.
 "It is the low man thinks the woman low;
 "Sin is too dull to see beyond himself.

"ALICE. Ah, Magdalen, sin is bold as well as dull.
 "How dared he?

"LADY M. Stupid soldiers oft are bold.
 "Poor lads, they see not what the general sees,
 "A risk of utter ruin. I am *not*
 "Beyond his aim, or was not.

"ALICE. Who? Not you?
 "Tell, tell me: save my credit with myself.

"LADY M. I never breathed it to a bird in the eaves,
 "Would not for all the stars and maiden moon
 "Our drooping Queen should know! In Hampton Court
 "My window look'd upon the corridor;
 "And I was robing;—this poor throat of mine
 "Barer than I should wish a man to see it—
 "When he we speak of drove the window back,
 "And, like a thief, push'd in his royal hand;
 "But by God's providence a good stout staff
 "Lay near me; and you know me strong of arm;
 "I do believe I lamed his Majesty's
 "For a day or two, tho', give the devil his due,
 "I never found he bore me any spite."

ALICE. I would she could have wedded that poor youth,
 My Lord of Devon—"light enough, God knows,
 "And mixt with Wyatt's rising—and the boy
 "Not out of him—but neither cold, coarse, cruel,
 "And more than all—no Spaniard."

LADY C. Not so loud.
 Lord Devon, girls! what are you whispering here?

ALICE. Probing an old state-secret—how it chanced
 That this young Earl was sent on foreign travel,
 Not lost his head.

LADY C. There was no proof against him.

ALICE. Nay, madam; did not Gardiner intercept
 A letter which the Count de Noailles wrote

To that dead traitor, Wyatt, with full proof
Of Courtenay's treason? What became of that?

LADY C. Some say that Gardiner, out of love for him,
Burnt it, and some relate that it was lost
When Wyatt sack'd the Chancellor's house in Southwark.
Let dead things rest.

ALICE. Ay, and with him who died
Alone in Italy.

LADY C. Much changed, I hear,
"Had put off levity and put graveness on.
"The foreign courts report him in his manner
"Noble as his young person and old shield.
"It might be so"—but all is over now;
He caught a chill in the lagoons of Venice,
And died in Padua.

MARY (*looking up suddenly*). Died in the true faith?

LADY C. Ay, madam, happily.

MARY. Happier he than I.

LADY M. It seems her Highness hath awaken'd. Think you
That I might dare to tell her that the Count—

MARY (*rising assisted by LADY C.*). I will see no man hence forever-
more,

Saving my confessor, and my cousin Pole.

LADY M. It is the Count de Feria, my dear lady.

MARY (*vacantly*). What Count?

LADY M. The Count de Feria, from his Majesty,
King Philip.

MARY (*with sudden energy—during the speaking LADY CLARENCE and
ALICE assist her*). Philip! quick! loop up my hair!
Throw cushions on that seat, and make it throne-like.
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl
That Philip brought me in our happy days—
That covers all. So—am I somewhat queenlike,
Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth? (*strives to stand
as erect as possible.*)

LADY C. Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet.

MARY (*excitedly*). No, no! he brings a letter. I may die
Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

Enter COUNT DE FERIA, L. 1 E.—kneels.

FERIA. I trust your Grace is well. (*she offers her hand which he kisses,
then rises, aside*) How her hand burns!

MARY. I am not well, but it will better me,
Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

FERIA. Madam, I bring no letter.

MARY. How! no letter?

FERIA. His highness is so vex'd with strange affairs—

MARY (*bitterly*). That his own wife is no affair of his.

FERIA. Nay, madam, nay! he sends his veriest love,
And says, he will come quickly.

MARY. Doth he, indeed?

"You, sir, do you remember what you said

"When last you came to England?"

"FERIA. Madam, I brought

"My King's congratulations; it was hoped

"Your Highness was once more in happy state

"To give him an heir male.

"MARY. Sir, you said more;
 "You said he would come quickly. I had horses
 "On all the road from Dover, day and night;
 "On all the road from Harwich, night and day;
 "But the child came not, and the husband came not;
 "And yet he will come quickly." . . . Thou hast learnt
 Thy lesson, and I mine. There is no need
 For Philip so to shame himself again.
 Return,
 And tell him that I know he comes no more.
 Tell him at last I know his love is dead,
 And that I am in state to bring forth death—
 Thou art commission'd to Elizabeth,
 And not to me. (*sinks into chair.*)

FERIA. Mere compliments and wishes,
 But shall I take some message from your Grace?

MARY. Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,
 And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

FERIA. Then I may say your Grace will see your sister?
 Your Grace is too low spirited. "Air and sunshine."
 "I would we had you, madam, in our warm Spain."
 "You droop in your dim London."

MARY (*to LADY CLARENCE*). Have him away,
 I sicken of his readiness.

LADY C. My Lord Count, (*waving her hand*)
 "Her Highness is too ill for colloquy."

FERIA. I wish her Highness better. "*(aside)* How her hand burns."

Kneels and kisses her hand, then bows and exits. L. 1 E., pausing for a moment to look back at the QUEEN. Slow music, and MARY falls back gently in her chair, supported by LADY CLARENCE; ALICE in an attitude of pity, anxiety, and fear, with clasped and upraised hands, standing behind.

SCENE III.—*A House near London.*

Enter ELIZABETH, L. 1 E., followed by STEWARD OF THE HOUSEHOLD, and ATTENDANTS.

ELIZ. There's half an angel wrong'd in your account;
 Methinks that I am all angel, that I bear it
 Without more ruffling. Cast it o'er again.

STEWARD. I were whole devil if I wrong'd you, madam.

[*Exit STEWARD, L. 1 E.*

ATTENDANT (L.). The Count de Feria, from the King of Spain.

ELIZ. (C.). Ah!—let him enter. Nay, you need not go; (*to LADIES*)
 Remain within the chamber, but apart.

We'll have no private conference. [*They draw aside, R. 2 E.*

Enter FERIA, L. 1 E.

Welcome to England!

FERIA. Fair island star. (*kneeling, kisses her hand, then rises.*)

ELIZ. (C.). I shine! What else, Sir Count?

FERIA (L. C.). As far as France, and into Philip's heart.
 My King would know if you be fairly served,
 And lodged, and treated.

- ELIZ. You see the lodging, sir,
I am well served, and am in everything
Most loyal and most grateful to the Queen.
- FERIA. You should be grateful to my master, too ;
He spoke of this ; and unto him you owe
That Mary hath acknowledged you her heir.
- ELIZ. No, not to her nor him ; but to the people,
Who know my right, and love me, as I love
The people ! whom God aid !
- FERIA. You will be Queen,
And, were I Philip——
- ELIZ. Wherefore pause you—what ?
- FERIA. Nay, but I speak for mine own self, not him :
Your royal sister cannot last ; your hand
Will be much coveted ! What a delicate one !
Our Spanish ladies have none such—and there,
Were you in Spain, this fine fair gossamer gold—
Like sun-gilt breathings on a frosty dawn—
That hovers round your shoulders—
- ELIZ. Is it so fine ?
Troth, some have said so.
- “ FERIA. —Would be deemed a miracle.
- “ ELIZ. Your Philip hath gold hair and golden beard,
“ There must be ladies many with hair like mine.
- “ FERIA. Some few of Gothic blood have golden hair,
“ But none like yours.
- “ ELIZ.” (*sarcastically*). I am happy you approve it.
- FERIA. But as to Philip and your Grace—consider—
If such a one as you should match with Spain,
What hinders but that Spain and England join’d
Should make the mightiest empire earth has known ?
Spain would be England on her seas, and England
Mistress of the Indies.
- ELIZ. It may chance that England
Will be the mistress of the Indies yet,
Without the help of Spain.
- FERIA. Impossible ;
Except you put Spain down.
Wide of the mark e’en for a madman’s dream.
- ELIZ. Perhaps ; but we have seamen. Count de Feria,
“ I take it that the King hath spoken to you ;
“ But is Don Carlos such a goodly match ?
- “ FERIA. Don Carlos, madam, is but twelve years old.
- “ ELIZ. Ay,” tell the King that I will muse upon it.
He is my good friend, and I would keep him so ;
But—he would have me Catholic of Rome,
And that I scarce can be ; and, sir, till now
My sister’s marriage, and my father’s marriages,
Make me full fain to live and die a maid.
But I am much beholden to your King.
Have you aught else to tell me ?
- FERIA (*coldly and annoyed*). Nothing, madam,
Save that methought I gather’d from the Queen
That she would see your Grace before she—died.
- ELIZ. (*angrily*). God’s death ! and wherefore spake you not before ?
We dally with our lazy moments here,
And her’s are number’d. (*with energy*) Horses there, without !

I am much beholden to the King, your master.
Why did you keep me prating? Horses, there!

[Exit ELIZABETH, etc., R. 1 E.

FERIA. So, from a clear sky falls the thunderbolt!

“Don Carlos?” Madam, if you marry Philip,
Then I and he will snaffle your “God’s death,”
And break your paces in, and make you tame;
“God’s death, forsooth”—you do not know King Philip.

[Exit, L. 1 E.

SCENE IV.—*London. Before the Palace. A light burning within.*

TWO CITIZENS enter, L. 1 E.

FIRST. Is not yon light in the Queen’s chamber?

SECOND. Ay,
They say she’s dying.

FIRST. So is Cardinal Pole.
May the great angels join their wings, and make
Down for their heads to heaven?

SECOND. Amen! Come on.

[Ezeunt, R. 1 E.

TWO OTHERS enter, L. 1 E.

FIRST. There’s the Queen’s light. I hear she cannot live.

SECOND. “God” curse her and her Legate! Gardiner burns
Already; but to pay them full in kind,
The hottest hold in all the devil’s den
Were but a sort of winter; sir, in Guernsey,*
I watch’d a woman burn; and in her agony
The mother came upon her—a child was born—
And, sir, they hurl’d it back into the fire,
That, being but baptized in fire, the babe
Might be in fire forever. Ah, good neighbor,
There should be something fierier than fire
To yield them their deserts.

FIRST. Amen to all

You wish, and further.

A THIRD CITIZEN enters, R. 1 E.

THIRD CITIZEN. Deserts! Amen to what? Whose deserts? Yours?
You have a gold ring on your finger, and soft raiment about your
body; and is not the woman up yonder sleeping after all she has done,
in peace and quietness, on a soft bed, in a closed room, with a light fire,
physic, tendance; and I have seen “the” true men “of Christ” lying
famine-dead by scores, and under no ceiling but the cloud that wept on
them, not for them.

FIRST. Friend, tho’ so late, it is not safe to preach.

You had best go home. What are you?

THIRD. What am I? One who cries continually with sweat and tears
to the Lord “God that it would please Him out of His infinite love” to
break down all kingship and queenship, all priesthood and prelacy: to
cancel and abolish all bonds of human allegiance, all the magistracy,
all the nobles, and all the wealthy; “and to send us again, according

* An island in the English Channel.

“to His promise, the one King, the Christ, and all things in common,
“as in the day of the first church, when Christ Jesus was King.”

FIRST. If ever I heard a madman—let's away!

Why, you long-winded—Sir, you go beyond me.

I pride myself on being moderate.

Good-night! Go home. Besides, you curse so loud,

The watch will hear you. Get you home at once.

[*Exeunt* FIRST and SECOND CITIZENS, R. 1 E. THIRD CITIZEN, L. 1 E.

SCENE V.—*London. A room in the Palace.*

LADY CLARENCE, LADY MAGDADEN DAGRES, and ALICE, *in a group whispering*, L. 3 E.—*the QUEEN pacing the gallery. A writing-table, c.—*
QUEEN *comes to the table and writes and goes again, pacing the gallery.*

LADY C. Mine eyes are dim; what hath she written? read.

ALICE (*advances to the table, and then draws back*). “I am dying, Philip; come to me.”

LADY M. There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.

ALICE. And how her shadow crosses one by one

The moonlight casements pattern'd on the wall,

Following her like her sorrow. She turns again. (*QUEEN returns, sits and writes, and goes again.*)

LADY C. What hath she written now?

ALICE. Nothing; but “come, come, come,” and all awry,
And blotted by her tears. This cannot last. (*QUEEN returns.*)

MARY (*in a melancholy tone*). I whistle to the bird has broken cage,
And all in vain. (*sitting down, R.*)

Calais gone—Guisnes gone, too—and Philip gone!

LADY C. Dear madam, Philip is but at the wars;

I cannot doubt but that he comes again;

And he is with you in a measure still.

I never look'd upon so fair a likeness

As your great King in armor there, his hand

Upon his helmet. (*pointing to the portrait of PHILIP on the wall.*)

MARY. Doth he not look noble?

I had heard of him in battle over seas,

And I would have my warrior all in arms.

He said it was not courtly to stand helmeted

Before the Queen. He had his gracious moment

Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles

As if he loved me yet!

LADY C. (*soothingly*). And so he does.

MARY. He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.

It was his father's policy against France.

I am eleven years older than he,

Poor boy. (*weeps.*)

“ALICE. That was a lusty boy of twenty-seven;

“Poor enough in God's grace!

“MARY.” —And all in vain!

The Queen of Scots is married to the Dauphin,

And Charles, the lord of this low world is gone;

And all his wars and wisdoms past away;

And in a moment I shall follow him.

LADY C. Nay, dearest lady, see your good physician.

MARY. Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—

That I must rest—I shall rest by-and-by.
 Catch the wild cat, cage him, and when he springs
 And maims himself against the bars, say “rest;”
 Why, you must kill him if you would have him rest—
 Dead or alive you cannot make him happy.

LADY C. Your Majesty has lived so pure a life,
 And done such mighty things by Holy Church,
 I trust that God will make you happy yet.

MARY. What is the strange thing happiness? Sit down here,
 Tell me thine happiest hour.

LADY C. I will, if that
 May make your Grace forget yourself a little. (*sits by QUEEN*)
 There runs a shallow brook across our field
 For twenty miles, where the black crow flies five,
 And doth so bound and babble all the way
 As if itself were happy. It was May-time,
 And I was walking with the man I loved.
 I loved him, but I thought I was not loved.
 And both were silent, letting the wild brook
 Speak for us—till he stoop'd and gather'd one
 From out a bed of thick forget-me-nots,
 Look'd hard and sweet at me, and gave it me;
 I took it, tho' I did not know I took it,
 And put it in my bosom, and all at once
 I felt his arms about me, and his lips—

MARY (*starting up wildly and with increasing intensity. LADY C. rises and stands motionless, gazing with alarm and astonishment*). O God!
 I have been too slack, too slack;

There are hot Gospellers even among our guards—
 Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt
 The heretic priest, workmen, and women and children.
 Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath—
 We have so play'd the coward; but, by God's grace,
 We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up
 The Holy Office here—garner the wheat,
 And burn the tares with unquenchable fire!
 Burn!—

Fie, what a savor! tell the cooks to close,
 The doors of all the offices below.
 Latimer!

Sir, we are private with our women here—
 Ever a rough, blunt, and uncourtly fellow—
 Thou light a torch that never will go out!
 'Tis out—mine flames. Women, the Holy Father
 Has ta'en the legateship from our cousin Pole—
 Was that well done? and poor Pole pines of it,
 As I do, to the death. I am but a woman—
 I have no power.—Ah, weak and meek old man,
 Sevenfold dishonor'd even in the sight
 Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon!—
 Why, that was false: there is the right hand still
 Beckons me hence.
 Sir, you were burnt for heresy, not for treason,
 Remember that! 'twas I and Bonner did it,
 And Pole; we are three to one—Have you found mercy there?
 Grant it me here: and see he smiles and goes,
 Gentle as in life.

ALICE (*softly, advancing*). Madam, who goes? King Philip?

MARY (*wandering*). No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.

Women, when I am dead,
Open my heart, and there you will find written
Two names, Philip and Calais; open his—
So that he have one—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me!
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice!
Adulterous to the very heart of hell.
Hast thou a knife?

ALICE (*alarmed*). Ay, madam, but o' God's mercy—

MARY. Fool, think'st thou I would peril mine own soul
By slaughter of the body? I could not, girl,
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,
Unwoundable. Thy knife!

ALICE (*lending it with hesitation*). Take heed, take heed!
The blade is keen as death.

MARY (*wildly*). This Philip shall not
Stare in upon me in my haggardness;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down. (*cuts out the picture
and throws it down*)
Lie there. (*wails*) O God, I have killed my Philip. (*falls back in
chair.*)

ALICE. No,

Madam, you have but cut the canvas out;
We can replace it.

MARY (*struggles to rise*). All is well then; rest—
I will to rest; he said I must have rest. (*cries of "ELIZABETH"
in the street*)

(*starting up*) A cry! What's that? Elizabeth? revolt?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave.

LADY C. (*soothingly*). Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY (*savagely*). I will not see her.

Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister?
I will see none except the priest. Your arm. (*to LADY C.*)
O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile
Among thy patient wrinkles.—Help me hence.

[*Exeunt, gallery, R. The PRIEST passes.*]

Enter ELIZABETH and SIR WILLIAM CECIL, L. 1 E.

ELIZ. (C.). Good counsel yours—(*looking round*)
No one in waiting? still,
As if the chamberlain were Death himself!
The room she sleeps in—is not this the way?
No, that way there are voices. Am I too late?
Cecil . . . God guide me, lest I lose the way.

[*Exit ELIZABETH, gallery, R.*]

CECIL. Many points weather'd, many perilous ones,
At last a harbor opens; but therein
Sunk rocks—they need fine steering—much it is
To be nor mad nor bigot—have a mind—
Not let priests' talk, or dream of worlds to be,
Miscolor things about her—sudden touches

For him, or him—sunk rocks; no passionate faith—
 But—if let be—balance and compromise;
 Brave, wary, sane to the heart of her—a Tudor
 School'd by the shadow of death—a Boleyn, too,
 Glancing across the Tudor—not so well.

Re-enter ALICE.

How is the good Queen now?

ALICE. Away from Philip.

Back in her childhood—prattling to her mother
 Of her betrothal to the Emperor Charles.
 And childlike-jealous of him again—"and once
 "She thank'd her father sweetly for his book
 "Against that godless German." Ah, those days
 Were happy. It was never merry world
 In England, since the Bible came among us.

"CECIL. And who says that?

"ALICE. It is a saying among the Catholics."

CECIL. It never will be merry world in England,

Till all men have their Bible, rich and poor.

ALICE. The Queen is dying, or you dare not say it.

Re-enter ELIZABETH, agitated.

ELIZ. (*advancing, c.*) The Queen is dead!

CECIL. Then here she stands! my homage. (*kneels.*)

ELIZ. She knew me, and acknowledged me her heir,
 Pray'd me to pay her debts, and keep the Faith:
 Then claspt the cross, and pass'd away in peace.
 I left her lying still and beautiful,
 More beautiful than in life. Why would you vex yourself,

(*CECIL rises*)

Poor sister? Sir, I swear I have no heart
 To be your Queen. To reign is restless fence,
 Tierce, quart, and trickery. Peace is with the dead.
 Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt;
 And she loved much; pray God she be forgiven.

CECIL. Peace with the dead, who never were at peace!

Yet she lov'd one so much—I needs must say—
 That never English monarch dying left
 England so little.

ELIZ. But with Cecil's aid

And others, if our person be secured
 From traitor stabs—we will make England great.

*Enter PAGET, and other LORDS OF THE COUNCIL, SIR RALPH BAGEN-
 HALL, etc., R. and L. GUARDS enter, L. of gallery, and range across.*

LORDS. God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England!

BAG. God save the Crown: "the Papacy is no more.

"PAGET (*aside*). Are we so sure of that?"


ACCLAMATION (*all uncovering*).

God save the Queen!


CURTAIN.



—“Sweetest Shake-pere, Nature’s child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”—MILTON.

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No.

- 28 A HAPPY PAIR. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith.** One male and one female character. A neat dramatic sketch of a conjugal misunderstanding. Modern dresses. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 29 TURNING THE TABLES. A Farce in one act, by John Poole.** Five male and three female characters. One of the happiest efforts of the famous author of "Paul Pry." The part of Jeremiah Bumps is redolent with quaint humor. A standard acting piece. Dresses and scenery of the present day. Time in representation, sixty-five minutes.
- 30 THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGGS. A Farce in one act, by Augustus Mayhew and Sutherland Edwards.** Five male and three female characters. Gay, rollicking, full of incessant action, having three of the most comical characters imaginable. Costumes of the present period. Scene, a lawyer's office. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 31 TAMING A TIGER. A Farce in one act, altered from the French.** Three male characters. In this a dashing light comedian and fiery, petulant old man cannot fail to extort applause. Modern dresses; and scene, a modern apartment. Time in representation, twenty five minutes.
- 32 THE LITTLE REBEL. A Farce in one act, by J. Sterling Coyne.** Four male and three female characters. An excellent piece for a sprightly young actress. Dresses and scenery of the present day. Easy of production. Time in representation, about forty-five minutes.
- 33 ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams.** Two male and three female characters. Adapted from a popular French vaudeville. Costume of the time. Scene, parlor in country house. Time of representation, fifty minutes.
- 34 LARKIN'S LOVE LETTERS. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams.** Three male and two female characters. The piece has excellent parts for first low comedy—first old man and a soubrette. Dresses of the day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 35 A SILENT WOMAN. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Hailes Lacy.** Two male and one female characters. One of the prettiest little pieces on the English stage. Dresses of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 36 BLACK SHEEP. a Drama in three acts, from Edmund Yates' novel of the same name, and arranged for the stage by J. Palgrave Simpson and the author.** Seven male and five female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scenery, an interior; gardens at Homburg, and a handsome parlor. Time in playing, two and a half hours.
- 37 A SILENT PROTECTOR. A Farce in one act by Thomas J. Williams.** Three male and two female characters. An active, bustling piece of ingenuity, which affords abundant opportunities for the display of Quickfidget's eccentricities. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 38 THE RIGHTFUL HEIR. A Drama in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer).** Ten male and two female characters. A revision and improvement of the author's play of the "Sea Captain," originally produced under management of Mr. Macready. Costumes of the English Elizabethan period, armor, doublets, tights, &c. Scenery picturesque and elaborate. The play contains numerous scenes and passages, which could be selected for declamation. Time in representation, two hours and forty-five minutes.
- 39 MASTER JONES' BIRTHDAY. A Farce in one act, by John Maddison Morton.** Four male and two female characters. A very amusing and effective composition, particularly suited to amateurs. Dresses of the day; and scene, a plain interior. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 40 ATCHI. A Comedietta in one act, by John Maddison Morton.** Three male and two female characters. A gem in pleasantry, whose conclusion is irresistibly comic. Costume of the day. Scene, a tastefully laid out garden. Time in representation, forty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 41 BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and two female characters. A sprightly satirical rebuke to those that patronize advertised nostrums. Costumes of the day. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 42 TIME AND THE HOUR.** A Drama in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson and Felix Dale. Seven male and three female characters. An excellent acting play, full of life and incident, the parts of Medicott and Marian Beck being capable of impressive representation—all others good. Costumes of the present period. Scenery, gardens and exterior, cottage and garden, and an old oaken chamber. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 43 SISTERLY SERVICE.** An original Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Seven male and two female characters. An interesting piece. Costumes, rich dresses of the musketeers of Louis XIII. Scenes, an apartment of that period, and a corridor in the royal palace of France. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 44 WAR TO THE KNIFE.** a Comedy in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. A pleasing, entertaining and morally instructive lesson as to extravagant living; capitally adapted to the stage. Costumes of the present time. Scenes, three interiors. Time in representation, one hour and three quarters.
- 45 OUR DOMESTICS.** A Comedy Farce in two acts, by Frederick Hay. Six male and six female characters. An irresistibly facetious exposition of high life below stairs, and of the way in which servants treat employers during their absence. Costumes of the day. Scenes, kitchen and dining room. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 46 MIRIAM'S CRIME.** A Drama in three acts, by H. T. Craven. Five male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays, and easily put on the stage. Costumes modern. Scenery, modern English interiors, two in number. Time in representation, two hours.
- 47 EASY SHAVING.** A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand and Montagu Williams. Five male and two female characters. A neat and effective piece, with excellent parts for low comedian and singing chamber maid. Costumes of the days of Charles II of England. Scene, a barber's shop. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 48 LITTLE ANNIE'S BIRTHDAY.** An original personation Farce, by W. E. Suter. Two male and four female characters. A good farce, whose effectiveness depends upon a singing young lady, who could make the piece a sure success. Costumes modern. Scene, an apartment in an English country house. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 49 THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.** A Drama in one act, by J. Maddison Morton. Eight male and two female characters. A successful little play. Costumes of the time of the French Revolution of 1795. Scene, the platform of a fortress. Time in representation, one hour.
- 50 THE PORTER'S KNOT.** A serio-comic Drama in two acts, by John Oxenford. Eight male and two female characters. Interesting and thoroughly dramatic. Costumes of the day. Scenes, an interior of cottage and exterior of seaside hotel. Time in representation, one hour and a quarter.
- 51 A MODEL OF A WIFE.** A Farce in one act, by Alfred Wigan. Three male and two female characters. Most amusing in conception and admirably carried out. Costumes of the day. Scene, a painter's studio. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 52 A CUP OF TEA.** A Comedietta in one act. Translated from the French of *Une Tasse de Thé*, by Charles Nuttier and J. Derley. Three male and one female characters. An exquisite petty comedy, well adapted for amateur representation. Costumes modern. Scene, handsome drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 53 GERTRUDE'S MONEY BOX.** A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Four male and two female characters. A successful, well written piece; an incident in rural life. Costumes of the present time. Scene, interior of a cottage. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 54 THE YOUNG COLLEGIAN (The Cantab).** A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and two female characters. A rattling piece, filled with ludicrous situations, which could be splendidly worked up by a good light comedian. Costumes modern; and scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, fifty minutes.
- 55 CATHARINE HOWARD; or, the Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold.** An historical play in three acts [from the celebrated play of that name, by Alexander Dumas]; adapted by W. D. Suter. Twelve male and five female characters. A most successful acting drama in both France and England. Costumes of the period of Henry VIII of England, artistic and rich. Scenery elaborate and historical. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 56 TWO GAY DECEIVERS; or, Black, White and Gray.** A Farce in one act by T. W. Robertson. Three male characters. Adapted from the French of one of the most laughable vaudevilles on the Parisian stage. Costumes of present day. Scene, a cell in a police station. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 57 NOEMIE.** A Drama in two acts, translated and adapted from the French of Dennery and Clement by T. W. Robertson. Four male and four female characters. Originally acted in Paris, this piece created such a sensation that it was produced subsequently at all the leading theatres of London. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden scene and a richly furnished interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half. Easily put on the stage.
- 58 DEBORAH (LEAH); or, the Jewish Maiden's Wrong.** A Drama in three acts, by Charles Smith Cheltenham. Seven male and six female characters. A strangely effective acting play. Costumes picturesque yet simple. Scenery elaborate and cumbersome to handle. Time in representation, two hours and fifteen minutes. Elegant extracts can be taken from this drama.
- 59 THE POST BOY.** An original Drama in two acts, by H. T. Craven. Five male and three female characters. Very successful. Costumes modern. Scenery, two interiors. Time of playing, an hour and a half.
- 60 THE HIDDEN HAND; or, the Gray Lady of Perth Vennon.** A Drama in four acts, by Tom Taylor. Five male and five female characters. Costumes of the period of James II of England. Scenery somewhat elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 61 PLOT AND PASSION.** A Drama in three acts [from the French], by Tom Taylor. Seven male and two female characters. A neat and well constructed play, admirably adapted to amateur representation. Costumes of the period of the First Empire, rich and attractive. Scenes, an interior in a French mansion, and one in a country villa. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 62 A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIX.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Three male and two female characters. A brilliant, witty production. Costumes of the day. Scene, a photographic room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 63 MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE.** A Farce in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Five male and three female characters. A decided success in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes, a plain chamber and a garden. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 64 A HOUEHOLD FAIRY.** A domestic Sketch in one act, by Francis Talfourd. One male and one female character. A gem in its line; artistic, dramatic and very natural. Modern costumes, and scene a poorly furnished apartment. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 65 CHECKMATE.** A Comedy in two acts, by Andrew Halliday. Six male and five female characters. Costumes, English, of the present day. Scenes, interior of a country hotel, and exterior of same, with landscape. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 66 THE ORANGE GIRL.** A Drama in a prologue and three acts, by Harry Leslie and Nicholas Rowe. Eighteen male and four female characters. Costumes of the present day; this piece requires considerable scenery, and some of an especial nature. Time in representation, two hours and a quarter.
- 67 THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS.** A Farce in one act, by John Hollingshead. Seven male and three female characters. A capital acting extravaganza, introducing a number of eccentric personages. Costumes of the present time. Scene, a workingman's room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 68 THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE.** A Drama in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Velesville and Roger de Beauvoir, by T. W. Robertson. Nine male and three female characters. A very popular and favorite play. Costumes, very rich, in velvet, court and hunting dresses, breeches, stockings, &c. Scenery, a tavern and garden, an interior, style Louis Seize, and a plainer interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 69 CAUGHT BY THE CUFF.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Four male and one female characters. An exquisitely ludicrous production, crammed with situations. Costumes of the day. Scene, a kitchen. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 70 THE BONNIE FISHWIFE.** A Farce in one act, by Charles Selby, Comedian. Three male and one female characters. A very sprightly piece, in which the lady is required to sing, and to be capable of assuming the Scottish dialect. The costumes, although modern, involve eccentric Scottish and deer stalking dresses. Scenes, a handsome chamber and interior of Highland cottage. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.
- 71 DOING FOR THE BEST.** A domestic Drama in two acts, by M. Rophino Lacy. Five male and three female characters. An effective acting piece, popular in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes, one interior of cottage, the other a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 72 A LAME EXCUSE.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 73 A GOLDEN FETTER (FETTERED).** A Drama in three acts, by Watts Phillips. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scenery extensive and peculiar to the piece. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 74 THE GARRICK FEVER.** A Farce in one act, by J. R. Planche. Seven male and four female characters. Costumes of the year 1742—court dresses, regimentals, velvet trains, &c. Scenery, a plain interior. Time of representation, forty-five minutes.
- 75 ADRIENNE; or, the Secret of a Life.** Drama in three acts, by Harry Leslie. Seven male and three female characters. A telling romantic drama. Italian and French costumes, civil and military. Scenery, elaborate interiors and landscapes. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 76 THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL.** An original Nautical Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Three male and two female characters. A very mirth exciting and whimsical composition. Costumes of the present day. Scene, the saloon of a steamer. Time in representation, forty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 77 THE ROLL OF THE DRUM.** A romantic Drama in three acts, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. Eight male and four female characters. A standard piece with the British theatres. Costumes of the period of the first French revolution. Scenery, interior of a farm house, a picturesque landscape and a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 78 SPECIAL PERFORMANCES.** A Farce in one act, by Wilmot Harrison. Seven male and three female characters. A most ludicrous, ingenious and sprightly production. Dresses of the present day. Scene, a chamber. Time in performance, forty minutes.
- 79 A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.** A domestic Drama in one act, freely adapted from Madame de Girardin's "*Une Femme qui deteste Son Mari*," by Tom Taylor. Seven male and five female characters. A neat and pleasing domestic play, founded upon incidents following Monmouth's rebellion. Costumes of the time of James II of England. Scene, a tapestried chamber. Time of playing, one hour.
- 80 A CHARMING PAIR.** A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Four male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a handsomely furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 81 VANDYKE BROWN.** A Farce in one act, by Adolphus Charles Troughton. Three male and three female characters. Popular wherever performed. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a chamber, backed by a window. Time of representation, one hour.
- 82 PEEP O' DAY; or, Savourneen Dheelish.** An Irish romantic Drama in four acts (derived from "Tales of the O'Hara Family"), by Edmund Falconer. The New "Drury Lane" version. Twelve male and four female characters. Costumes, Irish, in the year 1798. Scenery, illustrative of Munster. Time in representation, three hours.
- 83 THRICE MARRIED.** A personation piece in one act, by Howard Paul. Six male and one female characters. The lady sings, dances and assumes personification of a French vocalist, of a Spanish dancer and of a man of fashion. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room in a lodging house. Time in representation, three quarters of an hour.
- 84 'T GUILTY.** A Drama in four acts, by Watts Phillips, ten male and six female characters. A thrilling drama found upon a fact. Costumes of the present day. Scenery illustrative of localities about Southampton and its harbor, and of others in India. Time in representation, three hours.
- 85 LOCKED IN WITH A LADY.** A Sketch from Life, by H. R. Addison. One male and one female character. A very pleasing and humorous interlude. Costume of the day, and scene a bachelor's apartment. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 86 THE LADY OF LYONS; or, Love and Pride.** A Play in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer). Twelve male five female characters. Four of the male characters are very good ones; and Pauline, Madame De-chapelles and the Widow Melnotte are each excellent in their line. The piece abounds in eloquent declamation and sparkling dialogue. This edition is the most complete in all respects ever issued. It occupies three hours in representation. The scenery, gardens and interior of cottage and mansion. Costumes French, of 1795.
- 87 LOCKED OUT.** A Comic Scene, illustrative of what may occur after dark in a great metropolis; by Howard Paul. One male and two female characters, with others unimportant. Scene, a street; dress, modern. Time in playing, thirty minutes.
- 88 FOUNDED ON FACTS.** A Farce in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Four male and two female characters. A favorite acting piece, easily put on the stage and never failing in success. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a hotel parlor. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

- No.
- 89 AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID. A Farce in one act,** by J. Maddison Morton. Three male and three female characters. One of the best of this prolific humorist's dramatic pieces. Dresses of the period, and scene an apartment in a dwelling house. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 90 ONLY A HALFPENNY. A Farce in one act,** by John Oxenford. Two male and two female characters. Dresses of the present day, and scene an elegantly furnished interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 91 WALPOLE; or, Every Man has his Price. A Comedy in rhyme,** by Lord Lytton. Seven male and two female characters. Costumes of the period of George I of England. Scenery illustrative of London localities, and residences of the same era. Time of playing, one hour and ten minutes.
- 92 MY WIFE'S OUT. A Farce in one act,** by G. Herbert Rodwell. Two male and two female characters. This piece had a successful run at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. Costume modern, and scene an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 93 THE AREA BELLE. A Farce in one act,** by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time, and scene a kitchen. Time in performing, thirty minutes.
- 94 OUR CLERKS; or, No. 3, Fig Tree Court, Temple. An original Farce, in one act.** Seven male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scene a large sitting room solidly furnished. Time in representation, sixty-five minutes.
- 95 THE PRETTY HORSE BREAKER. A Farce,** by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes modern English, and scene a breakfast room in a fashionable mansion. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.
- 96 DEAREST MAMMA. A Comedietta in one act,** by Walter Gordon. Four male and three female characters. Costume modern English, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour.
- 97 ORANGE BLOSSOMS. A Comedietta in one act,** by J. P. Wooler. Three male and three female characters. Costume of the present day, and scene, a garden with summer house. Time in playing, fifty minutes.
- 98 WHO IS WHO? or, All in a Fog. A Farce,** adapted from the French, by Thomas J. Williams. Three male and two female characters. Costumes, modern English dresses, as worn by country gentry; and scene, parlor, in an old fashioned country house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 99 THE FIFTH WHEEL. A Comedy in three acts.** Ten male and two female characters. An excellent American production, easily managed. Costumes of the modern day. Scenery not complicated. Time of representation, about one hour and three quarters.
- 100 JACK LONG. A Drama in two acts,** by J. B. Johnstone. Nine male and two female characters. Costume of the frontiers. Scenery illustrative of localities on the Texan frontier. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.
- 101 FERNANDE; or, Forgive and Forget. A Drama in three acts,** by Victorien Sardou. Eleven male and ten female characters. This is a correct version of the celebrated play as performed in Paris and adapted to the English stage, by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Costumes, modern French. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours.
- 102 FOILED; or, a Struggle for Life and Liberty. A Drama in four acts,** by O. W. Cornish. 9 males, 3 females. Costumes, modern American. Scenery—a variety of scenes required, but none elaborate. Time in representation, three and a half hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 103 FAUST AND MARGUERITE.** A romantic Drama in three acts, translated from the French of Michel Carre, by Thomas William Robertson. Nine male and seven female characters. Costumes German, of the sixteenth century; doublets, trunks, tights. Scenery, a laboratory, tavern, garden, street and tableau. Time in representation, two hours.
- 104 NO NAME.** A Drama in five acts, by Wilkie Collins. Seven male and five female characters. A dramatization of the author's popular novel of the same name. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, four interiors and a sea view. Time in representation, three hours.
- 105 WHICH OF THE TWO.** A Comedietta in one act, by John M. Morton. Two male and ten female characters. A very neat and interesting petty comedy. Costume Russian. Scene, public room of an Inn. Time of playing, fifty minutes.
- 106 UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.** A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Six male and two female characters. Costumes English, of the present day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 107 CUPBOARD LOVE.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and one female characters. A good specimen of broad comedy. Dresses modern, and scene, a neatly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 108 MR. SCROGGINS; or, Change of Name.** A Farce in one act, by William Hancock. Three male and three female characters. A lively piece. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 109 LOCKED IN.** A Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Two male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 110 POPPLETON'S PREDICAMENTS.** A Farce in one act, by Charles M. Rae. Three male and six female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 111 THE LIAR.** A Comedy in two acts, by Samuel Foote. Seven male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays in any language. Costumes, embroidered court dresses, silk sacques, &c; still the modern dress will suffice. Scenes—one, a park, the other a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and twenty minutes. This edition, as altered by Charles Mathews, is particularly adapted for amateurs.
- 112 NOT A BIT JEALOUS.** A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and three female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time of playing, forty minutes.
- 113 CYRIL'S SUCCESS.** A Comedy in five acts, by Henry J. Byron. Ten male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours twenty minutes.
- 114 ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.** A petite Comedy in one act, by Shirley Brooks. Three male and three female characters. Costumes present day. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, fifty-one minutes.
- 115 NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.** A Comedy in three acts by Tom Taylor. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes present day. Scenery somewhat complicated. Time in representation, two hours.
- 116 I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL.** An original Irish Stew in one act, by C. A. Maltby. Three male and two female characters. Costume of present day, undress uniform, Irish peasant and Highland dress. Scene, a room. Time in playing twenty-eight minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 117 NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.** A farcical Drama in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scenery, three interiors. Time in representation, two hours.
- 118 WANTED, A YOUNG LADY.** A Farce in one act, by W. E. Suter. Three male characters. Effective for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time in playing, forty minutes.
- 119 A LIFE CHASE.** A Drama in five acts, by Adolph Belot; translated by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Fourteen male and five female characters. Costumes modern French. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 120 A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.** Petite Comedy in one act. Two male and one female characters. Admirably adapted for private performance. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time of representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 121 A COMICAL COUNTESS.** A Farce in one act, by William Brough. Three male and one female characters. Costumes French, of last century. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 122 ISABELLA ORSINI.** A romantic Drama in four acts, by S. H. Mosenthal. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes Italian, three hundred years ago. Scenery complicated. Time in representation, three and a half hours.
- 123 THE TWO POLTS.** A Farce in one act, by John Courtney. Four male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, a street and two interiors. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 124 THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW; or, The Little Man in Green.** A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Six male and six female characters. Easily localized, as the "Home Guard," or "Militia Muster." Costumes of the day; and scene, a room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 125 DEERFOOT.** A Farce in one act, by T. C. Burnand. Five male and one female characters. Costumes of the day; and scene, a public house. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 126 TWICE KILLED.** A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford. Six male and three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, landscape and a drawing room. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.
- 127 PEGGY GREEN.** A Farce in one act, by Charles Selby. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a country road. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 128 THE FEMALE DETECTIVE; or, The Mother's Dying Child.** A Drama in three acts, by C. H. Hazlewood. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes of fifty years since. Scenery very elaborate. Time of playing two hours.
- 129 IN FOR A HOLIDAY.** A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand. Two male and three female characters. Costumes of the period, and scene an interior. Time in performance, thirty-five minutes.
- 130 MY WIFE'S DIARY.** A Farce in one act. From the French of MM. Dennery and Clairville, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern French, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, fifty minutes.
- 131 GO TO PUTNEY.** A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Four male and three female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day; scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

- No.
- 132 A RACE FOR A DINNER.** A Farce in one act, by J. F. G. Rodwell. Ten male characters. A sterling piece. Costumes of the day. Scene, a tavern exterior. Time in representation, sixty minutes.
- 133 TIMOTHY TO THE RESCUE.** A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. Four male and two female characters. In this laughable piece Spangle assumes several personifications. Costumes of the day, and scene a plain interior. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 134 TOMPKINS, THE TROUBADOUR.** A Farce in one act, by MM. Lockroy and Marc Michel. Three male and two female characters. Costumes modern, and scene an ironmonger's shop. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 135 EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.** A Comedy in three acts, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery three interiors. Time in performance, two and a half hours.
- 136 THE WOMAN IN RED.** A Drama in three acts and Prologue, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and eight female characters. Costumes French and Italian. Scenery complicated. Time of playing, three hours and twenty-five minutes.
- 137 L'ARTICLE 47; or Breaking the Ban.** A Drama in three acts, by Adolph Belot, adapted to the English stage by Henry L. Williams. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes French, of the day. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, three hours and ten minutes.
- 138 POLL AND PARTNER JOE; or, The Pride of Putney and the Pressing Pirate.** A Burlesque in one act and four scenes, by F. C. Burnand. Ten male and three female characters. (Many of the male characters are performed by ladies.) Costumes modern, and scenery local. Time of playing, one hour.
- 139 JOY IS DANGEROUS.** A Comedy in two acts, by James Mortimer. Three male and three female characters. Costume, modern French. Scenery, two interiors. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 140 NEVER RECKON YOUR CHICKENS, &c.** A Farce in one act, by Wybert Reeve. Three male and four female characters. Modern costumes, and scene, an interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 141 THE BELLS; or, the Polish Jew.** A romantic moral Drama in three acts, by MM. Erckmann and Chatrain. Nine male and three female characters. Costumes Alsatian, of present date. Scenery, two interiors and a court room. Time of playing, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 142 DOLLARS AND CENTS.** An original American Comedy in three acts, by L. J. Hollenius, as performed by the Murray Hill Dramatic Association. Nine male and four female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery, three interiors and one garden. Time in representation, two and three quarter hours.
- 143 LODGERS AND DODGERS.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scene, a furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes. One character a Yorkshire farmer.
- 144 THE LANCASHIRE LASS; or, Tempted, Tried and True.** A domestic Melodrama in four acts and a Prologue, by Henry J. Byron. Twelve male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, varied and difficult. Time in representation, three hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 145 FIRST LOVE. A Comedy in one act, by Eugene Scribe.** Adapted to the American stage by L. J. Hollenius. Four male and one female characters. Suitable for amateurs. Modern costumes, and scene, a parlor. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.
- 146 THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and two female characters. Costumes of the present day, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 147 THE OVERLAND ROUTE. A Comedy in three acts,** by Tom Taylor. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes East Indian (European). Scenery, steamship saloon and deck, and coral reef. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.
- 148 CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith.** Two male and one female characters. Scene, a drawing room. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.
- 149 CLOUDS. An American Comedy in four acts, by Fred. Marsden (W. A. Sliver).** Eight male and seven female characters. Costumes of the day. Scenery, cottage, river scene and drawing rooms. Time in representation, three hours.
- 150 A TELL-TALE HEART. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and two female characters. Excellent for private representation. Costumes of the day. Scene, a villa room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 151 A HARD CASE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton.** Two male characters. A most ludicrous piece for two performers. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 152 CUPID'S EYE-GLASS. A Comedy in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and one female characters. Adapted for amateur performance. Costumes of the day, and scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 153 'TIS BETTER TO LIVE THAN TO DIE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton.** Two male and one female characters. Can be played readily and effectively by amateurs. Costumes, modern, and scene, an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 154 MARIA AND MAGDALENA. A Play in four acts, by L. J. Hollenius.** Eight male, six female characters. An uniformly good stock company is alone needed to properly produce this charming piece. Costumes modern. Scenery, fine interiors and beautiful gardens. Time in representation, three hours.
- 155 OUR HEROES. A Military Play in five acts, eight allegorical tableaux, and ten grand pictures, including a grand transformation tableau, by John B. Renauld.** Twenty-four male and five female characters. Large parties of retired volunteers can appear with great effect in this play. Costumes modern, civil and military. Scenery, interiors of dwellings, encampments and battle-fields.
- 156 PEACE AT ANY PRICE. A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson.** One male and one female characters; but a variety of voices are heard throughout the piece, the speakers being invisible. A capital sketch for two lively amateur comedians. Costume modern. Scenery—there is but one scene throughout the piece—a meanly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 157 QUITE AT HOME. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Sketchley.** Five male and two female characters. A real lively taking piece. All the characters passable. Costumes modern. Scenery, a shabbily furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

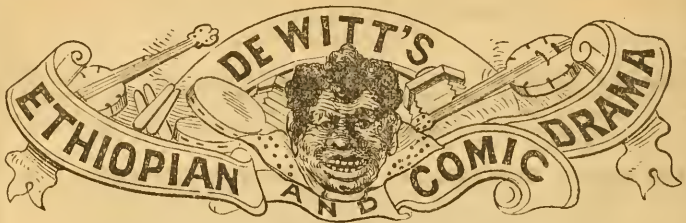
No.

- 158 SCHOOL. A Comedy in four acts, by T. W. Robertson.** Six male and six female characters. Is a very superior piece, and has three characters unusually good for either sex. Could be played with fine effect at a girls' seminary. Costumes modern. Scenery, English landscape and genteel interiors. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.
- 159 IN THE WRONG HOUSE. A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher.** Four male and two female characters. A very justly popular piece. Two of the male characters are excellent for light and low comedian. Good parts, too, for a young and old lady. Costumes modern. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 160 BLOW FOR BLOW. A Drama in a Prologue and three acts, by Henry J. Byron.** Eleven male and six female characters. Full of homely pathos as well as rich humor. Has several excellent parts. Costumes modern. Scenery, interiors of offices and dwellings. Time in representation, three hours.
- 161 WOMAN'S VOWS AND MASONS' OATHS. In four acts, by A. J. H. Duganne.** Ten male and four female characters. Has effective situations, fine characters and beautiful dialogues. Costumes modern, with Federal and Confederate uniforms. Scenery, interiors in country houses, and warlike encampments. Time in performance, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 162 UNCLE'S WILL. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith.** Two male and one female characters. A brilliant piece; can be easily played in a parlor. Costumes modern, and naval uniform for Charles. Scenery, set interior drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 163 MARCORETTI. A romantic Drama in three acts, by John M. Kingdom.** Ten male and three female characters. A thrillingly effective piece, full of strong scenes. Costumes, brigands and rich Italian's dress. Scenery, interior of castle, mountain passes, and princely ball room. Time in representation, two hours.
- 164 LITTLE RUBY; or, Homo Jewels. A domestic Drama in three acts, by J. J. Wallace.** Six male and six female characters. This drama is at once affecting and effective. Little Ruby fine personation for young prodigy. Costumes modern. Scenery, interior of dwelling and gardens. Time in representation, two hours.
- 165 THE LIVING STATUE. A Farce in one act, by Joseph J. Dilley and James Allen.** Three male and two female characters. Brimful of fun. Trotter a great character for a droll low comedian. Costumes modern, with one old Roman warrior dress. Scenery, a plain interior.
- 166 BARDELL vs. PICKWICK. A Farcical sketch in one act, arranged from Charles Dickens.** Six male and two female characters. Uncommonly funny. Affords good chance to "take off" local legal celebrities. Costumes modern. Scenery, a court room. Time in performance, thirty minutes.
- 167 APPLE BLOSSOMS. A Comedy in three acts, by James Albery.** Seven male and three female characters. A pleasing piece, with rich part for an eccentric comedian. Costumes modern English. Scenery, exterior and interior of inn. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 168 TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. A Comedy in two acts, by James Albery.** Four male and two female characters. Has several excellent characters. John Tweedie, powerful personation; Tim Whiffler very funny. Costumes modern. Scenery, a stone mason's yard and modest interior. Time in representation, one hour and twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 169 MY UNCLE'S SUIT.** A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher. Four male and one female characters. Has a jolly good low comedy part, a fine light comedy one, and a brisk, pert lady's maid. Costumes modern. Scenery, a well furnished sitting room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 170 ONLY SOMEBODY; or, Dreadfully Alarming.** A Farce in one act, by Conway Edwardes and Edward Cullerne. Four male and two female characters. Immensely funny. Full of queer incidents. Every way fitted for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden and back of a house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 71 NOTHING LIKE PASTE.** A Farce in one act, by Chas. Marsham Rae. Three male and one female characters. Every character superexcellent. Billy Doo a regular Burtonian part. Admirable piece for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, exterior of a small villa, with gardens. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 172 OURS.** A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Six male and three female characters. One of the best and most admired plays in our language—while a fair stock company can play it acceptably. It has several characters fit for stars. Costumes modern, with British military uniforms. Scenery, gardens, park, drawing room, and rude hut in the Crimea. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 173 OFF THE STAGE.** An entirely original Comedietta in one act, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Three male and three female characters, all equally excellent. One of the sprightliest, wittiest and most amusing little plays ever written, causing almost an hour's constant merriment. Costumes modern. Scene a handsome interior.
- 174 HOME.** A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Four male, three female characters. A charming piece. Needs but a small company. Every character very good. Costumes modern. Only one scene throughout the play. Time of representation, two hours.
- 175 CAST UPON THE WORLD.** An entirely Original Drama in five acts, by Charles E. Newton. Ten male, five female characters. A remarkably effective piece. Costumes modern. Scenery somewhat elaborate, but very fine. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 176 ON BREAD AND WATER.** A Musical Farce in one act, being a free adaptation from the German, by Sydney Rosenfeld. A rollicking little piece. One male and two female characters. Containing a brilliant soubrette part. Costumes modern. Scene an uncarpeted school room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 177 I SHALL INVITE THE MAJOR.** A Parlor Comedy in one act, by G. von Moser. Containing five characters, four male and one female. A very pleasing little play, with good parts for all. Very bright and witty. Costumes modern. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 178 OUT AT SEA.** An entirely Original Romantic Drama in a prologue and four acts, by Charles E. Newton. Sixteen male, five female characters. Powerfully written. Full of strong situations. Very telling scenic effects. Costumes modern. Time in representation, two hours and ten minutes.
- 179 A BREACH OF PROMISE.** An extravagant Comic Drama in two acts, by T. W. Robertson. Five male, two female characters. A capital, very merry piece. Good for amateurs. Time in representation, one hour. Scenery, two interiors. Costume, modern.
- 180 HENRY THE FIFTH.** An Historical Play in five acts. By William Shakspeare. Thirty-eight male, five female characters. This grand play has a rare blending of the loftiest tragedy, with the richest and broadest humor. This edition is the most complete in every respect ever published. Costumes rich and expensive. Scenery, etc., very elaborate. Time of representation, three hours.



“Let those laugh now who never laughed before ;
And those who always laughed now laugh the more.”

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DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 1 THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. An Ethiopian Sketch,** by J. C. Stewart. Three male and one female characters. Costumes of the day, except Indian shirts, &c. Two scenes, chamber and wood. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 2 TRICKS. An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.** Five male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Two scenes, two interiors. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 3 HEMMED IN. An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.** Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, a studio. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 4 EH? WHAT IS IT? An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.** Four male and one female characters. Costumes of the day, and scene, a chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 5 TWO BLACK ROSES. An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart.** Four male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 6 THE BLACK CHAP FROM WHITECHAPEL.** An eccentric Negro Piece, adapted from Burnand and Williams' "B. B." by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Four male characters. Costumes modern. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 7 THE STUPID SERVANT.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Two male characters. Characters very droll; fit for star "darker" players. Costumes modern and fantastic dresses. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 8 THE MUTTON TRIAL.** An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by James Maffit. Four male characters. Capital burlesque of courts of "justice;" all the parts good. Costumes modern and Quaker. Scenery, a wood view and a court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 9 THE POLICY PLAYERS.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Seven male characters. A very clever satire upon a sad vice. Costumes modern, and coarse negro ragged clothes. Scenery, an ordinary kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 10 THE BLACK CHEMIST.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. All the characters are A 1, funny in the extreme. Costumes modern or Yankee-extravagant. Scenery, an apothecary's laboratory. Time in representation, seventeen minutes.
- 11 BLACK-EY'D WILLIAM.** An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by Charles White. Four male, one female characters. All the parts remarkably good. Costumes as extravagant as possible. Scenery, a police court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 12 DAGUERREOTYPES.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Full of broad humor; all characters excellent. Costumes modern genteel, negro and Yankee garbs. Scenery, ordinary room with camera. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 13 THE STREETS OF NEW YORK; or, New York by Gaslight.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Six male characters. Three of the parts very droll; others good. Costumes some modern, some Yankee and some loaferish. Scenery, street view. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 14 THE RECRUITING OFFICE.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Five male characters. A piece full of incidents to raise mirth. Three of the parts capital. Costumes extravagant, white and darkey, and a comical uniform. Scenery, plain chamber and a street. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 15 SAM'S COURTSHIP.** An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by Charles White. Two male and one female characters. All the characters particularly jolly. Two of the parts can be played in either white or black, and one in Dutch. Costumes Yankee and modern. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 16 STORMING THE FORT.** A burlesque Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Five male characters. Richly ludicrous; all the characters funny. Costumes fantastical, and extravagant military uniforms. Scenery, ludicrous "take off" of fortifications. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 17 THE GHOST.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Two male characters. A right smart piece, full of laugh. Costumes ordinary "darkey" clothes. Scenery common looking kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 18 THE LIVE INDIAN; or, Jim Crow.** A comical Ethiopian Sketch in four scenes, by Dan Bryant. Four male, one female characters. As full of fun as a hedgehog is full of bristles. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, chamber and street. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 19 MALICIOUS TRESPASS; or, Points of Law.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Extravagantly comical; all the parts very good. Costumes extravagant modern garbs. Scenery, wood or landscape. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 20 GOING FOR THE CUP; or, Old Mrs. Williams' Dance.** An Ethiopian Interlude, by Charles White. Four male characters. One capital part for a bright juvenile; the others very droll. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, a landscape or wood. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 21 SCAMPINI.** An anti-tragical, comical, magical and laughable Pantomime, full of tricks and transformations, in two scenes, by Edward Warden. Six male, three female characters. Costumes extravagantly eccentric. Scenery, plain rustic chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 22 OBEYING ORDERS.** An Ethiopian Military Sketch in one scene, by John Arnold. Two male, one female characters. Mary Jane, a capital wench part. The piece very jocose. Costumes ludicrous military and old style dresses. Scenery either plain or fancy chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.
- 23 HARD TIMES.** A Negro Extravaganza in one scene, by Daniel D. Emmett. Five male, one female characters. Needs several good players—then there is "music in the air." Costumes burlesque, fashionable and low negro dresses. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 24 BRUISED AND CURED.** A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Two male characters. A rich satire upon the muscular furore of the day. Costumes tights and guernsey shirts and negro dress. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 25 THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME.** A laughable Interlude in one scene, by Oliver Durivarge. Two male characters—one female. Boiling over with fun, especially if one can make up like Lester Wallack. Costumes genteel modern. Scenery, handsome chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 26 RIVAL TENANTS.** A Negro Sketch, by George L. Stout. Four male characters. Humorously satirical; the parts all very funny. Costumes negro and modern. Scenery, an old kitchen. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 27 ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF HAMLET.** A Negro Sketch, by Charles White. Seven male, one female characters. Affords excellent chance for imitations of popular "stars." Costumes modern, some very shabby. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 28 UNCLE EPH'S DREAM.** An Original Negro Sketch in two scenes and two tableaux, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. A very pathetic little piece, with a sprinkling of humor. Costumes, a modern southern dress and negro toggery. Scenery, wood, mansion and negro hut. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 29 WHO DIED FIRST? A Negro Sketch in one Scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Three male, one female characters. Jasper and Hannah are both very comical personages. Costumes, ordinary street dress and common darkey clothes. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 30 ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ROOM.** A Burlesque Sketch, arranged by Charles White. Seven male characters. Has a funny Dutchman and two good darkey characters. Costume, one Dutch and several modern. Scenery, an ordinary interior. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 31 GLYCERINE OIL. An Ethiopian Sketch,** by John Arnold. Three male characters, all good. Costumes, Quaker and eccentric modern. Scenery, a street and a kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 32 WAKE UP, WILLIAM HENRY. A Negro Sketch,** arranged by Charles White. Three male characters, which have been favorites of our best performers. Costumes modern—some eccentric. Scenery plain chamber. Time in representation, ten minutes.
- 33 JEALOUS HUSBAND. A Negro Sketch,** arranged by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. Full of farcical dialogue. Costumes, ordinary modern dress. Scenery, a fancy rustic chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 34 THREE STRINGS TO ONE BOW. An Ethiopian Sketch** in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Four male, one female characters. Full of rough, practical jokes. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a landscape. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 35 COAL HEAVERS' REVENGE. A Negro Sketch in one scene,** by George L. Stout. Six male characters. The two coal heavers have "roaring" parts. Costumes, modern, Irish and negro comic make up. Scenery, landscape. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 36 LAUGHING GAS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene,** arranged by Charles White. Six male, one female characters. Is a favorite with our best companies. Costumes, one modern genteel, the rest ordinary negro. Scenery, plain chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.
- 37 A LUCKY JOB. A Negro Farce in two scenes,** arranged by Charles White. Three male, two female characters. A rattling, lively piece. Costumes, modern and eccentric. Scenery, street and fancy chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 38 SIAMESE TWINS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch, in two scenes,** arranged by Charles White. Five male characters. One of the richest in fun of any going. Costumes, Irish, darkey and one wizard's dress. Scenery, a street and a chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 39 WANTED A NURSE. A laughable Sketch in one scene,** arranged by Charles White. Four male characters. All the characters first rate. Costume, modern, extravagant, one Dutch dress. Scenery, a plain kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 40 A BIG MISTAKE. A Negro Sketch in one scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Four male characters. Full of most absurdly funny incidents. Costumes, modern; one policeman's uniform. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 41 CREMATION. An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes,** by A. J. Leavitt. Eight male, one female characters. Full of broad, palpable hits at the last sensation. Costumes modern, some eccentric. Scenery, a street and a plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 42. BAD WHISKEY. A comic Irish Sketch in one scene,** by Sam Rickey and Master Barney. Two male, one female characters. One of the very best of its class. Extravagant low Irish dress and a policeman's uniform.
- 43 BABY ELEPHANT. A Negro Sketch in two scenes.** By J. C. Stewart. Seven male, one female characters. Uproariously comic in idea and execution. Costumes, modern. Scenery, one street, one chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 44 THE MUSICAL SERVANT. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by Phil. H. Mowrey. Three male characters. Very original and very droll. Costumes, modern and low darkey. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 45 REMITTANCE FROM HOME.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. A very lively piece, full of bustle, and giving half a dozen people a good chance. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 46 A SLIPPERY DAY.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Robert Hart. Six male, one female characters. By a very simple mechanical contrivance, plainly planned and described in this book, a few persons can keep an audience roaring. Time in representation, sixteen minutes.
- 47 TAKE IT, DON'T TAKE IT.** A Negro Sketch in one scene, by John Wild. Two male characters. Affords a capital chance for two good persons to "do" the heaviest kind of deep, deep tragedy. Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.
- 48 HIGH JACK, THE HEELER.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. Happily hits off the short-haired bragging "fighters" that can't lick a piece of big tuff. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 49 A NIGHT IN A STRANGE HOTEL.** A laughable Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Two male characters. Although this piece has only two personators, it is full of fun. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 50 THE DRAFT.** A Negro Sketch in one act and two scenes, by Charles White. Six male characters. A good deal of humor of the Mulligan Guard and Awkward Squad style, dramatized. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 51 FISHERMAN'S LUCK.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Two male characters. Decidedly the best "fish story" ever told. It needs two "star" darkeys to do it. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 52 EXCISE TRIALS.** A Burlesque Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Ten male, one female characters. Full of strong local satire; can be easily adapted to any locality. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 53 DAMON AND PYTHIAS.** A Negro Burlesque, by Chas. White. Five male, one female characters, in two scenes. A stunning burlesque of the highfalutin melodrama; capital for one or two good imitators. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 54 THEM PAPERS.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of comical mystifications and absurdly funny situations. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 55 RIGGING A PURCHASE.** A Negro Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of broad comical effects. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 56 THE STAGE STRUCK COUPLE.** A laughable Interlude in one scene, by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. Gives the comical phase of juvenile dramatic furor; very droll, contrasted with the matter-of-fact darkey. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 57 POMPEY'S PATIENTS.** A laughable Interlude in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Six male characters. Very funny practical tricks of a fast youth to gain the governor's consent to his wedding his true love. Half a dozen good chances for good actors. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 58 GHOST IN A PAWN SHOP.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Mr. Mackey. Four male characters. As comical as its title; running over with practical jokes. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 59 THE SAUSAGE MAKERS.** A Negro Burlesque Sketch in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Five male, one female characters. An old story worked up with a deal of laughable effect. The ponderous sausage machine and other properties need not cost more than a couple of dollars. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 60 THE LOST WILL.** A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Four male characters. Very droll from the word "go." Time of representation, eighteen minutes.
- 61 THE HAPPY COUPLE.** A Short Humorous scene, arranged by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. A spirited burlesque of foolish jealousy. Sam is a very frolicsome, and very funny young darkey. Time of playing, seventeen minutes.
- 62 VINEGAR BITTERS.** A Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Six male, one female characters. A broad burlesque of the popular patent medicine business; plenty of humorous incidents. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 63 THE DARKEY'S STRATAGEM.** A Negro Sketch in one act, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. Quaint courtship scenes of a pair of young darkies, ludicrously exaggerated by the tricks of the boy Cupid. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 64 THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.** In one scene, by Larry Tooley. Four male, one female characters. Jacob Schrochorn, the jolly shoemaker and his frau, are rare ones for raising a hearty laugh. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 65 PORTER'S TROUBLES.** An Amusing Sketch in one scene, by Ed. Harrigan. Six male, one female characters. A laughable exposition of the queer freaks of a couple of eccentric lodgers that pester a poor "porter." Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 66 PORT WINE vs. JEALOUSY.** A Highly Amusing Sketch, by William Carter. Two male, one female characters. Twenty minutes jammed full of the funniest kind of fun.
- 67 EDITOR'S TROUBLES.** A Farce in one scene, by Edward Harrigan. Six male characters. A broad farcical description of the running of a country journal "under difficulties." Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.
- 68 HIPPOTHEATRON OR BURLESQUE CIRCUS.** An Extravagant, funny Sketch, by Charles White. Nine male characters. A rich burlesque of sports in the ring and stone smashing prodigies. Time of playing, varies with "acts" introduced.
- 69 SQUIRE FOR A DAY.** A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Five male, one female characters. The "humor of it" is in the mock judicial antics of a darkey judge for a day. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 70 GUIDE TO THE STAGE.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by Charles White. Three male characters. Contains some thumping theatrical hits of the "Lay on Macduff," style. Time of playing, twelve minutes.

MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

Below will be found a List of nearly all the great Dramatic successes of the present and past seasons. Every one of these Plays, it will be noticed, are the productions of the most eminent Dramatists of the age. Nothing is omitted that can in any manner lighten the duties of the Stage Manager, the Scene Painter or the Property Man.

ON THE JURY. A Drama, in four Acts. By Watts Phillips. This piece has seven male and four female characters.

ELFIE; or, THE CHERRY TREE INN. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and four female characters.

THE TWO THORNS. A Comedy, in four Acts. By James Albery. This piece has nine male and three female characters.

A WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A Farce, in one Act. By John Oxenford. This piece has one male and three female characters.

JEZEBEL; or, THE DEAD RECKONING. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and five female characters.

THE RAPAREE; or, THE TREATY OF LIMERICK. A Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has nine male and two female characters.

'TWTIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, THE LADY ELIZABETH. An Historical Play, in five Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has twenty-five male and twelve female characters.

THE TWO ROSES. A Comedy, in three Acts. By James Albery. This piece has five male and four female characters.

M. P. (Member of Parliament.) A Comedy, in four Acts. By T. W. Robertson. This piece has seven male and five female characters.

MARY WARNER. A Domestic Drama, in four Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has eleven male and five female characters.

PHILOMEL. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By H. T. Craven. This piece has six male and four female characters.

UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. A Domestic Drama, in three Acts. By Henry J. Byron. This piece has six male and five female characters.

LITTLE EM'LY. (David Copperfield.) A Drama, in four Acts. By Andrew Halliday. "Little Em'ly" has eight male and eight female characters.

DE WITT'S MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

FORMOSA. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.
This piece has eighteen male and eight female characters.

HOME. A Comedy, in three Acts. By T. W. Robertson.
"Home" has four male and three female characters.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN; or, THE SQUIRE'S LAST
Shilling. A Drama, in four Acts. By Henry J. Byron. This piece contains nine male, four female characters.

FOUL PLAY. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

AFTER DARK. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

ARRAH-NA-POGUE. A Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault.
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.

BREACH OF PROMISE. A Comic Drama, in two Acts. By T. W. Robertson.
The piece has five male and two female characters.

BLACK AND WHITE. A Drama, in three Acts. By Wilkie Collins and Charles Fechter.
This piece has six male and two female characters.

PARTNERS FOR LIFE. A Comedy, in three Acts. By Henry J. Byron.
This piece has seven male and four female characters.

KERRY; or, Night and Morning. A Comedy, in one Act.
By Dion Boucicault. This piece contains four male and two female characters.

HINKO; or, THE HEADSMAN'S DAUGHTER. A Romantic Play, in a Prologue and five Acts.
By W. G. Wills. The Prologue contains four male and three female characters. The Play contains ten male and seven female characters.

NOT IF I KNOW IT. A Farce, in one Act. By John Madison Morton.
This piece contains four male and four female characters.


DAISY FARM. A Drama, in four Acts. By Henry J. Byron.
This piece contains ten male and four female characters.

EILEEN OGE; or, DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE Dawn.
A Drama, in four Acts. By Edmund Falconer. This piece contains fifteen male and four female characters.

TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. A Comedy-Drama, in two Acts. By James Albery.
This piece has four male, two female characters.

NOTRE DAME; or, THE GIPSY GIRL OF PARIS. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts.
By Andrew Halliday. This play has seven male, four female characters.

JOAN OF ARC. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Tom Taylor.
This piece has twenty-one male, four female characters.

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No.	Composer.
82. Last Farewell.....	Tucker.
86. My Heart is Thine Alone..	Glover.
87. Come Back to Erin.....	Claribel.
88. Morn on the Meadow.....	Wrighton.
90. Sad Brown Leaves.....	Chautrey.
91. Fond Memory.....	Glover.
92. I Heard a Spirit Sing.....	Taylor.
94. Autumn Twilight.....	Glover.
95. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.....	Tucker.
98. Origin of the Harp.....	Moore.
100. Strangers Yet.....	Claribel.
102. Sweet Land of Tyrol.....	Theresa.
103. My Pretty Bird. Sing On. Ludnblad.	
104. Spring and Autumn.....	Tucker.
106. Upon the Snowy Mountain Tops. Moller.	
107. Ave Maria.....	Guonod.
110. Believe Me if all Endercing Charms.....	Moore.
114. Children's Voices.....	Claribel.
115. Long, Long Weary Day..	Tucker.
116. Why was I Looking Out? Blumenthal.	
117. Angels Ever Bright and Fair. Tucker.	
122. Annie Laurie.....	Tucker.
123. My Pretty Jane.....	Bishop.
124. Distant Land.....	Henslett.
125. Dream of Love.....	Rodwell.
127. I Love and I am Beloved..	Richard.
128. Xenia.....	Lutz.
129. On the Mountains.....	Benedict.
130. Oh, Waly, Waly, Up the Back. Blumenthal.	
131. The Birds were Telling One Another.....	Smart.
132. Come Sit Thee Down.....	Sinclair.
133. The Standard Bearer..	Lindpainter.
134. Shells of Ocean.....	Cherry.
135. Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well. Bayley.	
136. Bloom Again, Sweet Prison Flower.....	Young.

No.	Composer.
137. Ever of Thee.....	Hall.
138. As I'd Nothing Else to Do. Hatton.	
139. Grieve Not for Me..	Wrighton.
140. I Cannot Slog the Old Songs. Claribel.	
141. Why Do Summer Roses Fade? Baker.	
144. I Cannot Mind my Wheel, Mother.....	Linley.
145. Araby's Daughter.....	Klallmark.
146. Young Jenny.....	Allen.
147. O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove! Gatty.	
148. Oh, Keep Me in Your Memory. Glover.	
152. Upon the Danube River..	Tucker.
154. Just Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise.....	Blamphin.
159. When the Corn is Waving, Annie.....	Blamphin.
160. Love's Secret.....	Tucker.
163. When my Ship Comes Home. Lee.	
164. Bird on the Tree.....	Nish.
165. Yeoman's Wedding Song, Ponlatowski.	
166. Linden Waltz.....	Alde.
167. Michael Bray.....	Phillp.
168. Lover's Pea.....	Ponlatowski.
169. Eily's Reason.....	Molloy.
170. With the Stream.....	Tours.
174. Out in the Cold.....	Bagnall.
175. The Wishing Cap.....	Wrighton.
178. The Island of Green. Arranged by Tucker.	
180. Meeting in Heaven.....	Wrighton.
182. Jenny of the Mill.....	Lednc.
186. Esmeralda.....	Levey.
192. Heavenly Golden Shore.	Rosenthal.
197. Don't You Remember, Love? Lawrence.	
198. Hark! the Drum.....	Nish.
200. Anita (the Chieftain's Wife). Richards.	

OPERATIC SONGS.

10. Little Blue Butterfly.....	Herve.
27. Loving Daughter's Heart..	Balfe.
29. Paradise of Love.....	Balfe.
69. O Rare Malvoise!.....	Offenbach.
71. Light of Other Days.....	Balfe.
73. Rhotomago's Partner Fair. Offenbach.	
77. Ah! What a Fate!.....	Offenbach.
80. Then You'll Remember Me..	Balfe.
81. Turtle Doves.....	Offenbach.
83. 'Tis Sad to Leave Our Father. land.....	Balfe.

84. On Yonder Rock Reclining..	Anber.
85. Walk Up Now, This is No Hum- bug.	
89. Song of the Tight Rope Dancer. Offenbach.	
93. These Aching Teeth.....	Offenbach.
97. Painted so Fine—Eyes Divine. Offenbach.	
99. Anvil Chorus.....	Verdi.
101. Fool, You may Say it if You Please.....	Offenbach.

No.	Composer.
105. Oh, Flowers so Fair and Sweet.	Offenbach.
108. Mignon.....	Thomas.
109. Pleased with Myself.....	Offenbach.
111. Heart Bowed Down.....	Balfe.
112. Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower.....	Auber.
113. I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls.	Balfe.
118. Her Gentle Voice Expressed, etc.	Balfe.

No.	Composer.
119. The Tempest of the Heart..	Vardl.
120. Why Linger, Mourner Memory?	Mellow.
121. List to the Gay Castanet.....	Balfe.
126. The Ball.....	Thomas.
142. My Own, My Guiding Star.	Macfarren.
143. Ah! Sa Pure.....	Flotow.
155. Where shall I Take my Bride?	Herne.

COMIC AND SERIO COMIC SONGS.

- 1. Pretty Polly, if you Love Me. Coote.
- 2. Fisherman's Daughter.... Bagnall.
- 4. I'll Tell Your Wife..... Egerton.
- 7. Up is a Balloon..... Hunt.
- 9. Captain Jinks MacLagan.
- 11. Champagne Charlis Lee
- 12. Thady O'Flynn..... Molloy.
- 13. Tassels on the Boots..... Tucker.
- 15. Tommy Dodd... .. Clarke.
- 17. That's the Style for Me..... Young.
- 18. Pretty Little Flora..... Leybourne.
- 19. Bother the Men..... Walker
- 22. I Wish I was a Fish..... Hunt.
- 24. Put it Down to Me..... Oatty.
- 28. Oh, Wouldn't You Like to Know? Musgrava.
- 30. Where is my Nancy?... .. Hunt.
- 33. Immenseikoff..... Lloyd.
- 38. Good-bye, Jehn; er, Chickabiddy.
- 40. Beat of Saratoga..... Vance.
- 42. Na'zor Joseph..... Lloyd.
- 44. California Gold..... Hunt.
- 48. Susan, Susan, Pity my Confusion. Burnam.
- 50. Walking in the Park..... Lee.
- 52. Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sa-i-rah. Hunt.
- 53. Call Her Back and Kiss Her. Minasl.
- 56. Flying Trapeze..... Lee.
- 58. It's Nice to be a Father.... Hunt.

- 66. She Danced Like a Fairy.. Dudley.
- 67. I Never Go East of Madison Square.
- 68. Lancashire Lass..... Williams.
- 96. Rowing Home in the Morning. Edgerton.
- 151. If Ever I Cease to Love.. Leybourne.
- 153. His Heart was True to Poll. Tucker.
- 156. I'm a Timid, Nervous Man. Cherry.
- 157. Rhein Wine Sharley... Leybourne.
- 158. Heathen Chinee..... Tucker.
- 162. Housekeeper's Woes.... Fechter.
- 171. Down in a Coal Mine... Geoghegan.
- 172. Dolly Varden..... Lee.
- 173. Little Coquette..... Lee.
- 176. Good-bye, Charlie. Hunt.
- 181. Bom! Bom! Bom!..... Hunt.
- 183. Modern Times..... Coote.
- 18-1. The Hardware Line..... Banks.
- 185. Jack's Present. Byron.
- 189. When the Band Begins to Play. Hunt.
- 190. Upon the Grand Parade... Davies.
- 191. Ada with the Golden Hair. G. W. M.
- 192. Awfully Clever..... Hunt.
- 193. Perhaps She's on the Railway. McCarthy.
- 194. Mother Says I Mustn't..... Hunt.

MOTTO SONGS.

- 34. Way of the World..... Ellery.
- 36. It's All the Same to Sam... Hunt.
- 46. It's Better to Laugh than to Cry. Clifton.
- 54. On, Boys, On, the Course is Always Clear. Fatchet.
- 60. Act on the Square, Boys.... Lee.
- 177. A Bit of my Mind Bell.
- 179. An Old Man's Advice..... Tunney.
- 187. Up and be Doing..... Smith.
- 188. Ten Minutes Too Late.... Clifton.

- 195. Would You be Surprised?.. Coote.
- 199. O'Donnell Aboo..... Morine.
- 149. Popular Aies for Little Fingers, No. 1. Walking in the Park; Beautiful Bells.
- 150. Popular Aies for Little Fingers, No. 2. Captain Jinks; Tapping at the Garden Gate.
- 161. Berger Family "Bells Mazurka."



Decidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2009

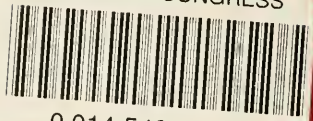
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